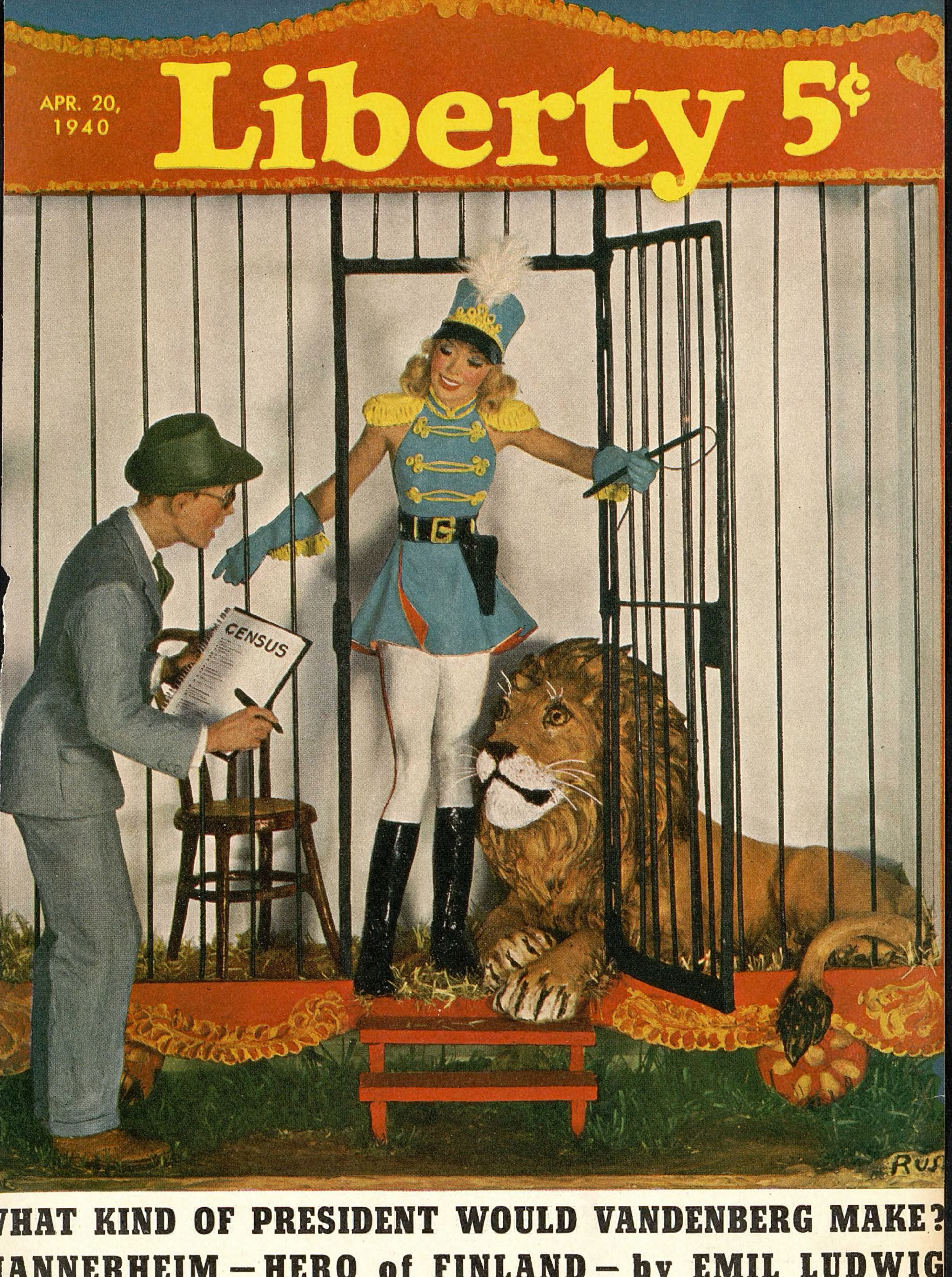
APR. 20,
1940

Liberty 5¢



WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD VANDENBERG MAKE?

MANNERHEIM – HERO of FINLAND – by EMIL LUDWIG

Better Change Quick!

NO SWIMMING

Friendly Warning: Don't drive another mile with winter-worn oil! Change now to clean, tough Mobiloil! Stop, too, for Mobilgas!

WHY MOBILOIL GIVES "BALANCED PROTECTION"

1. Retards wear. Flows fast; resists heat, pressure; clings to surfaces.
2. Resists gumming. Distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered—purged of clogging impurities.
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4. Resists carbon formation by removal of all unstable elements.

TROUBLE IS HOT on your heels! Better change quick! Your winter oil may be diluted by choking. It may be dirty, gritty...dangerously thin.

It's time to drain and fill up with clean, tough Mobiloil!

Remember—modern engines need a fast-flowing oil that reaches every vital spot and *stays put*...even at 400°F.

If *you* want your engine protected against gum, sludge, wear...change to Mobiloil for "Balanced Protection"!

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GARGOYLE
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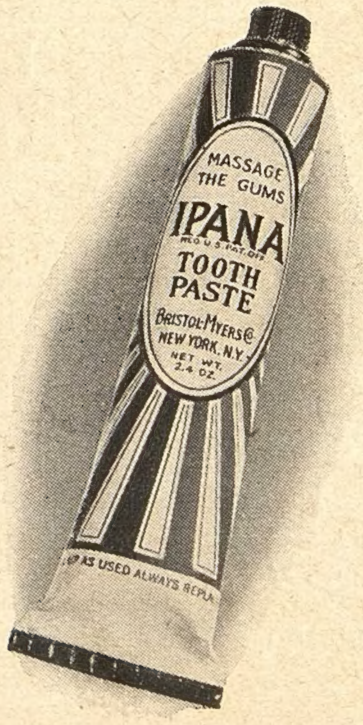
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Do you see Billy?
No! I see a Man with a Home of His Own.

What is the Man Doing?
He is Facing the World with a Sparkling Smile.

What makes his Smile so Sparkling?
Perhaps because he started young with Ipana and Massage.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TOOTH PASTE
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NET WT. 2.4 OZ.
AS USED ALWAYS REPLA

How foolish to take chances! Let Ipana and Massage help guard the health of your gums . . . the brilliance of your teeth.

BE HONEST with yourself! Are you sure you are giving your teeth the care they should have to be bright and sparkling?

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If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* You may not be in for trouble . . . but let him decide! He, very likely, may simply tell you your gums have become "lazy" . . . need more exercise. And, like so many other dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today! And start the daily habit of Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, more attractive smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

APRIL 20, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

UNIONS SHOULD CLEAN HOUSE, SAYS PRESIDENT GREEN

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Unions can be good, bad, or indifferent. "United we stand, divided we fall" is a much worn quotation.

A combined group automatically has far more influence than a mob of unrelated units. A body of men working together combine their energies, add force to their efforts.

Unionism has greatly benefited the workers in many lines of industry. But unions are sometimes led by racketeers.

Such men have but one idea in mind—to feather their own nests.

They sometimes select a particular organization for a strike. If they can find no outstanding cause, they make every possible effort to create discontent. They arouse hatred and resentment, regardless of the methods required.

It is unionism of that kind that has lost the respect of the people generally. And the recent demand of President Green that unions should clean house is very appropriate.

It is a dangerous policy to give either capital or labor too much power. In an effort to build up a profitable business in previous years capital has frequently treated labor with scant consideration. And we have had what might be termed a reaction against the undue governmental influence of big business.

But now the pendulum of the political clock has swung too far in the other direction. This administration has allowed labor too much power. In some instances labor leaders have become reckless and overbearing.

Signed contracts were ignored, discarded altogether. Unauthorized strikes were called, sometimes causing loss of millions of dollars to great organizations—which, it might be well. to mention, had to be shared indirectly by labor.

We have called attention on more than one occasion to a governmental report in which it was definitely indicated that eighty-four cents of every dollar earned by a business organization represents labor costs. Therefore every dollar lost through strikes represents a loss to labor of eighty-four cents.

A prominent columnist recently called attention to leaders in two powerful unions who have very unsavory records. They had been leaders in lawless prostitution rackets, and now they are at the head of what are referred to as powerful unions.

One would be inclined to believe that no respectable worker would allow himself to be led by such questionable characters. Unions led by such men can hardly expect the respect of the public. Even the workers would doubt the fairness of decisions from leaders of that type.

A labor leader can easily discredit every worker in his organization. It is frequently possible for him to bring on needless strikes. He can sell out the strikers to his own personal financial benefit. He can, through coercion and intimidation, lose the confidence and respect of the public.

"To hell with the consumer and the public!" is the attitude of such reckless labor leaders.

Lawlessness and violence of a sensational character in many of the sit-down strikes were allowed for several months without protest by the present administration, and by some of our state officials. And this situation brought serious discredit upon unionism throughout the country. And industry, business generally, was certainly not encouraged, all of which greatly added to the unemployment evil.

And how could we expect capital to seek investment in industry under such circumstances? Consequently it has been hoarded in banks or invested in government or other low-interest securities.

Men with criminal records should not be accepted as labor leaders. Foreigners should also be barred out.

"America for the Americans" should be our slogan. If foreigners do not like our system, they should be sent to their home countries, and they certainly should not be allowed the privilege of adding to unrest and unemployment . . . the source of much of our recent troubles.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Says

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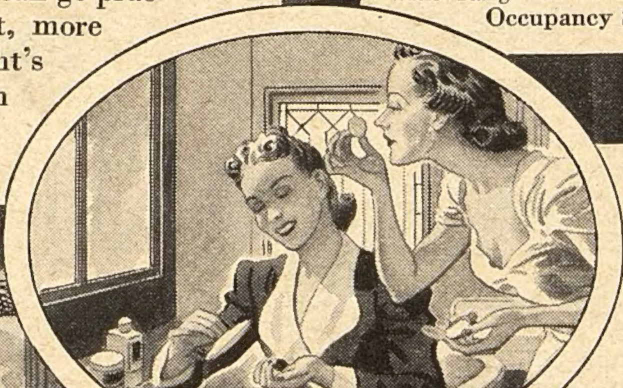

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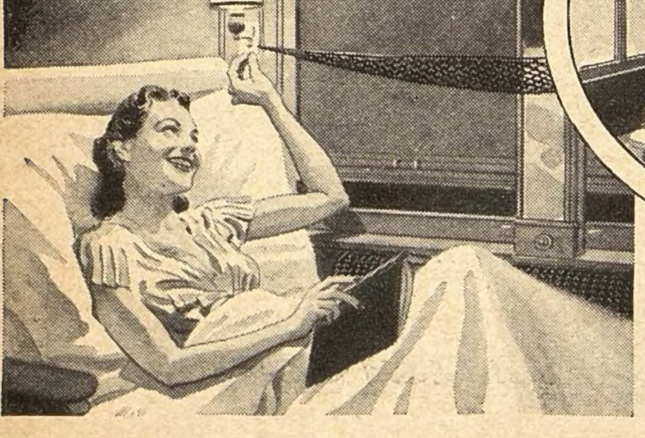

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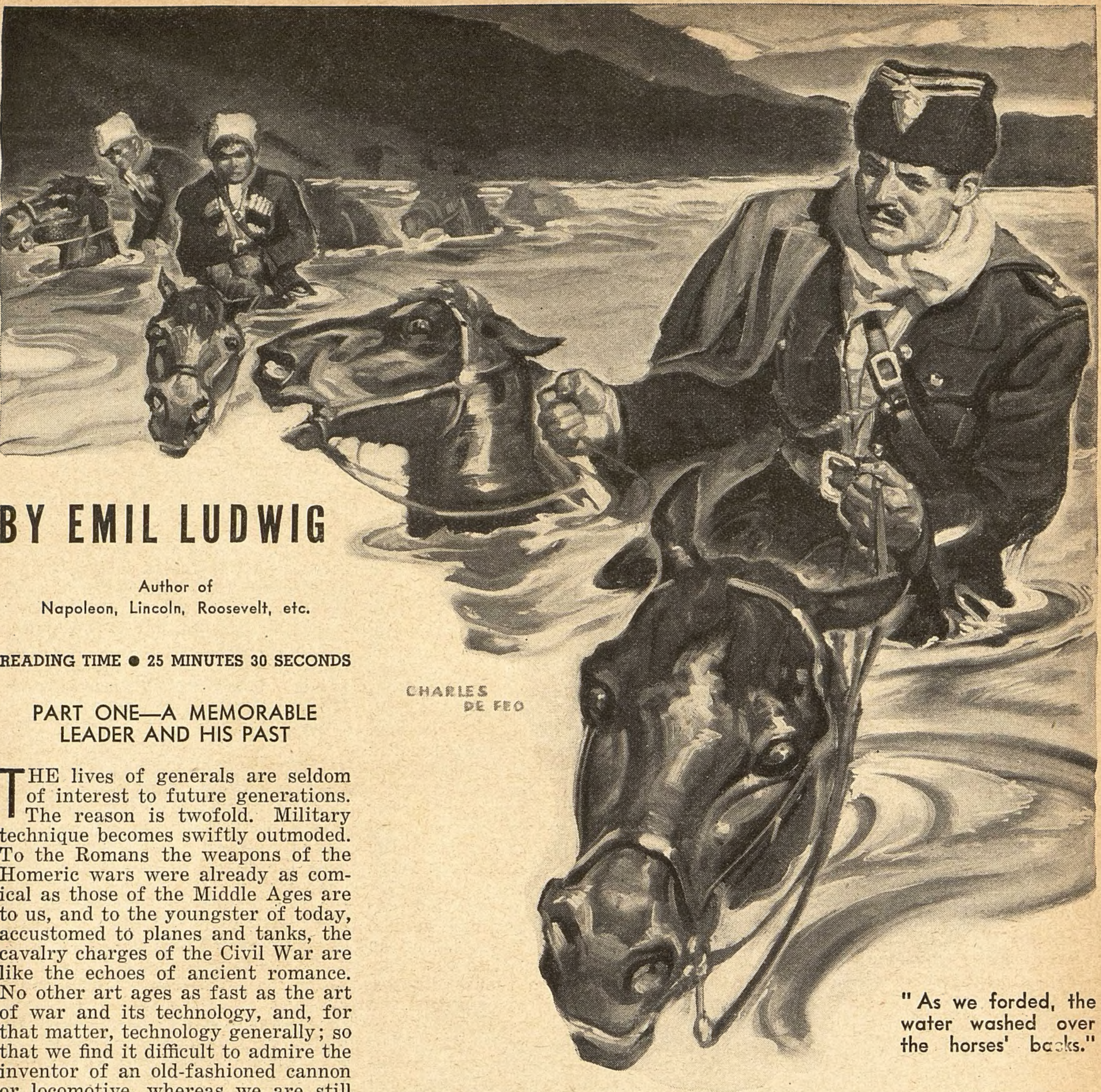


"As we forded, the water washed over the horses' backs."

MANNERHEIM

Hero of Finland

Beginning a brilliant biography of the marshal who lost a war but gave a shining battle-saga to history

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Author of
Napoleon, Lincoln, Roosevelt, etc.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE—A MEMORABLE LEADER AND HIS PAST

THE lives of generals are seldom of interest to future generations. The reason is twofold. Military technique becomes swiftly outmoded. To the Romans the weapons of the Homeric wars were already as comical as those of the Middle Ages are to us, and to the youngster of today, accustomed to planes and tanks, the cavalry charges of the Civil War are like the echoes of ancient romance. No other art ages as fast as the art of war and its technology, and, for that matter, technology generally; so that we find it difficult to admire the inventor of an old-fashioned cannon or locomotive, whereas we are still swept off our feet by the sculpture of the Egyptians or the dramas of Shakespeare. The latter produced eternal works, the former only gave something new to their own generation. Our children laugh at the sight of Edison's cylindrical phonograph records, yet Edison was one of the greatest men of his century.

The transient reputation of the great soldier is also bound up with the transient character of his achievements. School children learn by rote the names of their country's generals; the stranger passing through the capital gazes on the equestrian statues before the City Hall or the main Post Office, and reads their names with bewilderment. If the average person on this side of the Atlantic knows little about Turenne and Derfflinger, the average European knows just as little about Ulysses S. Grant. Ten years after his death the name of Marshal Foch means hardly anything to a lad in Texas, or Quebec, and yet we watched him win the World War. Little remains of him beyond a few anecdotes associated in the popular mind with a grand, gruff old soldier.

Where military names endure, they belong to generals who were likewise liberators or heads of states. No one is interested in Alexander's or Caesar's battles; but both men hold our attention riveted, after two thousand years or more, as founders of states and as characters. The same is true of Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Washington, and Bolivar. It is their characters and not their battles which have survived. It is toward these, toward their letters and answers and addresses, toward their inner lives, that the eager interest of posterity is directed.

If three dictators ruling today had never come to power, if their places had been filled by three men of different character, there would not have been a war today. A glance at these men's pictures and their records is enough to convince us that they are no Napoleons. What strikes us at once as lacking in all three instances is that art which Napoleon lifted to new and unprecedented levels: he was the greatest soldier of his age, he participated personally in sixty battles, and he extended his territories through an unbroken chain of victories. But this is a sealed book to the three rulers in Rome, Berlin, and Moscow. Their destinies depend on the skill of their generals.

The soldier who, twenty years ago, liberated the small northern country which has amazed the whole world by its resistance to invasion, was also soon forgotten; and in his own land he was even bitterly attacked. In the past few months, at seventy-two, he has found himself suddenly entrusted by destiny with a task which challenged universal attention and which he discharged in a manner evoking universal applause. With all its tanks and bombs, the Finnish war retained a romantic character; for it was conducted by small numbers of troops who moved across a fantastic landscape, among a thousand frozen lakes, through a fabulous twilight, and their leader was an old man who did not, like other modern generals, sit at the telephone, but rode a horse, trim and erect as a youth.

Furthermore, the world is always inclined to sympathize with the weaker party which defends itself.

Apart from all this, the character and career of the man are tremendously interesting. His origin and life course alone explain why he occupies the place which he does, and why with a minimum of means he has achieved a maximum of results. The history of Marshal Mannerheim uncovers for us no ordinary general.

He has revealed enough of himself, particularly to his friend and biographer Donner, to make clear that his heart has known many bitter struggles. They were the problems common to all men, and all of us have experienced them without being either a general or a Finn. We can suffer with him in those moments of high decision through which his conscience warred with his heart, and we shall find this inner struggle not less interesting and significant than the campaign of liberation which he conducted on behalf of his people.

WHEN, at the age of fifty, General Mannerheim was entrusted with the task of liberating his country, he already possessed the four qualifications which he needed to achieve that end: the art of war, horsemanship, the daring of the adventurer, and the intellectual tranquillity of the scholar. These were all qualifications which had appeared in one or another of his ancestors.

At about the time when Franklin D. Roosevelt's ancestors, under the name of Martensen, emigrated from Holland to the banks of the Hudson, Marshal Mannerheim's ancestors, under the name of Marhein, emigrated from Holland to Sweden. The first or second Marhein to claim Swedish citizenship must already have been a wealthy merchant, for he had a splendid portrait, a diptych, made of himself and his family.

His son, who received a patent of nobility in 1693, changed his name and was known thenceforth as Mannerheim. He became a state official and large-scale farmer—that is, a sort of Junker.

THE family rose rapidly during the eighteenth century, being raised to baronial rank in 1768. Some of its members became Swedish officers. The son of one daughter, under another name, went to Finland and there built the fortress of the capital, so that his sons after him acquired wealth and power as ironmasters. Finland, which had been part of Sweden ever since the thirteenth century, had derived great benefits from the conquest. There was, to begin with, the association with western culture. Serfdom, which prevailed in Russia, never appeared in Finland. A distinguished officer class arose which received its schooling under the Swedish king in the Thirty Years' War. It was in those days that the Finnish Cavalry March went forth to conquer the world.

But early in that period there already existed a party which sought separation and independence. For the Finns, who are related to the Hungarians, and who a thousand years earlier were probably settled on the Dnieper and Volga, felt themselves to be of different blood from other Scandinavian peoples. There was a Swedish Mannerheim who in 1790 joined a conspiracy which aimed at the liberation of Finland — amazingly enough, with the help of Russia. But the Finnish peasants would have none of it. The conspirators had to flee to Russia. Mannerheim was condemned to death and then pardoned, but he was deprived of his rank as major and debarred from ever being an officer again; he therefore settled in Finland.

An ancestor who was condemned to death for his patriotism exercises a profound effect on the fantasy of a child, especially if the house and grounds have remained in the family. And it was in the country house which the daring and unsuccessful conspirator bought near the city of Turku in the year 1800 that, two generations later, the Marshal was born.

But between the major's time and the Marshal's the family produced some interesting men. The conspirator became the first official Finn, for it was in his time that the great change came. Czar Alexander, first the friend and later the enemy of Napoleon, made war on Sweden for the conquest of Finland. The southeast had long since become Russianized. Now the Czar played on the old movement for liberation, so that the country fell into his hands without the awakening of too much hatred.

He was able to say: " I have lifted Finland to the rank of a nation." For he was clever enough not to annex the conquered country but to confer independence upon it. He permitted the Finns to retain their internal autonomy, and he took the title of Grand Duke of Finland, thus uniting the two countries without humiliating the weaker one. Then, in 1808, Baron Mannerheim went to St. Petersburg at the head of a commission to discuss with the Czar the details of the changed status of his country.

Between Marshal Mannerheim and this great-grandfather of his there seems to be no resemblance whatsoever. The picture we obtain of the latter is that of a discontented, pleasure-seeking, pedantic sort of person of slender build and colorless face. But, as head of the new State Chancellery in Helsinki and spokesman of the aristocracy in the first Parliament, he has his place in history, and in his old age he was elevated to the title of Grefve, or Count, which is transmitted only to the oldest son.

STILL greater things awaited the Mannerheim family. It had risen from the merchant to the ironmaster class, from citizens to counts, from officers to conspirators. Now it broke into the world of the spirit. The character and life line of the succeeding Mannerheim represented a new type, for his portraits remind us of the group of men which gathered about Goethe; there is even a distinct resemblance between his mother and Goethe's wife. To this grandfather the Marshal is clearly indebted for a great deal: he was the grand gentleman throughout, a leading Finnish official in St. Petersburg, later the governor of a province. His outer life was that of a distinguished aristocrat. His wife, a woman of striking beauty, came of an aristocratic family which had given six sons to the armies of Sweden in the struggle against Russia.

The inner life of this Mannerheim, however, was not dictated by national sentiment. It derived from his work as a naturalist and amateur of learning. He built up a famous collection of 20,000 insects and wrote on entomology in three languages. After his death this collection was acquired by the Helsinki University, for Finland already had one of the oldest universities in Europe.

The next chapter in the spiritual history of the family reads like a novel. The father of the Marshal, a man with dark handsome Slavic features, became a distinguished dilettante. The early death of his father established him in independence while still very young. He abandoned the ordered and disciplined life he had led till then; wrote, while still a student, a play for which he was temporarily expelled from the university; never sat for his examinations; translated Heine's Buch der Lieder into Swedish; gave magnificent dinners for his friends; was always associated with the political opposition; and left his wife, who like his mother was a beautiful woman, to look after the seven children in the lonely country house, while he wandered from country to country.

Then, at the age of fifty, he suddenly changed his ways, perhaps under the influence of his second wife, whom he married in Paris after the death of the Marshal's mother. He founded a business, introduced the first American typewriters into his country—this was in 1890—and built up such an excellent organization that when he died at the age of eighty he left behind him a flourishing firm which is still in operation.

THE three-storied house, set in a garden, in which the boy grew up is a simple building almost without adornment. On winter days the seven Mannerheim children must have spent many hours before the great fire in the handsome open hearth, and the future Marshal, who came as the third child in 1867, seems to have done a great deal of reading there on the long winter evenings. The house was lonely, father was mostly away, and so during the holidays the children were left to their own devices; for in between the holidays a youngster of seven years was already sent to the capital for his schooling. In the pictures of the family group the children look extraordinarily serious.

When the children looked up at the portraits of their maternal grandparents, ranged above the fireplace, they saw there a gloomy acquisitive man who had become rich in industry, and a woman with big wide-open eyes, who, like her husband, gave the impression that she had derived little pleasure from living. But the future Marshal had a sister who in her early years displayed poetic gifts. She obviously took after her father. Her face was interesting, and when she became an old woman its lines indicated a high spirituality. She has left us some odd accounts of the childhood of her famous brother; she reports, among other things, that he did not learn to speak until he was three years old, but that then it happened suddenly. He has, in fact, never become a speaker, and his addresses are half as long as those which other men deliver in similar circumstances.

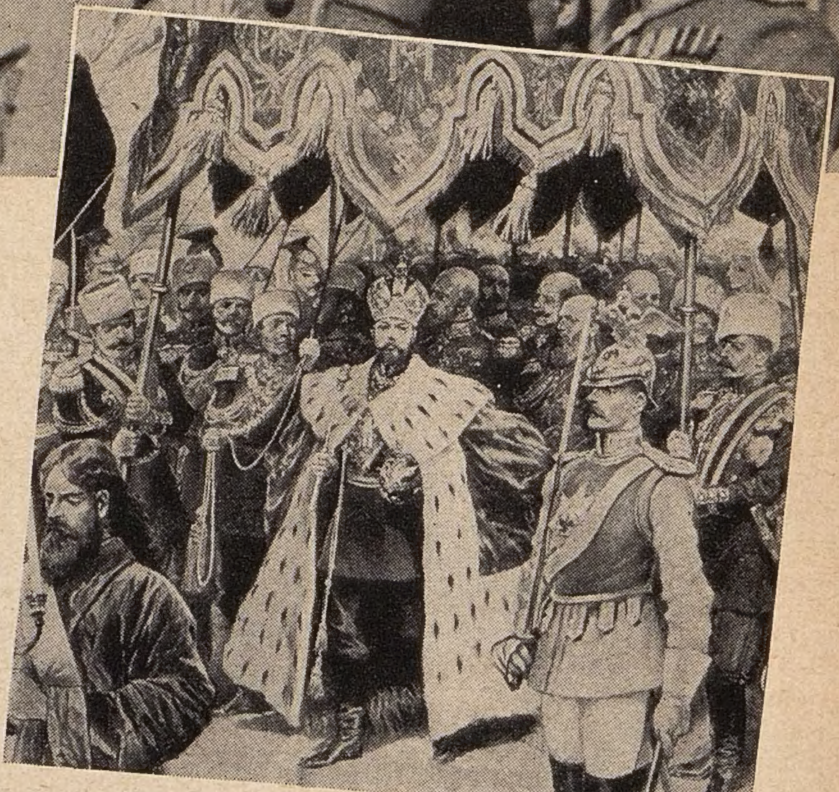
These reports out of his childhood indicate a character already with strong overtones of his knightly and scholarly forefathers. The boy was wild, daring, and adventurous, a swimmer and broad-jumper, but above all a horseman who was thrown repeatedly yet persisted. At the same time he was thoughtful. The first pictures show softness and gentleness; but there was also ambition, so much so that after five years of military school he needed only a year to prepare for the university, and at twenty he was admitted to the Officers' Training School, situated across the border near the city of St. Petersburg. This step had a decisive influence on the man's life.

It was by no means the ordinary thing for a Finnish soldier of Swedish origin to go to Russia for his training. The Marshal's oldest brother, the Count, even had to leave Finland because of his pro-Swedish and anti-Russian attitude. A younger brother, too, settled in Sweden later. At that time—that is, in the year 1887—when Baron Carl Gustaf Mannerheim came to St. Petersburg, the hatred of the Russian regime had not yet developed in Finland.

The change came gradually. The cadet, who could trace the history of his forefathers in that of his country, knew how prosperously Finland had developed under those grand dukes who had respected the Finnish Constitution. Alexander II, who had removed the stigma of serfdom from his country at about the same time that slavery was abolished in the United States, had also enlarged the privileges of the Finns and called their first Parliament together. It was Nicholas II, the pan-Russian autocrat,

© U. & U.

"Trim and erect as a youth." The hero of heroic Finland reviews his troops as the Red colossus threatens war.



Czar Nicholas II in his coronation procession. "Before him march officers in white, with drawn swords."

who cut down the constitutional rights of the Finns and almost destroyed them completely, so that the sympathies of the world were with that little, oppressed country more than half a century ago just as they are today.

But the young man was an eager and impatient aristocrat. If one was not a born revolutionary, the easiest way to a career lay across the frontier, in Russia, and that even for a Finn. Thus the inner conflict began very early in the heart of the lieutenant. In his black coat with its white band, in his military cap and high boots, he confronts the world suddenly with a challenge.

The pleasures of the world were offered to him with a prodigal hand in the society to which his high family connections gave him immediate entree. At one bound he became the favorite of the court. The most beautiful and most distinguished women were attracted to the graceful and fascinating Finnish youth. It was rumored of him that he lived a Spartan life, or at any rate slept in a military cot. Besides, he was a wonderful dancer; he leaped to fame as a huntsman; but he was known even better as an unrivaled horseman who carried off all the prizes. It was a pity, thought the court ladies, that at twenty-five he was already married, and that to a young woman called Anastasie, daughter of one-hundred-per-cent Russian Major General Arapov of the imperial suite.

IN the year 1896 a high honor was conferred upon the young man. On the occasion of the coronation of Czar Nicholas II two officers were chosen to march in front of the canopy. In the pictures of the celebration we can still see, under it, the poor Czar lost among the generals and priests. A gigantic crown rests on his head, he is draped in ermine and purple, and he seems to stagger rather than stride forward. Immediately before him, to the right, the other to the left, march two officers in radiant white, with drawn swords. Each wears on his breast a great eight-pointed star, and on his head the silver helmet of the aristocracy. One of these two Lohengrins is Baron Mannerheim. What loftier role could a handsome young man dream of playing?

Yet in his heart the emotions are at war with each other. He does not know, of course, to what excess of pride and stupidity the regime of the new Czar will yet be led in relation to Finland; still less can he foresee the tragic end of the man who has just donned the imperial crown. But he does know that during the last decade the Russian dynasty has been hostile toward his fatherland, that his own brother was forced for that reason to flee the country, and that many of his friends at home are discontented. Perhaps in this high moment the young man is moved by dreams of a favorable change with the coming of the new regime; perhaps he dares to hope that he himself can exert the right kind of influence on the Czar. And perhaps, on the other hand, he is only wondering whether his helmet is on straight and whether there are creases in his trousers.

THE decade between his twenty-sixth and thirty-seventh years witnesses the rise of Baron Mannerheim in the military ranks. Officer, sportsman, and courtier, he is almost always to be found in or near St. Petersburg. He receives his majority and colonelcy, directs a cavalry school, works for a certain period under the direct command of the High Imperial Marshal, and goes off on a visit to Finland as often as he can.

The increasing oppression of his people throws a shadow across his life, but so far he can see no way of changing his position. He is compelled to look on when a Finnish commission, which comes to the court to lodge a complaint against the Russian Governor General of Finland, is treated with the same disdain as another commission, composed of European scholars, which comes to St. Petersburg for precisely the same purpose. Both commissions are dismissed without an audience.

Every year sees an increase in the dictatorial decrees aimed at the rights of the Finns and at their education, and a parallel increase in the number of banishments. Finnish patriots are exiled to Siberia. And during the same period we see this Finnish baron in gay and charming pictures, playing polo or hunting foxes on the summer estates of the Czar.

At the end of a decade his marriage comes to an end without formal dissolution by a divorce. The young wife goes to the south of France, to live there with her two daughters. The more interesting of the girls became a nun, lives in England, and, if we are to judge from a charming picture, is clever, cheerful, and warm-hearted. It was not until twenty years later, when he had liberated his land from the Russians, that the Marshal finally divorced his Russian wife. When she died, not long ago, he went to France to attend the funeral.

When the Russo-Japanese War broke out, hope ran high in Finland, based naturally on the prospect of a Russian defeat and the consequent liberation of the Finns. There came into existence the Finnish Activist Party, which worked unceasingly for the great consummation. It received and sheltered Russian revolutionaries. It conferred with them in Paris. It even bought arms and munitions from the Japanese Embassy in Stockholm, as well as in America and Switzerland, and smuggled the supplies into Russia. A Finnish student assassinated the hated governor general, and shortly afterward Russia's Minister of the Interior, von Plehve, was killed by a Russian revolutionist in St. Petersburg.

Revolutionary activities must have been very repugnant to the distinguished aristocrat and courtier. It is quite certain that he felt no impulse to assist in the liberation of his country by Russian revolutionaries. He did not have to go to Japan, and it was only after the first serious reverses in the war that he hastened to the colors. He himself said later that he would have gone to the front anyway " for the purpose of studying the war."

When he joined his regiment, he looked so elegant that the exhausted unwashed troops took him for a spy and held him prisoner until he was freed by headquarters. In a parade picture, as Lieutenant Colonel of the Hussar Guards, he bears himself with the pride and grace of a *grand seigneur*. At the front he displayed the independence of his nature. He volunteered for reconnoitering work, which was really below the level of his rank. As a matter of fact, he was once refused permission to participate in it, since it was out of keeping with his position on the general staff. He had his horse shot under him and was himself wounded by the bullet.

With what feelings Mannerheim returned to Russia after the defeat we do not know. What we do know is that he looked for a temporary escape and found it.

ONE result of the lost war was a let-up in the pressure on Finland. Parliament was reconvened in 1905, and the response to the Russian policy was the election of a Socialist delegation which included nearly fifty per cent of the deputies. Mannerheim, returning to Finland on extended leave from the army, took his place in the House of Nobles. With profound vexation he saw the divisions in his fatherland widen and deepen till it came to actual fighting between Finnish burghers and Russian revolutionaries. He naturally was on the side of the armed citizen guards who organized under the name of the Voima but who were soon dissolved by the Russians. For the new Duma reintroduced the old repressions.

In this situation, torn between opposing impulses, the aristocrat looked for a way of breaking up his relations with the Russian army, and found it in a great adventure. He undertook to accompany an expedition on horseback across Asia.

The Russian general staff could not have found a better man for the enterprise. The objective aimed at was a complete list of the roads and rivers, mountains, lakes, and villages lying between the Russian border and the Kirghiz country and southward from the Siberian border to China. Along this curve of territory, stretching from Astrakhan to Peking, there were large areas known only superficially to the cartographers. A man was needed who was not only a daring horseman but in whom the war and peace training of the staff officer was combined with a considerable measure of scholarship and political skill; for part of his task would be to make contact with distant tribes and peoples and to determine the degree of influence which the Chinese government exercised over them. There probably was not in the whole Russian army another man who had these diverse qualifications to the same extent as the Finnish baron.

To cover the real purpose of the enterprise, the high Russian officer was attached to an expedition undertaken by a French scholar on behalf of his government. From observations which he has let fall, it is evident that Mannerheim, having heard of the projected expedition, himself proposed that he be permitted to accompany it. Before leaving, he took intensive courses under the relevant specialists at Helsinki University in the archæology, ethnography, flora, and fauna of the remote Asiatic interior. It was his intention to serve the science of his country not less than the political aims of Russia.

As originally planned, the expedition was to last two years. It did, in fact, last only a little less. The course it followed was from Astrakhan across Samarkand, then northward through Tibet from Sinkiang across the Chinese province of Honan as far as Peking.

Mannerheim was then forty years old and at the height of his powers. He joined the French caravan at Tashkent. Only recently Professor Pelliot told me of the journey which he made with his Russian colleague across the wastes of Chinese Turkestan. He described him as a man of distinction and education such as were rare among Russian officers. In his contacts with men Professor Pelliot found him commanding but at the same time humane.

During the days he drew maps for 2,000 kilometers of the journey, he calculated and noted altitudes, and when he had discharged his military duties he took up his self-imposed scientific tasks. These covered the recording of graves, the noting of buildings and inscriptions, the classification of geographic, zoologic, and folkloristic data. A friend of his later read through nine hundred manuscripts which are to be published shortly, after a lapse of thirty years.

The caravan passed across burning steppes and icy plateaus, crawled for weeks through wildernesses, passed by bronze statues and ruined graves. Photographs of the expedition show the Baron now in a tattered mantle, now seated in a frock coat at some royal banquet. All this was possible only for a great gentleman who had acquired, in camp and court and on travels, the art of knowing of his own worth and being modest about it. His drawings and photographs are good instances of mental objectivity into which the ego is not permitted to intrude.

In this adventure, however, a steeled body was not less important than a trained spirit. His letters show both. In one of them he writes:

"As we forded the river the water washed over the horses' backs. Shortly thereafter we were compelled to skirt a deep abyss, into which the horses could easily have slipped. I saw everywhere about me the skeletons of animals. Our mules suffered greatly from thirst, for the ascent continued and it was not until the afternoon that we rode down to the water level. We were on horseback continuously for eleven hours."

And in another:

"In that deep snow, which reached up to the horses' knees, we could not see fifty meters ahead. I had to protect my maps and documents against the wet. The native guide did not know the way any more, so we looked for another, but he was no better. For three hours we rode about in a labyrinth of gulleys, and then the guide declared dryly: 'Now I'm quite certain that this isn't the road.'

EMIL LUDWIG
is famous everywhere and particularly so among readers of Liberty, who had first looks at his lives of F. D. R. and of England's kings George VI and Edward VIII. He calls himself a portrait painter. His "studio," his home, is in Tessin, Switzerland.

"A horse tumbled into one of the ravines, and six men had to work a whole hour to get it out. We had to hurry on, for darkness was approaching. And during all this time we felt a heavy load of responsibility, for the men could freeze to death if we did not get wood for a fire before nightfall. At last we came to the descent, and it was impossible to take a zigzag path; a single misstep on the part of a mule might cost a man's life.

"Darkness had fallen by the time we reached the village. I took the pulse of one of my men; it was 124 and he could not stand on his feet. As we sat around the fire in the big tent, an old man told us how many people had frozen to death this winter. His daughter was among them, and he himself had lost a hand through frostbite."

In front of the bell-shaped Kirghiz tent a large eagle sat perched on the branch of a tree, with a little chain about its neck. It was a bird trained for the hunt. All about, among the graves which the traveler was studying, lurked thieves in search of gold.

Then again he spent two days preparing an ancient and shattered stone, covered with inscriptions, to be photographed, or else he bought documents thousands of years old, which he could not decipher himself but could carry back with him.

In the famous Tibetan monastery of Labrang he was almost killed by the pious monks. He describes the crafty display of friendliness with which he was invited in, how his guide warned him against it, and how, as he passed by, the holy brothers hurled stones at him. Later they brought him gifts of meat and of copper coins.

"The next day I entered the monastery with a guard. It is two versts [kilometers] long, set with large numbers of Buddha statues and jammed with countless pilgrims. The young people, fine-looking types, made one think of the opera. I heard a laughing and whistling behind me, then stones began to fly. The crowd which followed me kept growing larger. I had to leave the temple under a hail of stones. My guides advised me not to pass the night in the vicinity of the temple. The house which we finally found was occupied by a leper. But I was obstinate and insisted on remaining there. The leper had to sleep outside. We stayed in his room, together with two cows and a horse. I slept on one of the couches, and the next morning learned that it was the leper's bed. Later on I learned that a French officer had been killed here by stone-throwers."

Mannerheim paid a visit to the Dalai Lama, the Pope of the Tibetan Buddhists. He was the second Westerner to do so, having been preceded only by the American scientist Rockhill. The Dalai Lama gave Mannerheim his blessing and gifts of costly silk to transmit to the Czar. Thereupon Mannerheim took out his revolver, made a present of it to the supreme holy man, and said:

"The times are so bad that even a saint like you may need such a weapon."

Then, when the Dalai Lama spoke against the Chinese, he himself sent twice to make sure that no one was listening at the door.

By the time he returned, Mannerheim had covered on horseback 14,000 kilometers, a distance equal to that from the northwestern tip of Canada to Germany. Such an expedition was enough to make a man famous. The Russian general staff issued a book with many maps, but kept the most important documents secret. Mannerheim brought to Finland, for the national museum, a large collection of curiosities. He achieved a high reputation among Chinese savants and became a member of several learned societies.

Among those generals whose names history has recorded he stands practically alone in an achievement of this kind.

The World War brought the same break into Mannerheim's destiny as into the destiny of Finland.

How was it to come about, in time of war, that this great soldier and gentleman, after serving Finland's master, the Czar, both steadfastly and brilliantly, could—with honor—resign and go home to begin the liberation of his distraught native country? The answer makes up a most absorbing chapter of his life story! In Liberty next week Emil Ludwig will do it full justice.

WHAT KIND OF *President* WOULD VANDENBERG MAKE?

READING TIME
17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN they are not talking for publication, most of the real leaders of the Republican Party assert that their Presidential nomination will go to a native of Michigan this year.

They put it this way:

"If it looks as if we had an even chance or better of winning the election, the nominee will be Arthur Vandenberg. If the odds are against us and we have to gamble heavily on the unpredictable vote, like that of the women and the first voters, the nominee will be Tom Dewey."

So forget the Gallup polls and the columnists. The oracles have spoken! All that the delegates to the Republican National Convention need do is compute the party's chances for victory, and then hand the nomination to the senior senator from Michigan, fifty-six-year-old Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, if the election is in *their* bag this time.

If Van is nominated, the Democrats may as well give up—if the theory is followed to its logical conclusion. But if the nominee is Dewey, then the Democrats will know they have a fair fighting chance.

Well, maybe so. Maybe Presidential nominations can still be controlled by a few men in a smoke-filled room. Mr. Dewey does not believe it, and neither does Senator Vandenberg. Both are out gunning for delegates. Of the two, Mr. Dewey is the more active campaigner, which may or may not be why, at this writing, he is away ahead in the straw votes; but, so far, the senator has the most delegates sewed up.

Vandenberg's campaign managers—if the informal group of friendly publicists and advisers can be so called—are claiming that they will have the delegations from both Dakotas, Minnesota, Missouri, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Washington on the first ballot, and the Colorado and Arizona votes after complimentary salutes to favorite sons. That is the Vandenberg nest egg at this writing. The first real showdown will have come on April 2, when Wisconsin's Republicans will have decided whether to send a Vandenberg or a Dewey delegation to the national convention.

If the nomination does go to Vandenberg—and the so-called wise money is now on him at any odds—the Republicans will have a standard-bearer who will need no explaining or interpreting. The senator's views on every issue have been positively stated, and they have not always been the orthodox Republican views. In fact, some of the accomplishments most proudly claimed by the New Deal, such as bank-deposit insurance, were born in Van's brain.

He was only nine years old when he started to earn his own living. At twenty-two he was the managing editor of the newspaper he had hawked on the streets at nine. He did not go afield in search of a career. His was accomplished in his birthplace, Grand Rapids, Michigan. The home-town boy made good in the home town, which is an unusual twist to the familiar old romance.

He still talks and writes in the sometimes florid, sometimes pedantic style of the small-town editor; but, unlike most of the breed, he has no overweening pride of authorship and doesn't put his back up when his advisers say, "Look here. You are trying to call a spade a spade. Then why the heck call it 'an agricultural instrument having an iron blade adapted for pressing into the soil'?" Since Van meant to call it a spade all the time, he submits without argument to editing, so far as wording goes. But he doesn't to alteration of ideas. On that point he is a stubborn Dutchman.

What are his ideas?

You might almost guess them correctly from the fact that when he was a nine-year-old boy whose earnings were needed by the family, he managed to save a fixed percentage of his weekly wage—which was half a dollar. That sort of training does not produce, in that sort of character, a spendthrift internationalist.

Arthur Vandenberg is a man of too many parts to fit into any pigeonhole easily. It is hard to pin a label on him. He is a conservative, yes; but he has been consistently in favor of New Deal objectives. The *methods* chosen by the Roosevelt administration irk him, and he has had considerable success in altering New Deal methods to make their objectives more practicable—for instance, the revision that made the Social Security benefit payments more liberal and more quickly available, and eliminated the fantastic $47,000,000,000 reserve fund which the government proposed to set up in federal bonds, thus actually making the "reserve"—as the plan's creators hadn't realized—a huge public debt.

And Vandenberg is an isolationist, but again the label slips. He favored the World Court. He was author of the Senate resolution, which Secretary of State Hull adopted, to terminate the 1911 treaty of amity and commerce with Japan. The Senate isolationists were determined to prevent any move that might even remotely smack of American co-operation with Britain and France against the dictator nations, while Roosevelt seemed intent upon having America take sides "short of war." Vandenberg pointed out the middle course that would show American displeasure at Japan's conduct without provoking retaliation and would invite the co-operation of Japan's antimilitarists.

Vandenberg's opponents accuse him of being the stooge of Big Business, and they cite his consistent opposition to excess-profits taxes, his insistence that relief should be administered by the state and local governments instead of being dispensed from Washington, his defense of holding companies, his fight against TVA. But he voted for the creation of the Securities and Exchange Commission for a federal curb on Wall Street. As a member of the Senate committee investigating the munitions industry, he won the everlasting hatred of the powerful Du Pont interests—heavy contributors to Republican campaign funds—by his searching questions about their war profits. Singlehanded he dug out the fact that the second AAA law, supposed to benefit the small farmer, was a gold mine to big banking and lending corporations which controlled mass agricultural production. One New York bank, Van revealed, collected more than $705,000 in "farm aid" because it owned a Puerto Rico sugar plantation. The administration changed its methods in jig time.

Let us take a more intimate look at the man Vandenberg. He is a big fellow—more than six feet, more than two hundred pounds, good-looking without the conspicuous handsomeness of a McNutt. He has dark brown eyes under heavy black brows, and his thinning hair is iron gray. He stops just short of dudishness in his dress, and favors brown in his clothes. He smokes denicotinized cigars and drinks highballs; dislikes cigarettes and cocktails. A Hollywood movie director would cast him for a United States senator on sight.

He was born in Grand Rapids, on March 22, 1884. His father, Aaron, was a harness manufacturer and a descendant of Dutch settlers of New York. His mother, Alpha Hendrick Vandenberg, was also of Dutch pioneer descent, and her father had been a delegate from New York to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860.

In the panic of 1893 Aaron Vanden-

He loves to make speeches. A Hollywood director would cast him for a United States senator on sight.

If he's named, the G. O. P. wins, say the oracles! Here's how they explain it

BY WALTER KARIG

berg's prosperous harness business was wiped out. History has proved otherwise, but he believed with many a fellow victim that the panic had been caused by the Democrats, who had in that year reseated Grover Cleveland. Bankruptcy broke the harnessmaker's heart as well as his business. On his deathbed he exacted from his son a promise that he would always be a Republican.

Anyhow, in 1893 young Arthur had to go to work. He started as a newsboy and delivered handbills from door to door after school. Later he bought himself a two-wheeled pushcart and started in the delivery business, for small shopkeepers. So successful was this venture that he bought another cart and hired a helper, thus becoming an employer and a capitalist, if you please, before he was halfway through his teens.

He graduated from high school in 1900, at sixteen, and went to work as a clerk in a cracker factory. One afternoon he stretched his lunch hour to watch a parade in which Theodore Roosevelt, then a candidate for Vice-President, rode. Van followed the marchers to hear T. R. make a speech. When he finally went back to his job that afternoon, he found he had been summarily fired!

Clerking was dull work anyhow, so he returned to the newspaper business. He was given a job as office and copy boy at six dollars a week on the Grand Rapids Herald, and before long was promoted to the combination job of state editor and general reporter, which paid him all of eight dollars a week. In a year he had saved fifty dollars out of his earnings, and had not only supported himself but contributed to the family treasury.

With that fifty dollars he decided to get himself a college education. The law seemed a likely career, for he had been the prize orator of his high school. So he traveled to Ann Arbor and enrolled in the University of Michigan, and was shocked when the college registrar took all but two dollars of his capital for matriculation fees. He worked nights so he could study in the daytime, until nature rebelled. When the college year ended he was on the verge of a breakdown, so he went back to the Herald, which took him on as a fifteen-dollar-a-week reporter.

In his spare hours he tried writing short stories. Nobody had ever written fiction about life in politics and journalism, it seemed to him, so he put his heroes in those fields instead of making them the knights-errant, filibusterers, and cowboys who were then the story writers' stand-bys. And he sold his stories! Lippincott's and Pearson's magazines were among his customers, and in 1905 he decided to tie up with magazines entirely. He got a job with Collier's Weekly, in the advertising department, and stuck it out for a year. Then, homesick for Grand Rapids, he asked for his old job on the Herald, and was taken back as City Hall reporter.

He did not know it then, but that assignment put him on the track to the United States Senate. On the City Hall run Reporter Vandenberg soon reached a first-name relationship with the political bigwigs, among them the local Republican leader, Congressman (later Senator) William Alden Smith. Within the year Smith bought control of the Herald, a moribund sheet, and told the twenty-two-year-old Vandenberg, "Young man, you're the managing editor. Get to work."

It was no slouch of a job. Van had to write editorials, solicit advertising, collect accounts, and pep up circulation. In between times he broadened his interest in politics. At twenty-six he was a member of the Grand Rapids Charter Commission, at twenty-eight a member of the Michigan Republican Central Committee. He started making speeches again. He still loves to make speeches.

Before he was thirty Vandenberg was the editor, oracle, orator, and big shot of Grand Rapids. A boom to nominate him for the governorship was begun in 1914, but the Republican machine had a tamer candidate. Frank M. Sparks, the Herald's editor in chief, told Van to wait.

When the United States entered the World War Vandenberg was a wifeless father of small children. (His son, Arthur, Jr., is now his secretary and office manager in Washington.) He made eight hundred speeches in Michigan alone, in the 1917-1918 Liberty Loan drives, and found time to court and win a second wife. In 1922, now part owner of the newspaper, he was given his cue to enter politics. Editor Sparks began building up a political machine independent of the big-city influence. In four years it was powerful enough to put Fred Green in the governor's chair. When Senator Woodbridge N. Ferris died a year later, Green appointed Vandenberg to succeed him, and in 1928 the voters confirmed the appointment by electing Van for a full six-year term with the largest plurality ever given any Michigan candidate.

The new senator had been one of President Harding's pre-election advisers on the League of Nations issue, and had had a hand in writing Harding's campaign speeches. The scandals of the Harding administration had been hard for him to take. He had suspected them to be Democratic mudslinging at the start, but he had been remote from the scene. It was at the close of Coolidge's administration that he went to the Senate.

Those who remember his advent in Washington a dozen years ago admit that they put him down for a one-term wonder. From all accounts, Van started off on the wrong foot. He was too prone to give out statements to the press. He violated the Senate's unwritten law that a new senator should be seen and not heard. He took himself too seriously. He strutted a little. The boys in the press gallery nicknamed him "the pouter pigeon with the kewpie smile," and they dug up his book, Alexander Hamilton, the Greatest American, in the Congressional Library and quoted its fancy verbiage in gleeful hazing of the newcomer. Van learned his lesson.

In the Senate he allied himself with neither the die-hard conservatives nor the rambunctious progressives. He stuck to the middle path; such leanings as he manifested were to the liberal side. He joined in rebellions against Senators Moses, Watson, and Smoot, the hard-shell cynical Simon Legrees of his party, and in 1930 he forced the party to adopt the decennial reapportionment law which requires Congress to remake the Congressional districts after each national census in accordance with shifts in population. The rural districts opposed the change, and so did the Republican bosses. His success raised Vandenberg in the esteem of the newspapermen, the independent voters, and champions of good government.

THE depression bewildered him, apparently. Everything in which he had faith, including his home-town bank, went to smash. He was once more pretty nearly broke, and this time in a *Republican* panic. By 1934, when he had to campaign again for his Senate seat, a lot of his old cocksureness was gone. Perhaps he might not have been re-elected had not the Democratic Party in Michigan split wide open in a political civil war. But he was, if by less than a tenth of his first plurality, and that outstanding Republican success in a second national Democratic landslide made him somebody for the party's leaders to consider for higher office.

Vandenberg could probably have had the 1936 Republican Presidential nomination, but he saw more clearly than anybody else that the omens were not propitious. Van plays to win. He had no enthusiasm for the 1936 campaign. When their own press agents convinced the Republican leaders, early in June, that Roosevelt could be beaten, there was a sudden flurry among them to "stop Landon," who had been allowed to run away with the preconvention party endorsement largely because nobody else had much cared. The "stop Landon" movement centered on Vandenberg. He insists today that he had nothing to do with it. That is undoubtedly the truth, even though his name was widely used as a rallying call against the Kansan.

However, his judgment failed him once in the campaign against Roosevelt. He collected a number of recordings of the President's speeches; from them he made a record in which his own voice seemed to be debating with Roosevelt, and the President was made to contradict himself and finally succumb to Vandenberg's arguments. The ghost debate was scheduled on sixty-six broadcasting stations. Twenty-one cut it off the air; twenty-two cut out the Roosevelt part of it. There was considerable outcry against this censorship, however voluntary; but, on the whole, public opinion seemed to be that Vandenberg had done neither himself nor Landon any service in staging a faked debate with a man who was not there.

After the Republican defeat Vandenberg began talking coalition—a union of the conservative Democrats with the loyal Republicans—and that idea still sticks in his mind. Since the revival of Republican strength in the 1938 elections, he may not think the idea is as important as it was, but of its merit he is still convinced.

It was in 1938, too, that he decided to take his shot at the White House. The anti-third-term talk became shrill and insistent. Instead of joining in the chorus, Van capitalized it for himself in a paradoxical way. He came out for a single-term Presidency.

"Nineteen forty will be easy," he said. "It will be infinitely easier to win in 1940 than to justify the victory in 1941."

The trouble with the electoral system, he said, is that no sooner is a man elected than he starts in campaigning for a second term. The 1940 Republican nominee, he believes, must "go in absolutely a free agent. First, he should not hunt a single delegate. A man has to trade to get delegates. He has to offer this to get support for that. The problem is too big, the crisis too terrific, for that kind of politics.

"Second, he should maintain a continuation of his detachment from ordinary politics once he is in the White House. It is the only way he will be able to get Democratic cooperation, and of course he won't be able to move without the help of the still Democratic Senate.

"Then he should make perfectly clear how he stands on all issues. He can't afford to have a vote under false pretenses.

"And, finally, he should say before he goes in, 'I'm here for *one* term.'"

VANDENBERG said that nearly a year ago. He has had to recant his dictum that the nominee "should not hunt a single delegate." He *is* hunting delegates. There seems to be a sort of friendly-enemy working agreement between himself and Senator Taft, if not including one or two others, to eliminate Tom Dewey, who is young enough to wait until 1944 or 1948 for the Presidency.

It is being prophesied in Washington that Vandenberg, Taft, and Dewey will not all seek the Republican delegation in any one state. Taft will oppose Dewey in states where Taft seems stronger than Vandenberg, and Vandenberg will be on the primary ballot against Dewey in states where Taft is weaker. Probably Dewey can be Attorney General if either Taft or Vandenberg is elected President, but meanwhile the two Senatorial aspirants for the White House will stop fighting each other to gang up on Tom—unless all the dope now current is dead wrong.

Vandenberg isn't talking at all about the Presidency. He has not repeated his one-term proposal. "How he stands" is on the record. He is for strict economy even when it is unpopular, as witness his votes for reducing the relief appropriations and his votes against the "soldiers' bonus" and to sustain the President's veto of the bonus bill. He voted again to support Roosevelt's veto of the artificially low interest rates on farm loans. He led what he knew was a losing battle against the 1939 neutrality bill in the special session of Congress to keep the United States out of the war-munitions business.

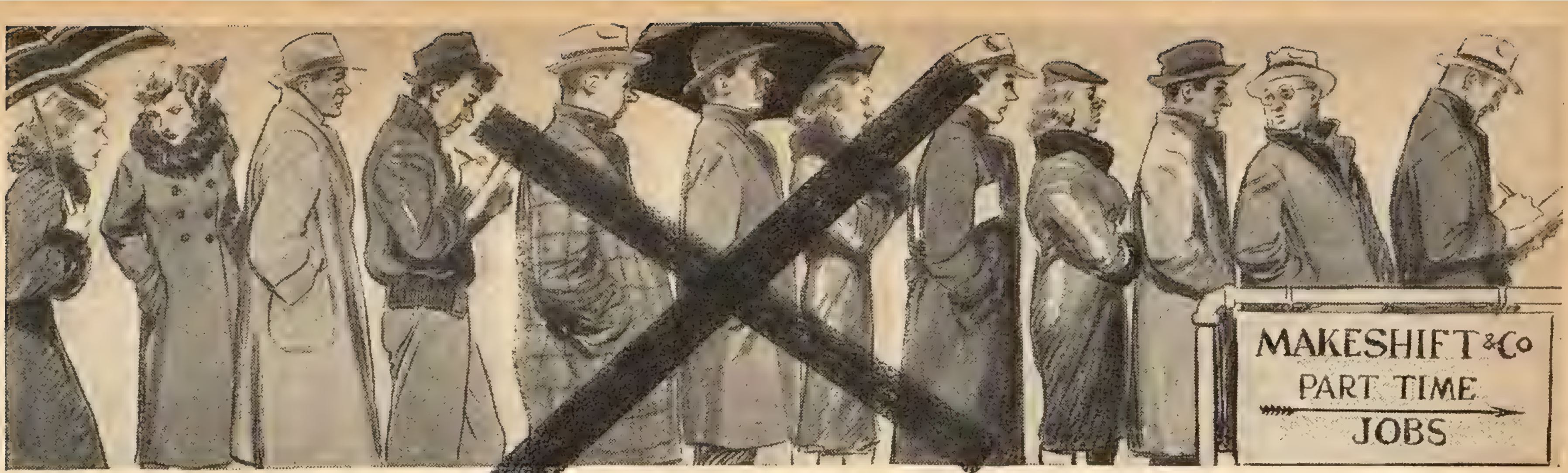
There you have him, Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, who—all straw votes to the contrary notwithstanding—is nearer the Republican Presidential nomination than any of the announced candidates. Most of the time, when he is not on the floor of the Senate, you can find him in vest and shirt sleeves in his office, pounding on the typewriter behind a wall of reference books. For recreation he bowls duckpins with Senator Townsend of Delaware, whom he usually beats, and Senator Hale of Maine, whom he sometimes beats. In cards his taste runs to hearts rather than to poker, and when he reads anything other than lawbooks and histories he likes Sax Rohmer and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But mostly he works. He's "the workin'est man," according to the night porters in the Capitol.

HE has completed a plan for reorganizing the foreign-trade supervision exercised by the government, which plan will probably become the Republican Party's answer to reciprocal tariffs whether or not Vandenberg is nominated. His idea is to lump all the fifty agencies which have a hand in regulating, promoting, and taxing foreign commerce into one executive department—the Foreign Trade Board—which would have the power to negotiate commercial treaties subject to Senate ratification, and, importantly, to fix tariffs so the tax on imports would be scientifically adjusted to the differences in labor and production costs between the exporting country and the United States. That is a far departure from the old Republican system of logrolling and protection.

Well, Van never had time to play. Maybe that explains a lot of his mistakes, and also the fact that he never makes them twice. It certainly explains his successes, which, as those of a member of the smallest Senatorial minority in modern times, are outstanding. Besides correcting New Deal mistakes, he has stopped such New Deal excesses as the Passamaquoddy tidal mill and the Florida ship canal, he has pushed through more legislation than any other ten Republican senators combined.

It wouldn't surprise an awful lot of persons, Democrats included, if he should arrive in the White House.

THE END



Any fool can stand in line all day trying to land a makeshift job that at best would barely keep him alive.

HOW TO SELECT YOUR OWN JOB

First aid for the youth of America! Liberty continues a vital new series

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT'S the first step that counts."

Millions of people are jobless and poor simply because they started off in the wrong way. And their commonest mistake is to overlook fundamentals.

Any fool can rush off to get a job advertised in the newspapers. Any fool can stand in line all day trying to land a makeshift job that at best would barely keep him alive. But you must be clever and well informed to look ahead, think ahead, plan ahead, and move ever in the direction of a substantial and permanent position.

Let's see what your first moves should be.

THE job determines the worker. The worker never determines the job. Your very first move is to learn this, and then to use it as you seek a career.

Every job consists of certain tasks to be done at a certain time in a certain place under certain working conditions. Unfortunately, many people never accept this truth. They think they can determine jobs for themselves.

"What I want," says Amanda Cuddleberry, late of Vassar, "is an opportunity to use my exceptional literary abilities in a quiet office with genteel persons around me. I wish to live in Philadelphia, as all my friends live there. I wish to come to work not earlier than nine o'clock in the morning. And I must be free at five, as I have French lessons at five thirty."

Good-by, Miss Cuddleberry. Here's hoping we never meet again. You are not of this world, Miss Cuddleberry. You are much too good for it. Good-by!

Am I inventing a story just to be funny? I wish I were. But I could relate many a true tale of career seekers who have been much crazier than Miss Cuddleberry.

Your first step toward the right job must be taken with the clear understanding that it must be right in two ways: right for your employer, and right for you. The employer doesn't invent fancy tasks for jobs. His business determines each task. He must see that somebody performs those tasks, otherwise the business won't run. So of course he insists that you fit the job.

So does every other employer. In all, you'll find more than 25,000 different kinds of jobs in this country. Which shall you seek? Which do you fit? Well, you never can tell until you investigate.

So this is my next advice. Become your own reporter. Carry a large notebook in your pocket as you set forth every morning, rain or shine, to find the job that best fits you. Visit stores, mills, factories, shops, offices. Talk with people about their work. Even if you spend weeks at it get the answers to questions like the following:

What does the worker accomplish on this particular job?

Which muscles and which senses and which mental traits does he use chiefly? Does he use mainly his eyes and his fingers? Or his ears and his fingers (as a violinist seems to)? Or his knowledge of algebra? Or what?

What tools and machines does he use?

Under what conditions does he work? Outdoors? Indoors? In a quiet room or in a noisy place? In clean air or in dusty? Surrounded by big fast moving machines? Or surrounded by desks only?

How hard does he work? Must he drive steadily without rest? Or does he pause every half hour for a few minutes?

Is he working under strict discipline? Does he punch the time clock, or does he stroll in as he likes? Does he have his work inspected regularly throughout the day, or is there no such check-up?

How much does he earn in a poor year? How much in an ordinary year? How much in a boom year? (What he gets by the hour or day means little. Many workers receiving huge hourly wages earn little in the year.)

How many years can he hope to earn his highest wages or salary? That is, how long can he maintain peak performance without losing interest or health or morale? (You'll find, for instance, that highly paid tasks are just that way because of some drawback.)

Each job has its own quirks, demerits, and merits. It's up to you to find out just how these fit your own nature. So you must also be checking up on yourself. Just what are your own quirks, demerits, and merits?

Do you get dizzy easily? If so, don't go in for riveting or bridge building. Are your forearms weak? Then don't try to become a concert pianist, for this gentleman expends more muscular energy than most blacksmiths do. Are you slightly color-blind? Don't go into the women's-wear business of designing or selecting styles. Are you a little deaf? Keep away from a thousand and one jobs where keen ears are indispensable.

I'm sure you don't know whether you are better or worse than most other people in matters like these. But you must find out. So arrange some time soon to take a battery of aptitude tests. Many colleges, vocational schools, and personnel managers can test you—or at least send you to a reliable tester.

Don't let anybody fool you about

such tests. They do not reveal whether you will succeed as a pianist or a riveter or a deep-sea diver. They will, however, settle two other enormously important questions.

They will tell you whether you are better or worse than most other people with respect to each trait measured. And they will sometimes warn you against some career by showing that you lack at least one of the abilities it requires.

Why should you know where you stand as to your eyes, ears, nose, fingers, leg muscles, speed of reaction, steadiness of judgment, and so on as compared with millions of other Americans? My answer may surprise you, may even confuse you for a moment.

Among all the 25,000 and more jobs of different work patterns, about 17,000 call for abilities and character traits possessed by the average man and woman. Those 17,000 jobs within the common man's range of skill, knowledge, and character become the common-pay jobs. The other 8,000 jobs can be filled mostly by workers above the great average in certain respects. These are the high-pay fields. A few jobs call for less than average abilities, and these are the hopeless fields.

For a while you may be satisfied with any old job. But eventually you want to rise. You have your eye on one of the 8,000 kinds of work calling for better than average abilities. Each of these jobs requires a special set of such abilities. Which set have you? Of course you take aptitude tests to find out. These tests warn you away from this field and from that. They narrow your choice considerably. So far, so good.

Why can't the aptitude tests guide you surely to the right job? Because the better jobs among the 8,000 high-grades call for traits no psychologist can yet analyze and measure. They are traits of judgment, poise, emotion, perspective, and even subtler things. A deep sense of responsibility often outranks all special skills. But you can't gauge it with yardsticks. It appears only in situations where the man must act with full responsibility. And that's out in the real world.

"WHOM shall I ask?" cries a reader. "Who'll guide me to the right job?"

"Ask anybody," say I. "But beware!"

Ask your father. But beware! If he's a big success, he'll overpraise his own job. If he's a failure, he'll underpraise it. Most fathers are too busy to watch trends outside of their own fields.

Ask your mother. But beware! She may have been dreaming for years of your brilliant career. The dream may have no relation to reality.

Ask your favorite teacher. But beware again! Nine out of every ten teachers know little of the world as it is here and now. I make one exception: a handful of teachers in the very best vocational high schools, trade schools, and professional schools know as much as anybody about today's trends. If you know any of them, pump them dry.

Ask a vocational counselor, if you like. But again beware! Many a time he is too young and too far removed from workaday affairs to be trustworthy. Again I would admit certain exceptions, especially in the more modern institutions.

I've told you whose advice to suspect. How about advice worth following?

Ask America!

IN a literal sense, of course, nobody can ask America anything. But in a mathematical sense you can ask America many questions; and America will answer many of them at once.

We Americans have long dreamed a great dream. We have craved more good things than any other people in all history. We have toiled endlessly to make the dream of the abundant life come true. In this dream we aspire to three goals all at once, all fused into a way of life. We aspire to widespread comfortable freedom.

Professor Pitkin has more practical advice for you on getting—and keeping—a job. His third article will appear next week.

The individual in each of us demands freedom.

The progressive civilized man in us demands comfort.

The liberal in us demands the widest possible spread of comfortable freedom.

You seek a job and a career? I ask you to study well what has been going on in America for the past fifty years. Seek the least common denominator of Americans' efforts. In what respects have Andrew Carnegie and Thomas Edison and the Mayos and Herbert Hoover and Woolworth and Alexander Graham Bell and Henry Ford and Golden Rule Jones and Edward Filene and Charles Steinmetz and Joseph Pulitzer and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and ten million unknown inventors, manufacturers, traders, missionaries, teachers, and other people moved toward a common goal? Look away from each American's special trend and private accomplishment. Look away from individual eccentricities. The least common denominator I see behind all the millions is the American Dream—the dream of bringing to the largest possible number of Americans the greatest possible variety of comforts and the fullest possible freedom.

Since the crash of 1929 men have been forced to narrow this dream a little—but not for all time. Today we are most concerned over one part of it. We all want to live better on less. An urgent task is at hand: to maintain the American standard of living for most of us, and to do it with less money than ever before.

Why do I ask you to study this dream well? Because you will find in it the clue to all the best jobs of tomorrow. Offhand, you will soon be counting off thousands of fine opportunities flowing from this dream.

All Americans want everything better, and for less money too. Better food for less. Better clothes for less. Better homes for less. Better health for less. Better pleasures for less. Better government for less. We are insatiable. And in this unique characteristic lies your high hope.

How realize that hope?

As you go from place to place, learning about jobs, talking with workers, interviewing employers, and reading the best books and magazines about the jobs, do one more thing.

Whenever you come upon a new job, or upon a new product in a factory, or upon somebody who is rendering a service, ask yourself this question:

How could this be done better for less?

Seek an answer. If it doesn't come quickly, keep on pounding away at the problem. If you find the answer to only one question, your fortune may be made.

Look! A restaurant. Let's eat. Huh! Not very good food, this. How make it better for less money?

Did you know that barely one woman out of every hundred now employed in restaurants, hotels, and tearooms is properly trained for selecting food, preparing menus, cooking food, and making dining rooms look right? What a chance for tens of thousands of men and women, especially the older ones! We could use 100,000 better eating places.

Stop! Let's look into this shop window. It's full of women's dresses, hats, shoes. . . . Huh! What prices! And how ugly that one is—there, over in the corner. Cockeyed tailoring, I'd say. Do women like such stuff? No, they don't. Wherever they can get better clothes for less money, they grab them. A few smart manufacturers know this and are cleaning up. So are some local stores.

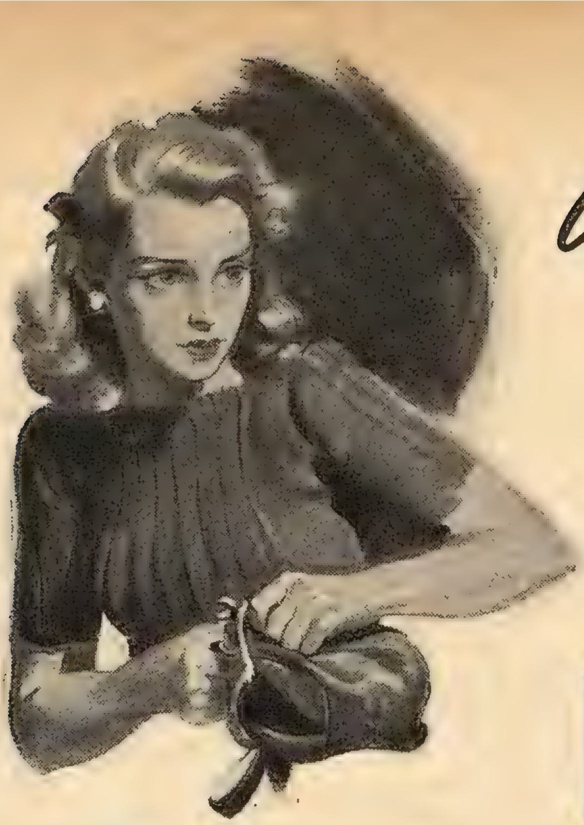
See those children playing across the street? They're all under ten, aren't they? Did you know that American kids under ten are sick oftener than any other age group except the very old? Now, if some smart doctors would start child clinics to keep the kids well, wouldn't parents rush in? . . . Keep the costs down and health up . . . that's the trick, boys.

ARE you fifteen? Or twenty-five? Or fifty? Are you a woman, a man? No matter. Listen to the American Dream. Ask this wonderworking question of everybody, everything; ask it everywhere, always! In time America will suddenly thunder in your ears: "This is my unfulfilled desire. Fulfill it, and I shall carry you into your great tomorrow!"

Have you the vision to go 100 per cent American?

Then live up to yourself!

THE END



She held a sort of handbag; her right hand was inside it.

A Matter of LOYALTY

A gripping story of a boy's mistake, a double-cross, and a girl's devotion

BY WILLIAM R. COX

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THIS was one of the times when Micky was not sure about Molly. He sat there, rubbing the flattened middle knuckles of his left hand with the thumb of his right hand, trying to talk to her, trying to make it come out right. But he couldn't be sure about her.

Molly was not like other girls. She was Dapper Dave Gann's daughter and she was Putsy Gann's sister and she had been cradled in a resin box. Her childish dolls had been old boxing gloves dressed in white handkerchiefs, with little faces inked on them.

Of course she had gone to school, but Dapper Dave had been caught in the Crash, and then Molly had come to join Putsy, who was a fair middleweight but not half the fighter his father had been. After Putsy had gone up and come down to join Tony Gribble's traveling stable, Molly had just naturally stuck along to take care of him. And then Micky had appeared, and then there had been the three of them.

Micky was one of the innumerable "Kids"—Kid Train—but he wasn't such a kid any more, sitting there, rubbing the pushed-in knuckle. He was twenty-three. He had wavy black hair and white skin, and the corrugations of his nose and the slight lumps of cartilage over his dark brows did not seriously mar him in Molly's eyes.

Molly's eyes were bright blue. She had fluffy brown hair which she wore

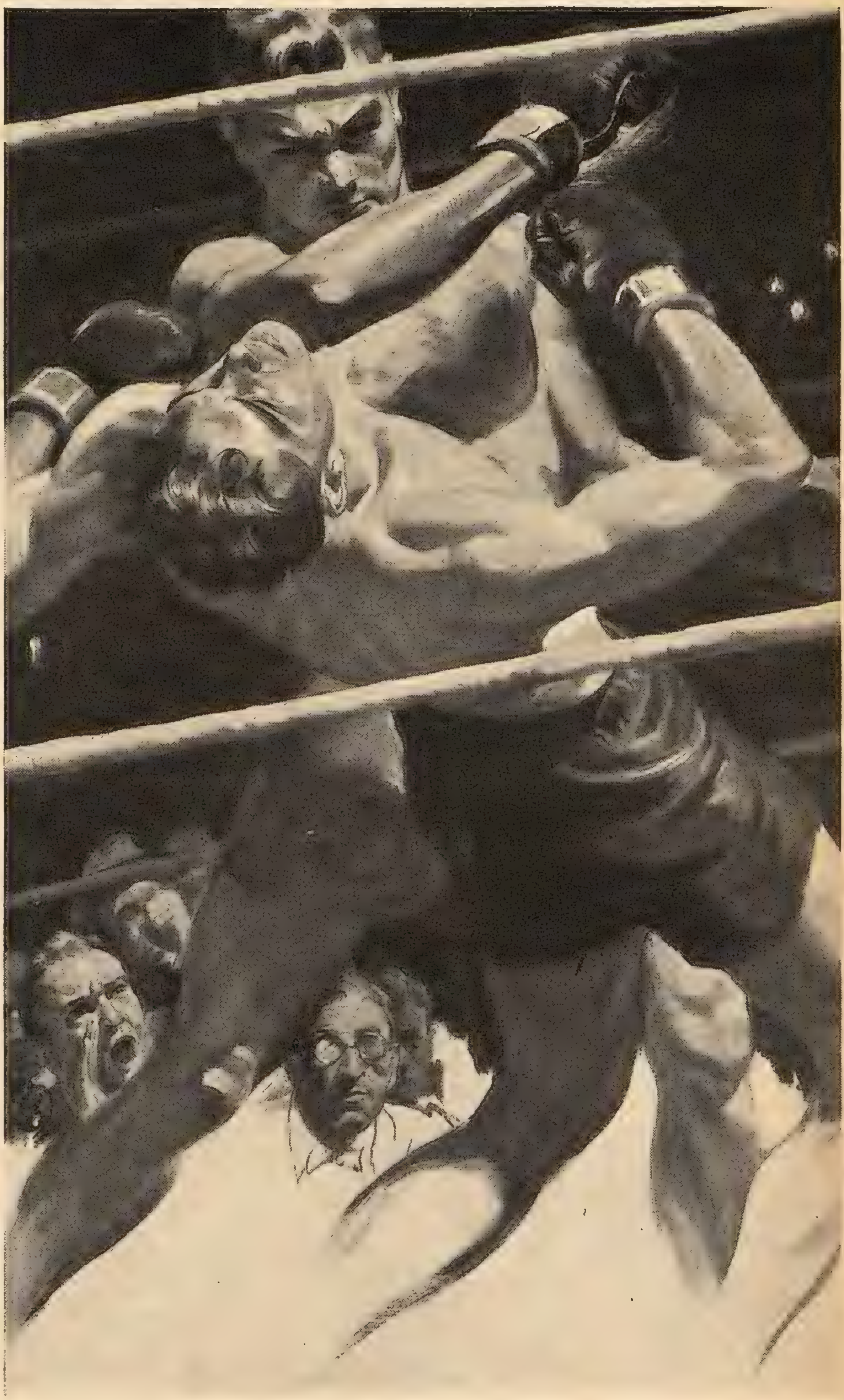


ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

He lowered his head instinctively, groping for Murton's body.

in a long bob, and there were freckles on the bridge of her nose.

She usually wore a sweater and a pleated skirt which swirled about her lovely legs when she moved in such a way that Micky would turn his eyes in another direction, which was queer, because on windy street corners Micky was always genuinely interested in the legs of passing girls. Micky was trying to understand this. It seemed important.

However, he only said, "There I was, up in Buffalo, without a dime. Just a broken-down high-school athlete, playing the bootleg circuit for cakes and coffee. Tony came in—and here we are."

Tony Gribble was a big stout man with a pink face and Broadway clothes and a false upper plate. But he had seemed godlike to the starved youngster that night in Buffalo.

Tony Gribble had provided food, clothing, training quarters, until Kid Micky Train had been able to go out on the road. Then the Gribble organization had booked fights all around the country so that Micky might gain experience and merit a big-time build-up and some real purses. Micky was a lightweight and Putsy Gann a middleweight, so they had hooked up and made the grind together, and here they were in Philadelphia in the customary cheap hotel and Micky had the telegram in his pocket.

HE said, "Once Tony started me right I knew I'd go up. Wait'll Putsy hears about it!"

Molly said, "Putsy knows about it."

Micky looked puzzled. Molly's eyes were not as happy as they should be. Micky said, "Putsy was up there. He knows what it's like. . . ."

He shouldn't have said that. Putsy had not been successful up there. A boy named Torey Madden had almost killed Putsy.

Putsy had a tin ear after that and sometimes he didn't act right. Sometimes he would stare off into the distance for hours, his caricature of a face blank of expression. He was plenty smart about the boxing, and indeed Micky had learned many things from Putsy. Micky had been coaxed down off his toes for the climax by Putsy, after the left had worn the other boy to a frazzle and it was time to pour the leather to him for the kayo.

There were times, too, when Putsy was a lot of fun, when his wide mouth stretched in a great grin and Molly's laugh tinkled and they all roared over corny cracks that would be very unfunny to people who were not so close as these three waifs of the pugilistic world. That was when Micky was fond of the thick-bodied middleweight, when he thought of Putsy as his brother. Or, anyway, brother-in-law.

Micky said, "He'll be glad. He'll be glad I'm going to get my chance. Won't he?"

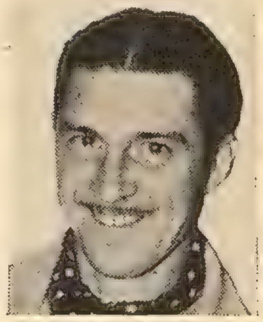
Molly said, "We'll let Putsy speak for himself, Micky. Talk about something else, Micky."

Her blue eyes were compelling upon him. His heart swelled as big as a watermelon. He said reverently, "Tony'll give me the build-up, Molly. I'll get Tetrazzi. I'll be the champion. We can quit the road and buy us a farm and Putsy and you and me can settle down with chickens and goats and guinea pigs, and I'll only fight once a year for fifty grand and that'll keep us fine, won't it, Molly?"

She said, "Yes. Oh, yes, it will, Micky. I'll like that a lot. You're really going to do it, aren't you?"

"I'm going up," he said exultantly. "Tony sent for me. It can only mean one thing, when you go up. They got the build-up all ready and you go in a good club against a good boy and you win—and there you are!"

"Yes," she breathed. The hotel lobby did not seem shabby as they sat there, staring at each other.



WILLIAM R. COX
has worked in shipyards, factories, in stokeholds, and on newspapers. He now lives on the west coast of Florida and writes fiction. Last year, between playing tennis, bathing, and just loafing, he turned out about 628,000 words, most of which have been published.

Micky said, "It's like—like the night we hired the jaloppy in Chi and drove out under the stars. I ain't—I haven't got the words, Molly. You know what I mean, baby?"

For a moment the strange feeling was gone, and he was very sure of her. Then the curtain dropped as she looked over his shoulder and the burly figure in tweeds which rumpled sadly became a Fate, foreboding, menacing, and then Micky was not sure of her again as he turned and frowned at the tweeds.

But it was only Putsy Gann in his one good suit, his caricature of a face beaming with satisfaction and his rakish felt hat tilted over his thick ear. Micky grinned and said: "Hiya, pal?" waiting for the congratulations he knew should be forthcoming.

Putsy dropped heavily into a chair and waved a cigar. He said, "I scrammed right out and put the deal through when I heard. Micky—you don't have to go to New York. I got everything lined up. The thing fell right inta my lap. Got my license—even got a couple bums for a stable."

Micky said, "You what? What's this?"

Putsy said triumphantly, "Your contrack with Gribble ran out last week. All you gotta do is sign with me. I'm quittin' the racket. I'm a manager now."

Micky stared from Putsy to Molly and back at Molly again. Her face was a carven mask of neutrality, giving him no hint of comfort. Putsy's cigar was a triumphant torch; his eyes had neither the faraway gleam of Putsy's doldrums nor the good-natured benignity of his hilarity. They were bright and hard and—normal.

Micky said slowly, "You're going to quit Tony? You want me to go with you?"

"Right off the merry-go-round. That big stiff's made enough outa us. Now we c'n go places, pal," nodded Putsy vigorously. "You an' me an' Molly—right to the top!"

Molly's eyes were filmed as she held herself rigidly aloof. Micky begged her silently, but she held off, her red lips a straight line, waiting for him to say it.

Micky took a deep breath. He said, "You're a funny guy, Putsy. Tony's been building us—me—up. Now, when I'm to go to the big time, you want me to quit Tony!"

"What's he ever done for you, pal?" asked Putsy surprisedly. "It was a business proposition. He—"

Micky said, "What's he ever done? He picked me out of the slaughterhouse and gave me three squares and a chance to make good. He saw I was doing all right and he's called me to the big time. All I am I owe to Tony Gribble, that's what. Quit him? You must be screwy, Putsy. I can't do that. It would be—disloyal."

Putsy said in dismay, "Now, wait a minute, Mick. Lemme straighten this out for you. Lemme tell you some things—"

Micky said, "Molly! Tell him. Tell him we can't do this to Tony. Tell him it ain't right, Molly."

Molly said, "We were born into this business, Micky. Putsy knows angles that you don't know. Why don't you let him explain?"

Micky cried, "You too? Molly, I didn't think you could— Look! I was a crazy kid, getting my head slapped off for cakes and coffee. Why, Tony made me!"

Putsy said shortly, "Kid, you ain't made yet. You got a lot to learn, Kid."

MICKY flushed to the roots of his wavy hair. His voice hardened, became ugly. He said, "So that's it. You figure I'll go up there and flop, like you did. You don't think I'm good enough—because you weren't good enough."

Putsy's scarred face went sullenly savage. He snapped, "Leave me outa this, pal. It's your sap head I'm thinking of. I taught you what you know today, I know how good you are. If you got sense enough t' listen to me . . ."

"Sense enough? If I listen to you I'm a rat. If I quit Tony Gribble, I'm a double-crosser."

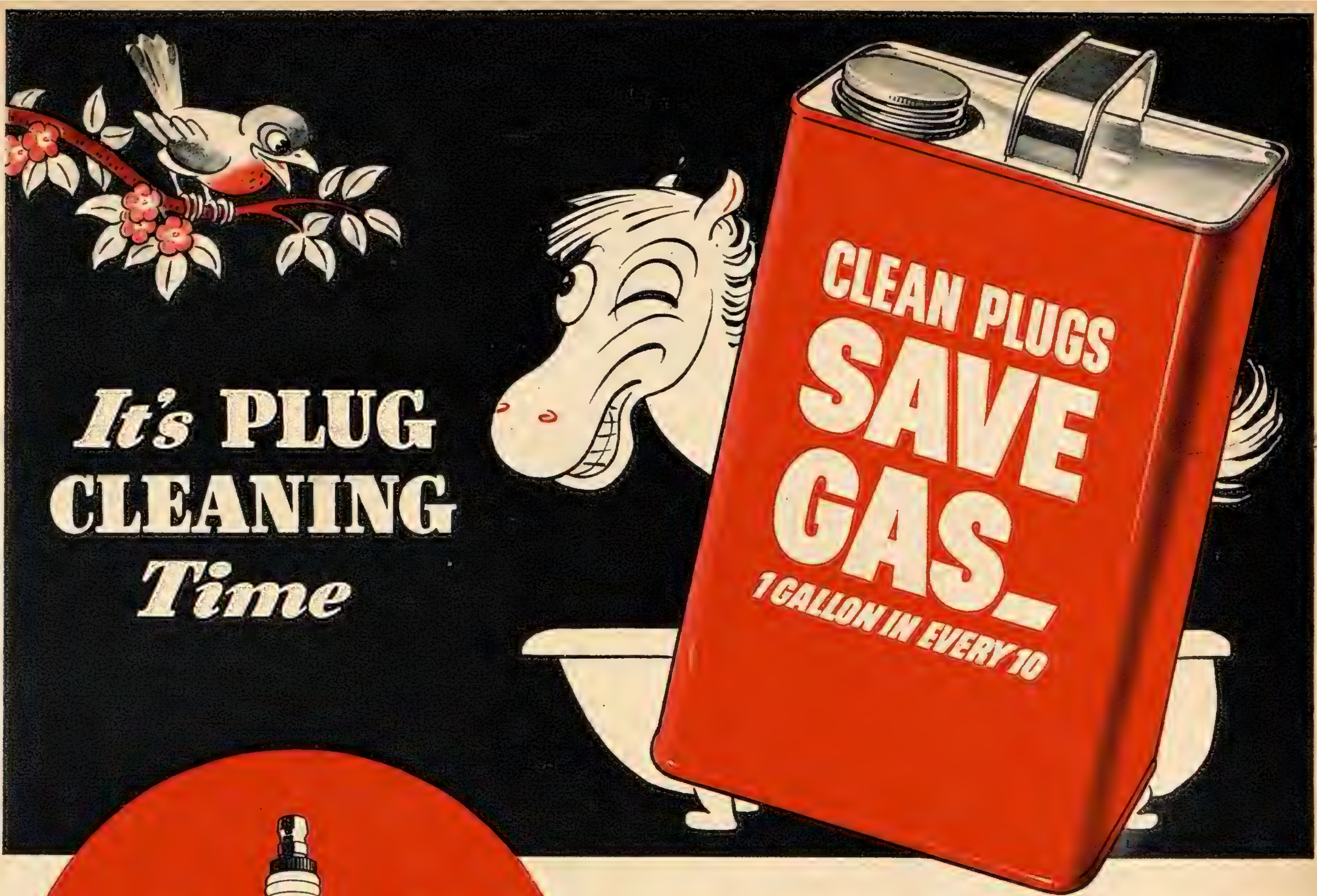
Micky was on his feet. His lips were white. He said, "Maybe you two don't know the meaning of loyalty. Maybe it was just left out of you. I'm—I'm glad I found it out in time."

Putsy said, "O. K., wise guy. Run along to Tony Gribble."

Micky glared at Molly. "Does that go for you, too?"

Molly did not answer. Her blue

(Continued on page 20)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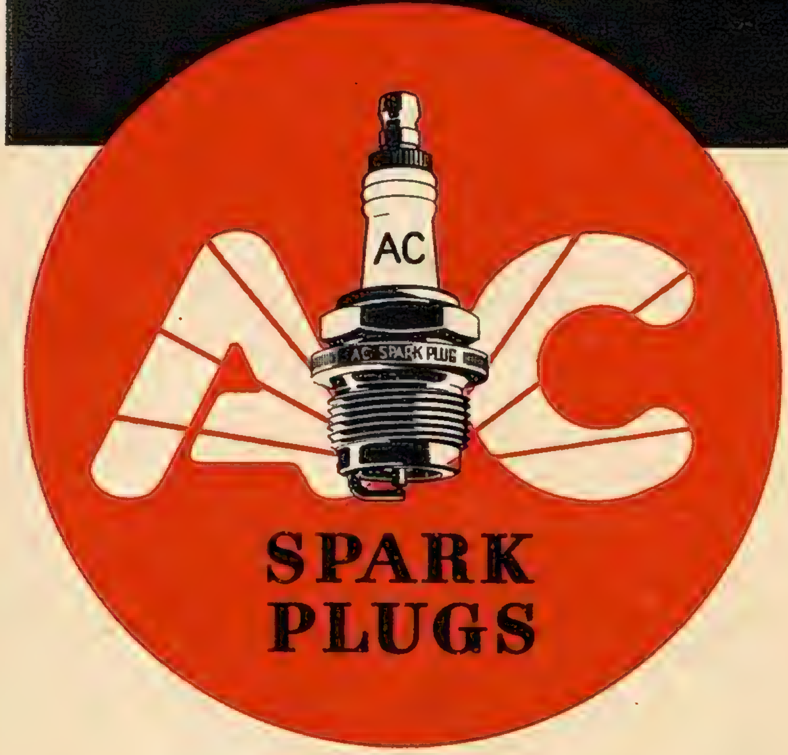
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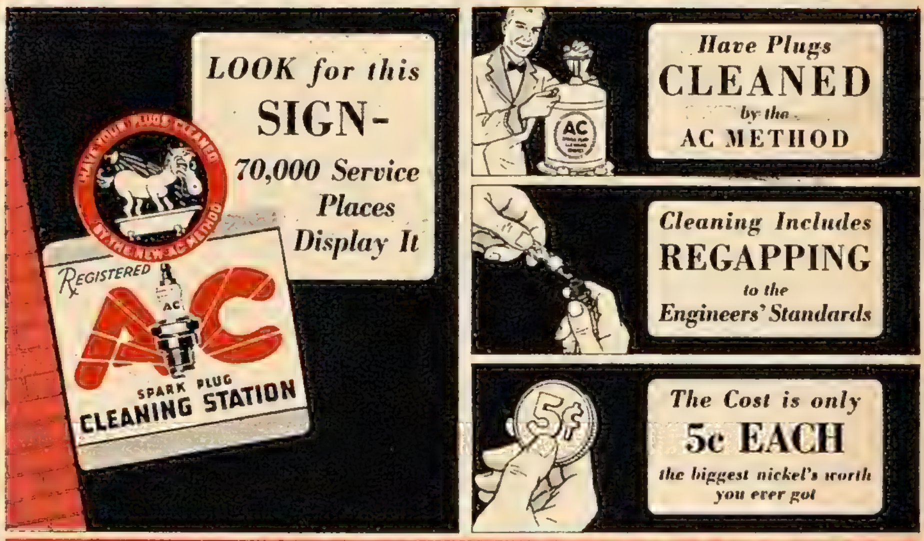
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(Continued from page 18)

eyes were steady, watchful. Micky waited a long moment. Nobody said anything.

Micky turned on his heel. His bag was at the desk, waiting. He picked it up, rushed blindly into the street, and hailed a taxicab.

Putsy Gann said, "Now what do you know about that?"

"You were clumsy, brother," said Molly gently. Her eyes filled with tears as she sat and stared numbly at the still swinging door. She said softly, "He's sensitive and hotheaded and sometimes he is not very bright. I don't think he will ever be a champion."

Putsy said, "He's got the speed and the boxin' if he had a head in his corner. I am sorry to see the Kid run out like that. He was a pretty good kid. I think this is a bad thing, Molly."

Putsy chewed on the cigar, staring at his sister. It was, he perceived, a worse thing than he had known. Beside him, Molly cried without sound, with her head up and the tears streaming down her cheeks.

That was in Philadelphia in the spring.

RHEUMY-EYED old handlers, muscled youngsters sweating at the bags or weights, or skipping rope, all paused and watched. Kid Micky Train was stepping it up.

The colored sparring boy was stopping leather with his headguard, his elbows, finally with his anatomy. Micky moved on the scuffed padded ring of the big training gymnasium like quicksilver on pattering feet, in and out, peck with the left and out and in again, and the flashing right and then the left, drumming and beating and drumming, and then the last leveling right which finished the workout and the colored boy.

Tony Gribble was bigger and pinker and more affable than ever. He followed Micky into the shower and beamed approvingly as the Kid soaped his lean flat muscles. He exuded prosperity and enthusiasm. He said:

"Kid, you have been doing very good. After Cat Beasley has taken you through the works you will be great."

Micky said, "The Cat? I'm gonna be trained by the Cat?"

"Over in Jersey," nodded Tony impressively. "At Madame Grey's camp. You meet Kayo Murton at the Progressive in three weeks. Not the champ, Kid. No fast build-up to ruin you. Just this Murton, who some people seem to think oughta have the shot at Tetrazzi next summer."

Micky said, "Tetrazzi! If I lick Murton—"

Tony Gribble shrugged. He said, "You know the racket as well as I do, Kid. You been around."

Micky said, "This Murton is a hitter. I know this Murton. I—I can take a hitter. Mr. Gribble."

Tony Gribble waved an airy hand. "When I picked you up in Buffalo I knew what I was doin'. Now I just want to make sure of one thing."

Micky said, "Anything you say, Mr. Gribble. You been—you've done everything in the world for me."

Tony Gribble said, "Never mind that, sonny. You been a good boy. I just want you to work with the Cat. Beasley is the smartest handler in the world. Remember that."

"Oh, yes," said Micky. "I know that."

Tony Gribble waved his hand again like a fairy godmother in Broadway clothes and a manicure. He said, "I think you are a made guy, Kid. Keep your nose clean."

He walked out, clicking his upper plate into place and whistling tunelessly. Micky dropped the slippery soap in his excitement and almost broke his neck trying to recover it.

He had to hurry. He had to go back to the hotel and write to Molly Gann. Until now he had refrained from writing because he had been angry and because nothing definite had happened to prove that the Ganns were wrong.

Now he could pridefully relate that he was matched with a contender, that Tony Gribble had made good, that his loyalty was rewarded. He could afford to be magnanimous now. He could even afford to apologize for his hasty leave-taking, his hot words. He could forgive and be forgiven, and when he beat this Murton and Tony got him the match with Tetrazzi and he won the championship, he could find Molly and the dreams would come true after all. He told her pridefully that she could write him at Madame Grey's camp in Jersey.

MADAME GREY, that gentle woman, foster mother to a hundred boxers, was stricken by his pallor and leanness, which was akin to emaciation, and tried to baby him, but Cat Beasley took all that out of him.

The Cat was a bored thin man with an inexhaustible supply of chewing gum which he was reputed to use even while asleep. He watched Micky box three rounds against a trial horse named Joe Blopp and said:

"All wrong. We gotta lotta woik, Kid. You gotta get down off'n them toes an' hit."

The Kid blinked and said, "But I'm a boxer, Cat. Putsy said—"

The Cat said, "Don't tell what nobody said, Kid. I'm givin' the orders here."

The Cat looked mean when he talked like that. Micky hastily said, "Whatever you say, of course. Tony said I should take orders from you, Cat. But—"

The Cat said wearily, "You'll loin, you'll loin. I wancha should punch, see? Stand in there an' punch."

So Micky stood in there and punched. He had a good right hand but it wasn't a lethal right hand. The Cat showed him how to throw his weight behind it, how to shift and hit and keep moving in. It was all very strange to Micky, who was an orthodox boxer. But he kept trying.

Putsy had said, "Sluggers wind up on Queer Street. Bring them down to your size with the left and then you c'n hit 'em."

Molly always said, "You're a sweet boxer, Micky. You're not a born boxer, like Putsy was, but you're quick and good to look at. I love to watch you box, Micky."

THE newspapermen came and looked on interestedly while Micky battered away at thick-eared Joe Blopp and the colored boy who had come up from town. The Cat lounged among them looking disinterested, and when they asked questions the Cat winked one eye significantly and the reporters went back and wrote stories of Tony Gribble's dark horse who threatened the lightweight division.

Micky did not feel right, not any time. It was strange, weaving and punching, flatfooted, never standing up straight to box, shooting the right, always the right, as Cat directed. And Molly never did write.

He went into town for the weighing-in and Molly still had not written. He was sullen, and when Tony Gribble patted him on the shoulder for the benefit of the photographers he jerked away, and Tony laughed and said, "The boy's fine, ain't he? He's in the pinkeroo."

But in the hotel room to which they repaired with the Cat, Tony Gribble said coldly, "Don't never do anything like that again, Kid. The newspaper boys might think it's funny. You got Cat's instructions?"

Micky said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Gribble. I'm a little nervous, I guess. Sure, I got my orders. I go out and punch this guy, takin' the play away from him."

He did not add that it sounded silly. This Kayo Murton was tough. He was a barrel-chested little man with long arms and no neck at all. He did not look like a man who would fold up under a punch or two.

The Cat drawled, "Micky'll fight our way. He knows he's gotta be colorful t' get the bout with the champ."

Gribble said, "I'll be down there watching, Kid. I want you to give them a show, unnastand?"

Micky nodded. He felt suddenly lonely in the hotel room with the cynical Cat and the fussy pinkish man who was his manager. He wished frantically for Putsy Gann, for one word from Molly, for some sign that he had friends, real friends, in the offing.

The Progressive Club was filled with raucous people, and the Cat was no aid to Micky's jittery nerves in the dressing room, but at least he was closer to action. He began to long for action with all of his being. He suffered them to tape his hands, but his feet beat out a tattoo against the leg of the rubbing table and Joe Blopp's humming monotone distracted him to the point of insanity.

The Cat had become so silent as

(Continued on page 22)

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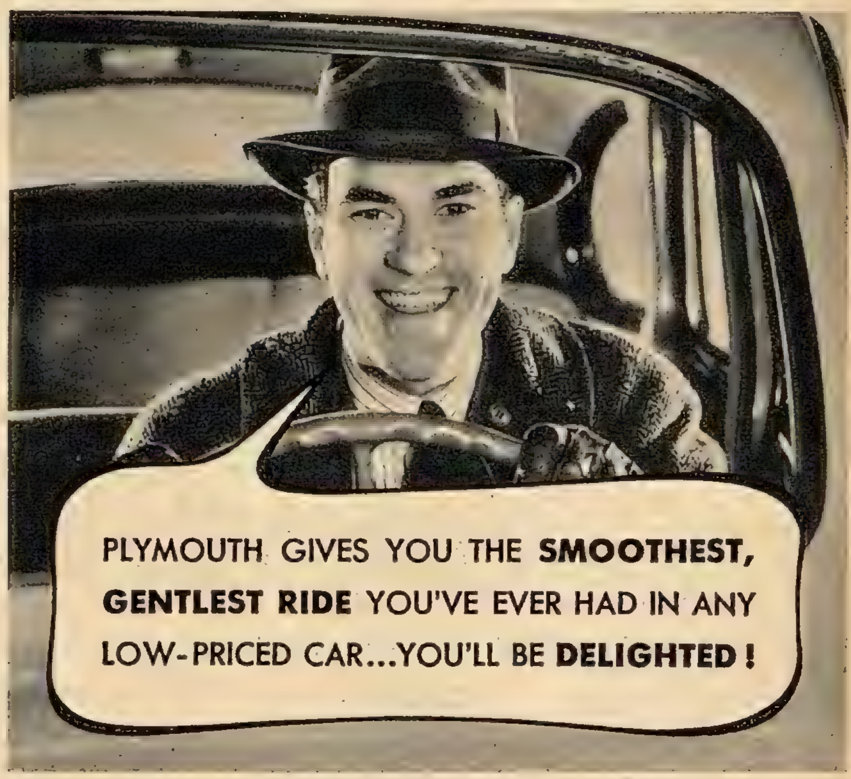
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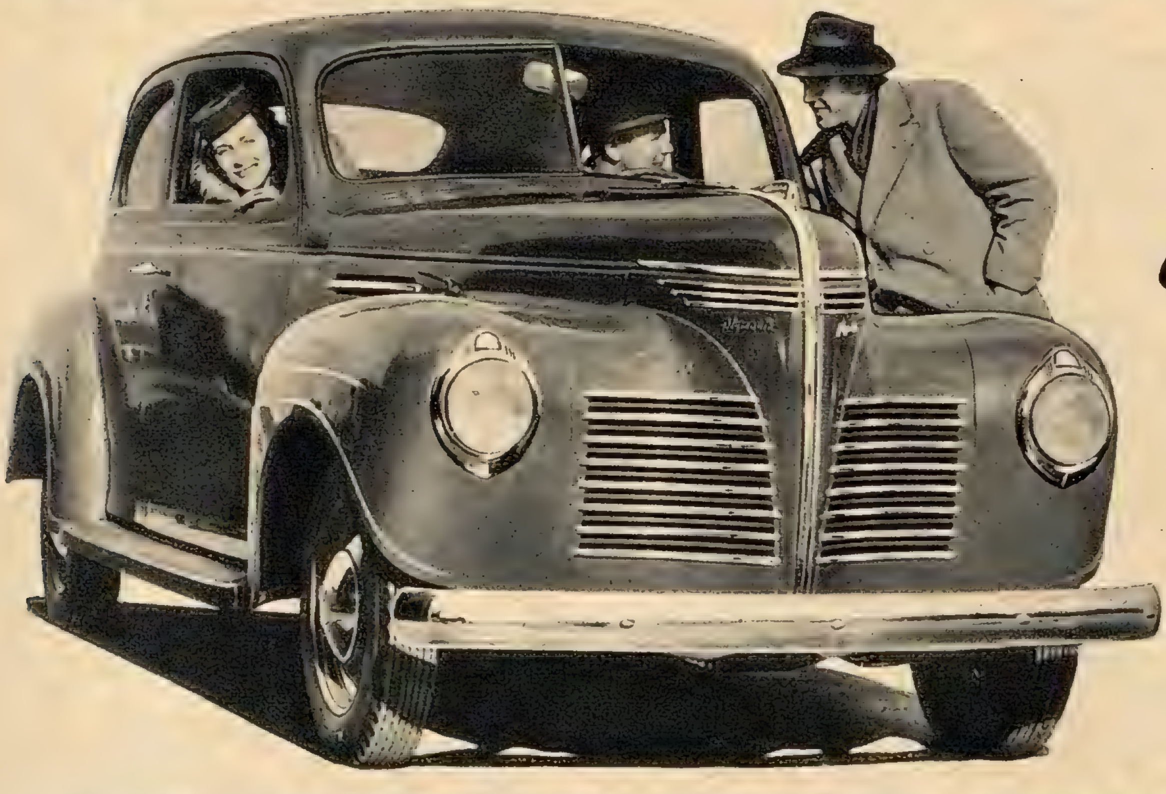

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 20)

to be sinister. They went out and walked down the aisle to the ring, and the Cat still had said nothing. Micky climbed through the ropes and was as pale as a starched collar, sitting numbly on the stool, staring over at the thick-bodied Murton.

He was hypnotized, his gaze upon Murton. The Cat said nothing. Joe Blopp still hummed. Challengers were introduced, ducked their ugly heads and skipped nimbly out of the ring, and the referee gestured imperiously and Micky trudged out, blinking under the sudden white glare of the lights, his eyes on Murton's hairy chest upon which rode the battleship Montana, all blue and red and smoke coming out of its funnels most realistically. That should have been something to tell Molly, something to make a gag about, like sinking the ship, or something like that.

He shuffled back to the corner and tried the ropes with numbed hands. The Cat spoke jerkily, " Go out and hit 'im with the right. At the bell, bum, unnastand? "

There was almost a menace in the Cat's bored voice. Micky nodded automatically, chewing on the unsavory rubber mouthpiece, clenching the grips inside the gloves. It seemed forever before the bell clanged.

He was out there before the note had died, all the way across the ring, into Murton's corner. He was feinting with the left, swinging the right. Murton's expression was amazed but it was also hugely pleased.

Murton's own right was chained lightning whistling into the opening left by the shift. It exploded in Micky's face. Micky's legs turned to rubber. He lowered his head instinctively, groping for Murton's body, trying to hold on.

Murton was deliberate, pushing him away, leveling off with that murderous punch. Micky fell into the shell, leaning close, his ears buzzing, all gone now except the grim instinct of self-preservation.

HE found his legs. They were good legs, they had always carried him. He ran backward, faster and faster. Murton frowned, pursuing. Murton was not swift afoot. Micky churned around and around and his head buzzed gently, but he could see again and his arms came back to life.

He side-stepped, wheeled, jabbed the left to the face, swung, and jabbed again and again. Murton contemptuously shook his head and plodded along, seeking ever to sink the right.

As he came around to his corner he could see the Cat's fierce sardonic features, and behind the Cat, Tony's pink face turning mottled red. The Cat said, " Punch 'im. T'row that right, bum! Knock 'im off."

Murton came on. Micky stopped. Murton worked both hands to the body. Micky threw the right.

This time his knees could not take it. They let him down. He lay on his side on the floor. He knew, then. He saw Murton quite plainly, making for a neutral corner. He saw Murton's back, the hitting muscles under his shoulder blades. Murton was a murderer. There was no use in fighting Murton any more. He would get nothing but a tin ear and many stitches if he got up and fought Murton any more.

Somewhere a bell rang. He did not try to get up. He resented the strong hands that lifted him and carried him. He had not thought that either the Cat or Joe Blopp was so strong. He slouched on the stool and tried to hear what was being said.

He caught a few words. He sat bolt upright. Putsy Gann was still wearing the unpressed tweed suit. Putsy looked angry and excited. Micky said only:

" Molly? "

" Behind you," growled Putsy.

" Come on, kid—step on it! "

" You dope. You sap. You dummy. You let 'em take you! "

Micky twisted his neck. Molly was down near the ring, crouching. The Cat and Tony Gribble were down there, saying something at her, but she wasn't answering. She held a sort of handbag and her right hand was inside it. It was pointed at Tony Gribble, whose face had turned from red to white.

Putsy said, " Get on your bicycle, you drip. Push that left in this guy's mush. He's exactly like Ham Piliken we fought in Chi last year. You remember Piliken, you chump? "

Micky said, " Oh, yes. Yes, I remember Piliken."

He added hastily, before Putsy could go on, " Molly ain't mad with me any more, Putsy? "

" You stab this guy's teeth out," said Putsy sternly. " You go backwards and stay backwards till I give you the office."

Micky said, " All right, pal. Like you say, pal."

He was still a bit dazed. The bell rang. He got up and went toward Murton. He stuck out his left hand. Murton tried to bull past, but Micky had the answer to that one.

He found some speed as the dizziness left him. He turned it on, coasting on ghost legs, holding the left out there, leading Murton around the ring. He lanced with the left, spearing, fencing, cutting.

When the round had ended, the filberts were standing on their chairs screaming encouragement to the Kid who had come back from oblivion. Putsy said, " Just like Piliken. Just another fight, pal."

Putsy was grinning, his anger evaporated. He rubbed the back of Micky's neck with the oil and waved the salts not too close to Micky's nose, and Micky's wits returned completely.

Micky said, " What is this, Putsy? Did Tony send for you? The Cat was all wrong about this guy. Did Tony ask you to come to handle me? "

Putsy said, " Sure. That's it. Tony sent for me. Now look, pal. The shift, see? When I give you the office."

MURTON was a catcher for the left and Micky on his toes was a ballet dancer. Murton sneered for the benefit of the mob. He lowered his guard and invited Micky to mix it. Micky stabbed him with a dozen lefts which bloodied his face. Murton growled and tried to close.

Putsy yelled, " Give, Kid! "

Micky let Murton's own rush add to the leverage as he swung and then he drilled it straight, almost like a jab, as his feet swung deftly into line, and the picture of his body leaning into the punch was a static ramrod prodding a stack of animated hay.

Kayo Murton collapsed in the middle. Micky walked to the corner and tried to see Molly, but she was crouched below ring level. He did not look at Murton because he knew about Murton. When the referee finally reached " ten " he did not wait for the customary raising of the arm in victory, but leaped over the ropes and ran quickly to the place where he had glimpsed her before, after the first round.

She was gone. The Cat and Tony Gribble were gone. Putsy wrapped the robe about his disappointed shoulders and they pushed their way through the back-slapping crowd and then they were in the dressing room.

Tony Gribble and the Cat were already there. Micky said, " I come through! Putsy had the idea. With Putsy in my corner I c'n always do better."

The Cat slid around until his back was against the closed door. Tony Gribble's face was not affable. The false teeth chattered and whistled. Gribble said, " Horning into my business is unhealthy, Gann."

Putsy shrugged. His eyes were confident and — normal. He said, " You never took up the Kid's contrack. You didn't expect you'd want it—after tonight."

Micky blinked in bewilderment. Gribble said harshly, " You think you'll live to take it up, Gann? "

Putsy said cheerfully, " I guess so. Come on in, boys. He's gettin' tough."

Two men appeared in the door to

(Continued on page 24)

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(Continued from page 22)

the showerbath. They were very burly tough-looking gentlemen. One said, " Hiya, Tony. Remember me? From Philly?"

The Cat slid away from the door and put his hand on the knob. Putsy said, " Don't go yet. I want the Kid to hear about it while you're here."

Micky found his voice and said, " They crossed me! "

Putsy said, " He owns a piece of Murton. The title bout with Tetrazzi was all set. Murton needed another kayo."

Micky said, " They built me up and made me go out and swing, knowin' Murton would take me."

" It's just an angle," explained Putsy gently. " These boys from Philly are my pals. They had trouble with Gribble before."

" We'd like to finish you, Tony," suggested the tough guy who had spoken before. " We don't like you."

Putsy pulled at his bad ear. He said reprovingly, " You are unsmart, Tony. You tried the same gag you pulled on me against Torey Madden. To be successful you gotta have original ideas once in a while, Tony."

Gribble said, " I'll get you for this. I'll—"

MICKY took off from the other side of the room. He gathered plenty of momentum, then flew into the air. His right fist swung overhead.

Tony Gribble screamed in rage and pain. His upper plate fell upon the floor and bounced around in a dozen tinkling pieces.

Micky said, as Putsy grabbed him, " That's for loyalty, you big crook. That's for the things I said to—to—Get outa here! G'wan, before I kill you myself—"

The Cat helped the big man out. The tough guys winked at Putsy and followed.

Putsy said, " Ah—now—"

But no one was paying him any heed. Micky had sighted the swinging edge of a pleated skirt. He was rounding into the shower room. His bound hands were reaching, his battered face pleading, his eyes streaming tears.

Molly said, " Your poor mouth. It's cut."

Micky said, " I got all mixed up, baby. I thought I knew where loyalty was due. I know now."

She said, " Foolish. You were foolish. Putsy—"

Micky held her lightly. He said, " Putsy is my manager in the ring."

She said, " All right, Micky. We'll have the farm, won't we? And the goats? "

" Everything," he said. " Just like we planned."

He said, " Did you see me sink the ship, baby? "

They laughed loudly. They went out and told Putsy about the ship. It was a corny gag, but Putsy laughed too. They laughed a lot all the night long. It was silly, but they were very happy. . . .

THE END

Calcutta ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

TWICE in one day attempts are made on the life of Bruce MacBride, who is M-148 of the Criminal Investigation Department in Bengal. Unknown even to the assassin, Bruce's native servant Khodo is killed instead. Secretly Khodo is buried, and M-148 has himself taken to the hospital as if seriously wounded. There, with the collusion of Dr. Cross, he disguises himself as Khodo. Thus he hopes to run down the murderer and also hit the trail of a dangerous and powerful gunrunning combine which seems to involve the Raj of Kapperpore, a slippery fellow called Verdi, and a big shot in the Calcutta business world, Richard Warwick.

Sir Eric Tarlton, the C. I. D. head, is confident that Bruce will succeed in his hazardous undertaking, and Sir Eric's new secretary, Ginger Kay, shows unusual interest in Bruce himself without knowing of his double assignment. He in turn finds himself falling in love with her.

Disguised as Khodo, the secret agent obtains a job in the household of Mr. Warwick, who bribes him to identify any of his guests that are friends of Bruce MacBride. And among them are Ginger Kay and Philip Dudley, between whom Bruce senses an affection which irritates him.

But Bruce feels safe under his native make-up until Metha, one of Warwick's menials, tries to shoot him in the hospital where M-148 is wont to retire for a resumption of his own identity. In the nick of time Ginger saves him by hurling a bottle at Metha. But why did Metha seek his life? Unaware of this incident, Warwick lends his " Khodo " to the Raj of Kapperpore to help serve at a large and brilliant supper. And Ginger Kay is among the guests!

One of the missing links in Bruce's hunt is a Mr. A.—possibly Mr. Adams—and during the evening, in his role of Khodo, he overhears the raj allude to a letter from Mr. A. that he wants to show Warwick. Watching his chance, Bruce sneaks upstairs to search for the letter. He finds a packet. At that moment Ginger enters the room.

" Get out of here quick! " she cries. " Oh, Bruce, hurry! "

PART FIVE—THE ENEMY STRIKES A BLOW

AT such times thought moves like lightning in summer skies. Bruce saw the past as well as the future in one comprehensive glance, knowing then that not to have trusted Ginger and employed her quick eyes to guard him might easily be the fatal mistake of his career.

" Do they know I'm here? " he murmured.

" No, but the raj said he's coming up here."

For one instant Bruce considered handing her the stolen letters. No, they were too dangerous a charge at this time. Should he replace them? It would take too long, and he had risked too much for them, and he believed with a few seconds' leeway—

" You go first."

" I'm all right. Don't talk. Go."

" Be in the garden in twenty minutes."

Bruce walked through the bathroom, and to the threshold of the ornate bedroom. When he glanced into the corridor, he abandoned his hope of the rear stairs: servants were moving back and forth in that direction. But the raj had not yet appeared. Watching his chance, he sped for the front stairs.

Still he was in the clear. If he met the raj now, something might be done, and he believed that Ginger was already safe, through her own resources. He went on, and made the landing safely, so fine were the gods of chance cutting it tonight. Then, as the stairs made a right-angle turn

New fears and a swift surprise in a tale of a man and a girl in a maze of peril!

into the hall, he saw a tall bearded Sikh in the royal livery standing by the newel post.

The Sikh's eyes were fixed on his face.

"What art thou doing?" he began in an undertone.

"Have I time to explain to thee?" Bruce cut in impatiently. "How long hast thou been standing here? Didst thou see a tall sahib, with a ruddy clean-shaven face, come down these stairs?"

"Nay—"

"What good are thy eyes to thy master?"

Bruce moved on. It was a relief that the Sikh followed him out of the hall into the parlor, for that cleared the coast for Ginger, but it meant that the night's adventures were by no means over. The Sikh was suspicious. He would not forget the encounter when the raj announced a theft from his dressing room. The proceeds of that theft were at present in Bruce's pocket.

The Sikh posted himself in a corner, watching. As Bruce carried his tray, his own eyes were intent on the raj and the doorway in which Ginger must soon appear.

Presently she made her breezy entrance, her make-up freshened, her bright bob new combed. Her eyes barely crossed Bruce's as she made for Warwick and gave him a characteristic greeting.

Bruce went on with his serving. The Sikh still watched him, and the ice was desperately thin. Instead of strengthening, it began to crack. The raj, who had been talking to his Viennese sweetheart, started for the hall. Ginger had had the right tip and he was going upstairs. It seemed certain that he would get the Adams letter, to show to Warwick.

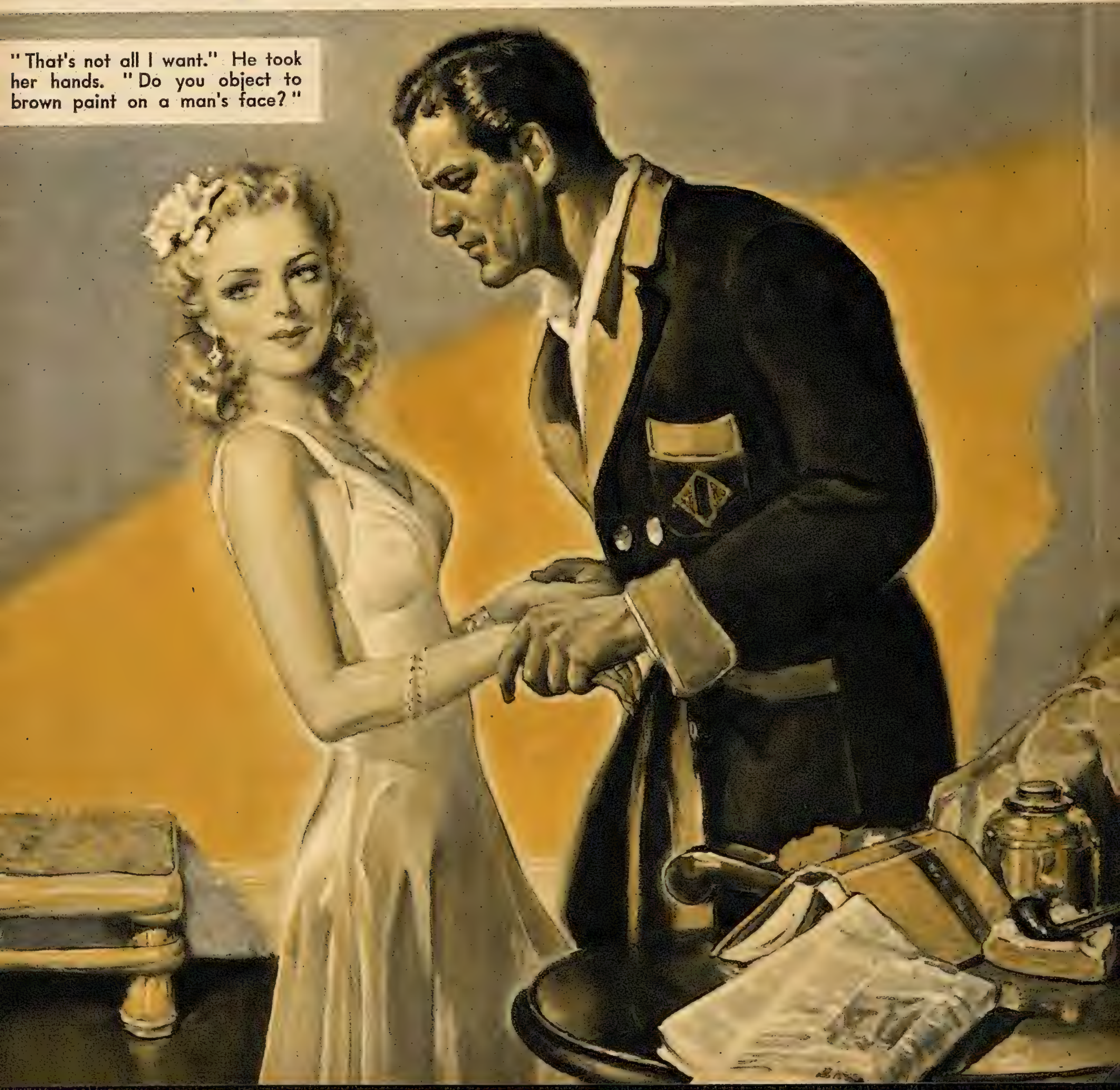
The next three minutes barely crawled as he waited for the raj to discover the theft—still he had no ghost of a chance to dispose of the letters. When the raj reappeared, his face was dark-looking, his eyes glittering with repressed excitement, and Bruce knew him for one of the deadliest men in India.

He saw the raj go straight to Warwick, speak to him in an undertone, and then both men move toward the hall.

Bruce could do nothing until he knew the next move of the Sikh servant. Fortunately it came very soon. The bearded man glanced at him, saw him calmly placing glasses on a tray, then hurried after his royal master. Plainly he had seen alarm on the raj's face, and would tell of meeting "Khodo" on the stairs.

Bruce's imagination, vaulting free, could see it all. Meanwhile Ginger

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN



"That's not all I want." He took her hands. "Do you object to brown paint on a man's face?"

had strolled to the veranda, and it was now twenty minutes since they had parted.

Could he keep their rendezvous? As he slipped out a side door with three cocktails on a tray, he was set for flight, but he had not yet made the fateful decision. Suddenly he knew why. He was no longer playing a lone hand, and it was a thrilling thought. Ginger might yet afford him the means to go back into the battle.

By superb maneuvering, she was standing alone by the wall of the Italian terrace. Then Bruce made one of the momentous decisions of his life, for good or evil. Taking advantage of the wan moonlight, he slipped from his inner pocket the little handful of letters and hid them under his tray. Then he stepped quickly toward her.

"Drink, missy?"

"My companion has gone for a drink for me," she answered. "He'll be right back."

People were standing only a few feet distant. As far as he could tell, they did not glance in his direction. Ginger was supremely alert. With one movement of his free hand he slipped the letters from under the tray into her hands.

"Hide them," he said in an undertone, and quickly returned to the room.

Warwick and the raj reappeared in the door of the hall, and now they came hurriedly, the Sikh informer at their heels. Without glancing in that direction, Bruce knew that the finger was on him. Nearly any other man in this spot would have been content to feign lamblike innocence. His powers at their supreme height, Bruce began a little byplay to show himself not the perfect servant but the imperfect human being that is every master or man.

On the buffet was a whisky-soda that had been put down, barely tasted. Bruce picked it up, eyed it greedily, and after a covert glance about him, thrust it behind a big silver candelabra. Apparently sorely tempted, he quickly removed some caviar canapés from a near-by tray, and concealed them in the same place. Then he picked up one of the platters of canapés and started to serve them.

He had not gone far when the big Sikh pushed close to him.

"Follow me," he ordered.

Bruce's last glimpse of the room showed him Ginger's eyes, shining out to him. Oh, if he could only answer that glance, in gratitude and perhaps in good-by! Then he was led into a small library on the ground floor, where Warwick and the raj were waiting for him.

"Khodo, didst thou see any more of the government spy among the guests?" Warwick began.

"I saw him go up the stairs, sahib." And the mere effort of hiding fear made fear a little less.

"Didst thou follow him, Khodo?"

Bruce did not remind Warwick of the permission given him to do so, for that would not be the way of a confidential servant before strangers.

"Have mercy, lord," he murmured.

When Warwick asked for a description of the man, Bruce drew a vague picture of a large ruddy-complexioned clean-shaven man that would fit loosely half a dozen of the raj's guests.

"Khodo, some valuables have been stolen from the raj sahib's room. Thou wert seen to come down the stairs. Take off thy clothes."

"Sahib?"

"I order thee to take off thy clothes."

"It is a great shame. I am of the Kayasth caste—"

"Gulab Singh will not look on thee. The raj is above caste. We sahibs think nothing of bare skins."

"It is said so, I know." With trembling, unsteady hands Bruce began to undress.

The Sikh handled his garments one after another and searched for a secret compartment in the hilt of the native knife Bruce wore at his waist. When his turban too proved empty, Warwick and the raj exchanged satisfied glances.

"He could have hidden the papers, O king of kings," the Sikh protested.

"Under the eyes of half Calcutta?" Warwick answered. "It is a possibility. Khodo, didst thou hide any-

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thing after thou had come down the stairs?"

"Nay, lord." But Bruce's voice trembled slightly.

"Art thou sure?"

"There was a wiskee-soda that I thought might be tipped over, and I set it aside—" He looked imploringly into Warwick's eyes. "The sahib knows all. Have mercy, sahib!"

Warwick laughed. "Thou hast our leave to go."

That laugh haunted Bruce for hours to come, a fly in the ointment of his victory. No man who had just undergone an irreparable loss could laugh like that. Had Bruce risked his own and in a measure Ginger's life for a handful of waste paper?

Now he must recover the documents. They were a menace to the girl every moment they were in her possession. On the other hand, he must make no other suspicious move tonight, for the Sikh at least still had him under his eye. In the end it was Ginger who provided the opportunity. No experienced C. I. D. agent could have managed it better.

She was sitting in a corner of the veranda with a young army officer. As Bruce moved nearer, she sent her companion on some errand, and a second or two later dropped her handkerchief on the floor. Bruce knelt to pick it up.

"Where?" she asked under her breath.

Bruce muttered the address of his apartment. "At three o'clock tonight."

"All right."

GINGER and Warwick left the party soon after twelve. Bruce thought of them riding home together, the letters still on her person, and sweat prickled under his paint. She had not yet been warned that Warwick was one of the enemy chieftains. If she forgot to take care—

Bruce approached the tall Sikh, Gulab Singh. "My master has gone, and now I will go, lest he require my service."

"It is between him and thee."

So Bruce was waiting when he heard Warwick open the front door. Instantly he came hurrying to meet him. Warwick was yawning. Bruce needed no other evidence that all was well.

"Thou didst not stay for the broken meats, Khodo," Warwick remarked.

"I had been shamed, lord."

"No shame on thee was meant. There are many foes passing as friends. What police sahibs didst thou see tonight?"

"Save for the *burra* [great] sahib who climbed the stairs, only one, lord. He was a bank manager sahib, with a black mustache. He is called Martyn." This was one of the names Sir Eric had permitted Bruce to use in making good his boast.

"So? Bring me a whisky-soda, then thou mayest go."

Bruce put on his Assamese street clothes and at ten minutes to three was watching outside his apartment off Chowringhee. Exactly on the hour a small car usually driven by Warner, one of Sir Eric's secretaries, pulled up at the curb. Bright hair, cut in a long bob, glimmered in the street light.

"Take the wheel, Bruce," Ginger said, stepping out of the front seat. "We've got to preserve the appearances."

"Yea, mem-sahib." Bruce was in wonderful fettle.

"Don't speak until you're spoken to," she went on, getting into the rear seat. "And drive straight till I tell you to turn."

SHE directed him past Eden Gardens, and had him stop in the moonlit driveway of a large residence with dark windows. It was a lonely place, cut off from view of the street by tall trees.

"Now take these darned letters," she told him.

"Did you have any trouble?"

"Trouble! I had to sit on them, and put them under my skirt, and everything else before I could steal a magazine to slip them into. Do you think girls carry portfolios to parties?"

"Good girl! Did you examine them?"

"What do you take me for? But I handled them — literally — with gloves."

"If you hadn't examined them, I'd have felt discouraged. As it is, I know you're a born spy."

"I'm not. I'm just a born woman. If you think I'm going to do any more of your undercover work—"

"How did you know the raj was coming upstairs?"

"He said he had a beautiful bracelet he wanted to show me. I said I didn't care for bracelets—because I'd just seen you go sneaking off into the hall, and I knew you were up to something. Then he said he had to go to his room anyway—to get something—so I got busy."

"What would you have done if we'd been caught together in his room?"

"I'd have left it to you. All I could think of was to tell him I'd gone in there—to see the expensive furnishings—and you'd followed me there, to keep me from pinching that silver hairbrush you almost brained me with."

"It might have worked. You were cut out for this job, Ginger."

"What job? If I were a born spy, wouldn't I have recognized you straight off? It mortifies me, Bruce. I'll never forgive myself—and that means forgive you."

"Just when did the truth dawn on you?"

"When you brought me that drink at the party. Suddenly there you were, not Khodo, but Bruce, just as plain as day. I think it was a Scotch-Presbyterian gleam in your eye, to see me flirting with my betters."

"Betters! Great guns!"

"But I thought you were a government spy when I saw you at Warwick's house. That's why I didn't tell him I'd seen 'Khodo' before—at your apartment. And the way you pulled the wool over my eyes that day! Telling me how all the pretty mem-sahibs wanted to marry your precious master, meaning yourself, and how you spurned them! Bruce, it burns me up."

"Did you know Warwick was an enemy?"

"Of course I did. I saw right through him. And when you asked me about going out with him, I knew you knew all about it. But I thought Khodo had told you."

"Weel, why did you go with him again?"

"It's exciting, going out with enemies. But I've had enough excitement to last me a lifetime. Hereafter I'm going to confine myself to safe respectable men—like Phil. Now start the car."

She said nothing more until he had stopped in a shadowy place near his apartment. Then he got out and stood waiting while she climbed into the front seat.

"At nine tomorrow night, Ginger," he said.

"Don't expect me. Oh, Bruce, you don't need my help. You've got Sir Eric and the real Khodo—"

There was something in Bruce's face that stopped her.

"I haven't got the real Khodo, Ginger," he said. "Not any more."

"What do you mean?"

"He was shot and killed in there—with the bullet meant for me."

She looked at him big-eyed, then threw her car into gear.

"I'll come, Bruce," she told him.

BRUCE watched her out of sight, then took from its hiding place the key to his apartment and let himself into the black rooms. The real Khodo seemed very near tonight.

Bruce made his way to a windowless pantry, shut the door behind him, and turned on a light. Here he felt safe to examine the letters.

One of the five was a bill from a high-class English tailor in the city. Three were polite notes declining the raj's supper party—one from Phil Dudley. As Bruce read the latter, his thoughts wandered again from the job in hand. Ginger would find Phil even more engaging after reading this dashed-off R. S. V. P.:

Dear Raj Sahib:

Why do you always have your shindigs when I can't come? My doctor is dropping in to see what he can do about my stiff leg that's been troubling me a bit since the rumpus began in France. Now I can't even "walk like a man," much less dance. We'll clink some glasses soon.

Salaams,
DUDLEY.

The quotation was from Kipling, Bruce thought, but he could not remember the instance.

The fifth letter was the only one that he could even suspect might be from “Adams.” Actually it was nothing but a list of large Indian cities, each followed by a number, which could easily designate some member of the enemy organization, and a series of abbreviations, such as Tues., Wed., Sat., for various days in the week. To trace the stationery, the handwriting, and the fingerprints would be work for Sir Eric's experts. Warwick's attitude had revealed no fear of this, and Bruce had to fight hard against the hunch that his night's work was in vain.

Concealing in an empty jam pot the other letters, he wrapped the suspected document in tissue, wrote a note on a scrap of wrapping paper, and, after groping his way to his desk, put both of them in an envelope addressed to Sir Eric Tarlton. When he left the apartment he dropped the envelope, stamped and bearing a certain mark, in the first mailbox he passed. It would seem a prosaic finish to all who did not know the might of His Majesty's mail.

HIS duties next day were light. Making sure that he was not followed, at dusk he telephoned Dr. Cross and was admitted to his lair in the hospital. At eight o'clock he and Sir Eric were seated on opposite sides of a table, whisky, water, and smokes in easy reach.

The “Adams” letter had yielded little so far, Sir Eric reported. Its fingerprints were being compared with the prints of various suspicious characters. The stationery had been traced to a hotel bookshop, frequented mostly by white men. There was some reason to think that large shipments of guns had been distributed at the cities and on the dates named in the document.

The “Adams” telephone call had originated in a hotel pay booth, but this did not eliminate the new saint, Rama, who disappeared from Parbatipur for days at a time to “meditate.”

“By the way, there was a shooting up there yesterday afternoon,” Sir Eric said.

“Great guns! And you say, ‘by the way.’”

“Dash it, I don't see how it could have any connection with our case. True, the victim was one of St. Rama's disciples, a Brahmin named Dono, but he was the practical man of the outfit who kept the accounts, and the motive seemed to be robbery.”

“What was the native reaction to the shooting?”

“Not serious.”

“It's rather odd that their newspapers didn't kick up a fuss, isn't it? There's a lot of odd angles to this case.”

They discussed some of these, and then Sir Eric left. In fifteen minutes Bruce could expect Ginger. Almost on the minute he heard her light tap at the door.

She was dressed for the evening. For a second or two he had a vision of a gay world of shining lights forbidden to him, while he lurked to watch and listen in the shadows, and jealousy pricked his heart.

“No ‘internes’ in the hall,” she announced.

“That helps. Sit down and have a drink.”

“I'll have a smoke—to quiet my nerves. Bruce, you didn't mean what you suggested last night—did you?”

“About working with me? I certainly did.”

“But why. I'm a frivolous numskull of a girl—”

“Continue to give that impression.”

“But I want to be frivolous. I want to know you personally, when you're the nice young Scotsman I met that first night.”

“Ginger, do you realize that unless Warwick and his pals are stopped, there's going to be bloody revolt in India?”

“I suppose I do—”

“Do you realize that nothing personal between you and me is one drop in the bucket compared to that?”

“Yes.” She was very meek, at last.

“I want your help in this case. You've shown you're able to give it, if you try. Listen.”

Bruce told her the whole case from first to last: the conversation he had heard at the Ritz and how Verdi had seemed to speak with a better accent than at any time since, the reference to Gandhi's operation, the want ad found on Metha that had come to naught, the missing secret agent Babu Dass and the conversation he had overheard regarding him, the “Adams” letter.

“And now I want you to help me find Adams,” he concluded.

“Goodness!”

“He might be Verdi. He looks like a cheap sport, but appearances are deceptive. And then again, he might be Phil Dudley!”

“How can you say such a thing?”

“Is that the impersonal attitude we need?” Bruce spoke a little stiffly. “The voice I heard over the telephone could conceivably be his. That's nothing, I grant you, but it is something that he was with us at Sir Eric's house just before I was shot.”

“All right. Go ahead. Why?”

“How else could the enemy know I hadn't yet reported or guessed the significance of the Ritz conversation, and so tried to get rid of me?”

“Wait just a minute. I'm going to knock that sky-high.”

IT had been a memorable night, and Ginger related that at least ten minutes before Bruce had telephoned, Phil had called to say he was dropping in. As Warwick and Verdi were still at their table at the time, there could have been no collusion between them and Phil. Her defense of him was very spirited, Bruce noticed.

“And do you think a master criminal would have been clumsy enough to get himself mixed up in that affair of the flowers?”

“He's acquitted, Ginger.”

“That's good. I like Phil.”

“Take that nickname, Adams,” said Bruce. “We've noticed that almost every alias is either a twist of a man's real name, or a family name, or has some other significance. Be on the lookout for that, will you, when you gad about?”

“Anything more?”

“Keep your eyes open for a pale-colored Bengali doctor, slender build, about medium height, who knows Warwick. Keep on with Warwick. Remember we don't know even yet how they distribute their guns, let alone their main strategy.”

“I didn't know what I was letting myself in for, when I substituted for your Lady Virginia. By the way, how is she?”

“She hasn't written lately.”

“Well, when you enlist—and are sent home—you can look her up.”

“My home is India. I don't know when I'll enlist now. There's so much to do out here.”

BRUCE'S eyes were sharp. There was a little movement under the glossy skin of her throat. Just what it meant he did not know.

“If I did enlist, I don't think I'd look her up,” Bruce went on. “You see—I'd be in the ranks.”

“Do you think that would make any difference to her?”

“She'd try not to let it, but I couldn't take her where there'd be officers, and it would be terribly awkward for her. I realize now that we could never be anything but long-range correspondents.”

“Do you mind much, Bruce?” For an instant she was quite grave.

“I'd done a little daydreaming, I imagine. She wrote wonderful letters.”

“I hope she gets writer's cramp.”

“She was a kind of dream girl, anyway. . . . And you're real.”

“At least I can help you hide letters and spot Bengali doctors and other nefarious characters. That's something.”

“That's not all I want from you tonight.”

“Something not connected with the C. I. D.? No, it's not possible.”

He took both her hands. “Do you object to brown paint on a man's face?”

“I don't see how I could—fairly—when I'm painted like a hussy myself.”

“Weel, then—”

After that, she stood back and stared at him. “Maybe it was just a reward for helping you sleuth,” she said. “Just the same, Bruce, it was a great surprise.”

“Ginger, I'm so glad you're not the granddaughter of an earl!”

Her expression changed. Her mind changed too as to answering him, he thought. Then she said, “Good night, Bruce,” unlocked the door and went quickly away.

Bruce locked the door behind her. More than ever incapable of concentrated thought, he began to glance through the native newspapers Sir Eric had brought, for such impressions as he might receive. He marked a few passages for further study, and at a quarter to midnight rose to leave for Warwick's apartment. Just then the house telephone rang.

When the outside connection was made, Bruce heard Sir Eric's voice, not quite so composed as usual. It had a note in it that he had never heard before.

"Is Miss Kay there?"

"No."

"How long ago did she leave?"

"Just an hour ago."

"I'm uneasy, Bruce. A telephone call just came for her—from Richard Warwick—and I took it. He said she was to join his party at eleven o'clock—and hadn't showed up."

It seemed that a cold wind began to blow through the room.

"Hold the line a minute," Bruce answered. "We mustn't make a mistake."

For that would be so easy to do tonight. It was not a secret document that had disappeared, but Ginger Kay. Bruce won the first skirmish. His thoughts ran cold and clear.

Warwick himself telephoning the alarm was meant to look like innocence. Actually it was the logical step for a master criminal to take. He had told Bruce to report at twelve o'clock, in case he brought friends from the theater. Why had Ginger been invited for an hour earlier?

Last night she had invaded the raj's bedroom and had received stolen letters. More ominous, she knew by sight the man who had attempted murder at the wharf and had been the finger man for Metha's attack at the hospital. And he, Bruce, had ordered her back into that maze of peril!

WILL you call back Warwick and say you're coming to see him?" Bruce asked.

"If you think best."

"Show no suspicion of him, only anxiety about Miss Kay. Start at once, leaving instructions for Warner to telephone there and ask for you at exactly ten minutes past twelve. You won't be there by then, but I want Warwick occupied at the telephone when I arrive."

"My heaven, Bruce! Do you think she's in their hands?" The voice of the chief of the C. I. D. trembled.

"Don't even doubt it."

"Then I'm pinning all my hopes on you. I appeal to you personally, Bruce. She's my stepdaughter—the girl you wrote to so long—Virginia Tarlton."

So that was the way it came to him—over the cold metallic wire. Bruce drew a deep breath, then answered in low steady tones:

"I'll do everything I can, Sir Eric. Listen!"

Why has Virginia Tarlton been masquerading as Ginger Kay? Have the enemy trapped her? Can Bruce outwit them? The whole future depends on his next move. What will it be? You may guess, but it will take next week's Liberty to reveal the amazing drama.

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"**I needed quick help,** so I took Sal Hepatica. You see, its action is gentle, yet speedy. And Sal Hepatica also helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that is usually present when you have constipation—helps Nature turn a sour stomach sweet faster than Nature alone could do it. So, soon . . ."

"**I was really 'on the job'**—able to be alert and cheery as a nurse should be. That day and many a day since, I've thanked my lucky stars for Sal Hepatica's quick, efficient help. It surely helps you to come back faster. You can bet I'm never without Sal Hepatica in *my* medicine chest!"

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Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

From the First Lady—A challenging reply to critics of some recent events in Washington

WHY I STILL BELIEV

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN you and I were young, there was no need for a youth congress. We sat and listened to our elders. We went out, when the time came to earn a living, and we found jobs—at low wages, to be sure, and with pretty hard working conditions; but that was what we expected to find. We did the jobs, and a surprising number of us managed to find new avenues opening up, new opportunities, new worlds to conquer. The rest of us lived and died in drab and difficult surroundings, with our enjoyments frequently curtailed to some rather elemental things.

I once asked a woman who held a baby in her arms, and was surrounded by half a dozen other children of varying ages, why, in her community, all the men and some of the women got drunk on paydays. Her answer was: "There are only two pleasures we can have. One is drink and the other is sex." Hence the preponderance of drunks in the old days in what was known as the "lower classes" and the numberless children of the poor.

Enough people went out and found new opportunities for us to forget those who did not.

The need for a government program to help unemployed people; the need for a government program to help youth get more training for a job; and the need for various groups to get together to discuss their own difficult situations, is why we have forums, workers' alliances, and a youth congress. That is why people do not see in a name just a happy group of youngsters, and why some people are afraid of them. In reality, it is not the youngsters, nor even what they do or what they say or think, but it is the circumstances which have led to these groups getting together which inspire people with fear. So far, these groups are not very strong, but nobody knows when they may be. That is why we find the comfortable people of the world looking at them warily. Between four and five million unemployed young people is the estimate made by the American Youth Commission. That means that there are more people unemployed today below the age of twenty-five than over. A serious problem for youth.

Let us stop for a minute to consider just what our attitude as older, responsible citizens in a democracy should be. We cannot deny that we have a certain responsibility, because the world as it is today was made by us. If we have wars in Europe and in the Far East, it is not the young people of twenty to thirty who carry any of the responsibility. It is we who saw war, the last war of twenty years ago, who have been directing public affairs, either actively or indifferently, ever since, who must now wake up in the night and wonder just what kind of world we have built for the youth of today.

Oh, we can hide behind such remarks as: "Life is no more difficult today than it was forty years ago." . . . "Those who want to work really can get ahead." . . . "Youth has gone soft. We have done too much for them." All these things are probably true in isolated instances. But the big thing is that we made the world such as it is today, and we had better face the fact that at least youth has a right to ask from us an honest acceptance of our responsibility, a study of their problems, co-operation with them in their efforts to find a solution, and patience in trying to understand their point of view and in stating our own.

Like so many other countries in the world, we are seizing upon the fear of Communism as a good excuse for attacking anything we do not like. Of course we have Communists in this country, and of course they appeal to youth. The Communist Party leaders are giving youth training; they will help them to live while they volunteer as workers in something which they believe is going to help other young people. They are giving them a feeling that they are important in the world, a wide brotherhood working to improve the conditions of their fellow human beings. We who believe in democracy could do just the same for youth if we would take the trouble; but we have either failed in intelligent understanding of youth, or we have been apathetic ourselves, and believed that the apathy which is the attitude of the greater part of youth even today would continue and make unimportant the activity of any small number of people.

Even when a reputable journalist like Mr. Fulton Lewis, Jr., starts out to give a report on a meeting of a youth group, he does not take the trouble to get the details of the picture accurately—and that is one of the things which make youth resentful. For instance, he says that "the Dies Committee subpoenaed the head of the Youth Congress, Joseph Cadden." If he would look back in the records, he would find that the Dies Committee subpoenaed no one before making a statement to Congress about the Communist control of the Youth Congress; that the committee was then requested to allow some of the Youth Congress leaders a hearing, and did nothing about it until November, after the report had been made to Congress in the previous January. Then, not Mr. Cadden, who had been secretary for two years, but Mr. William Hinckley, who had been chairman two years before, was subpoenaed. Mr. Hinckley was notified that the hearings were postponed, and then one afternoon a telegram arrived at the office of the American Youth Congress asking Mr. Hinckley to appear before the committee in Washington the following morning.

At this hearing a request was made that Mr. Cadden and Mr. Jack McMichael, the present chairman of the Youth Congress, should testify with Mr. Hinckley because the latter was not familiar with many of the activities of the Youth Congress during the past two years. This was allowed. Mr. Lewis proceeds to say that I was at Mr. Cadden's elbow and helped him

N THE YOUTH CONGRESS

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

his companions to plan their testi-ny, and that I suggested the tactics, nd at midday recess and in the eve-ings dined them at the White House. That last statement is the only statement which is true. I went to the hearings, but I was not at Mr. Cadden's elbow, nor did I plan the testimony nor the tactics.

Then you come to the description of what Mr. Lewis calls "the Youth Congress Institute of Citizenship." And again the statement is inaccurate; because the Youth Congress sponsored and arranged the Citizenship Institute, but the people who attended were not of necessity affiliated with the Youth Congress. It has been said that they were not a cross section of the youth of America, and we will have to accept that as true; because a cross section, to be truly representative, would have to have in it a great many young people who would never leave home to go to any institute of any kind.

These youngsters came from all over the United States, however, and from every type of background; and it was quite reasonable to suppose that among such a big group there would be at least an organized representation of the Communist group, and that, having been trained while many of the others had not, they could make themselves felt. There is nothing very surprising about that.

Now let us come down to the actual meeting. Mr. Lewis says that Mr. Cadden told him that about 1,900 of the 5,130 young people who registered came from New York City, and that other officials said that close to 4,500 of this group were from New York City. I am sure Mr. Cadden was speaking from his knowledge of the registration, but I have asked for the final check, and find that 2,212 young people came from New York City. I also find that thirty-eight states and the District of Columbia had representatives at this Institute.

As to the difficulties which my young cousin, Archie Roosevelt, and his friends had in being heard, I can only say that I think they showed very little intelligence if they really were interested in getting over their point of view and not merely interested in making a disturbance. My experience is that if you want to get over a point of view, you find out the correct way of being heard. These two young men attempted to present a resolution during a meeting which was scheduled for speeches only, and no discussion. When informed that it was not the time to present a resolution and that the Institute could pass no resolutions, Mr. McArthur or Peter Tropea threw a book of rules governing the Senate and the House at the chairman of the meeting, and were then hustled out by those who felt that the meeting should proceed as scheduled. The next morning, before the opening meeting, the rules governing the procedure were adopted. Every one wishing to speak could send up his or her name and, in the order in which the slips were received, would be allowed to come to the platform and speak for two minutes. You can say a good deal in two minutes if you are willing to be concise and clear. Here was the chance for these two young men to put over their point of view; but they did not take advantage of the opportunity.

At the last session, young Archie Roosevelt sent up a question to me in the proper manner, and I answered it —in fact, picked it out to answer first, so as to be sure that it would not be overlooked.

I have attended a great many meetings in the course of a long life, and I have seen steam-roller tactics used by adults, and I have yet to see those methods used in the American Youth Congress meetings.

It is true that only every fourth person from New York City asking to speak was given a hearing, but that was done to get a greater variety of speakers before the group.

This was a serious crowd of young people. Most of them had barely enough money to come to Washington for the three days. They sat up all night in buses and in cars. The fact that 20 per cent of those present were Negro youth simply means that Negro youth has many problems.

It did not mean that these youngsters were out on a spree, whether white or colored.

Now to the question of the meeting on the White House lawn. Many young people started to parade after spending the night in buses with very little sleep. It was raining and it was cold. The young people to be addressed stood without any protection. There was nothing in the weather to encourage enthusiasm or to inspire a mood in which reproof could be accepted without rancor. The President tried to be ingratiating and he certainly had a kindly feeling toward his audience. It is true the young people showed bad manners, but how many older people would have gone through that ordeal and have accepted criticism gracefully? I do not condone bad manners, nor do I condone disrespect for a high office; but only a fraction of those present showed such disrespect. I think all of us in public life understand the type of audience we are addressing, and we do not expect, under certain conditions, the kind of self-discipline and self-restraint which might be expected from older people or even from young people with different backgrounds. I wonder if older people would always be able to rise above the feeling of being baffled by their problems when those to whom they

Officers of the Youth Congress as they appeared before the Dies Committee. From left: Jack McMichael, William W. Hinckley, Joseph Cadden.

Look WORN?
Feel T·I·R·E·D?

FRESH YEAST
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VITAMINS *for vitality*
TOGETHER
they can help brace you up again

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look for leadership and reassurance seem to fail them?

No, I do not condone bad manners, but I am experienced enough to understand them sometimes in both old and young. Youth should not be pampered, but they should be treated fairly and sympathetically. They must learn by their own mistakes, but we must not make them feel that their mistakes are irretrievable.

Now as to the hisses which greeted some of my statements. Why should any one who goes before a group of people to express points of view which conflict with those held by some of the audience expect not to be hissed?

The Columbia University students mentioned in Mr. Lewis' article were quite right when they said: "Do we have to pay for her help by subscribing to what she says?" I never for a minute would expect such a thing. I hold no office which requires respect. The President does. That is why bad manners on the lawn of the White House was worse than bad manners in the auditorium. I did not go to answer questions for the Citizenship Institute as the President's wife. I went as Eleanor Roosevelt, to answer, as honestly as I could, questions that were going to be put to me as an individual. I had the obligation not to place the President or the administration in any difficulties through my answers. Outside of that, I had an obligation to be truthful and give whatever information I could. The young people had an obligation to listen to me because they had asked me to come, but no obligation whatsoever to agree, nor to suppress their feelings, whatever they might be.

The disturbance in the gallery of the Congress was, of course, unfortunate. Had these youngsters been older, they would have realized that it was very foolish and that it would bring them discredit. In addition, it would tend to create antagonism to the bill in which they were interested.

MR. LEWIS quotes Mr. Ernest Lindley as writing: "They [the American Youth Congress] have washed themselves out. It is doubtful whether even Mrs. Roosevelt could obtain a hearing of their case [in public opinion] after their performance here." This is perfectly true as far as newspapers and certain sections of public opinion are concerned, but they haven't washed themselves out with the young people. Whatever else the Institute did, it awakened in a great many young people a realization that there are others who are struggling with the same questions that they are struggling with. A boy earning two dollars a week told me that the main thing he got out of the meetings was the feeling that he had a lot of friends all of whom had similar problems to his own. It gave the young people a sense of fellowship.

All the attacks made upon the congress have only consolidated the feeling of "youth against the world." That is a danger, I think; because what we want to do is to have all ages work together to solve the problems of today. We have gone about obtaining this co-operation most stupidly. Whether we can retrieve what we have lost, and make these youngsters feel that the attacks that have been made upon them in the press do not represent the attitude of thinking and sympathetic older people, I do not know. If we cannot t
I think we have done a dange
thing; because, whatever else th
meeting did, it awakened a grea
many more young people to the fac
that they were being attacked as young people, and that is not a good spirit to foster.

THERE are many young people who attended the Institute who differ with many things which were said, and who do not hold many of the beliefs expressed even by some of the American Youth Congress leaders. Young people are no more apt to think alike on every subject than are older people. The fact remains, however, that a big group of young people who have taken very little interest in their government, or in the attitude of their elders, or even in the troubles of other young people, are beginning to stir.

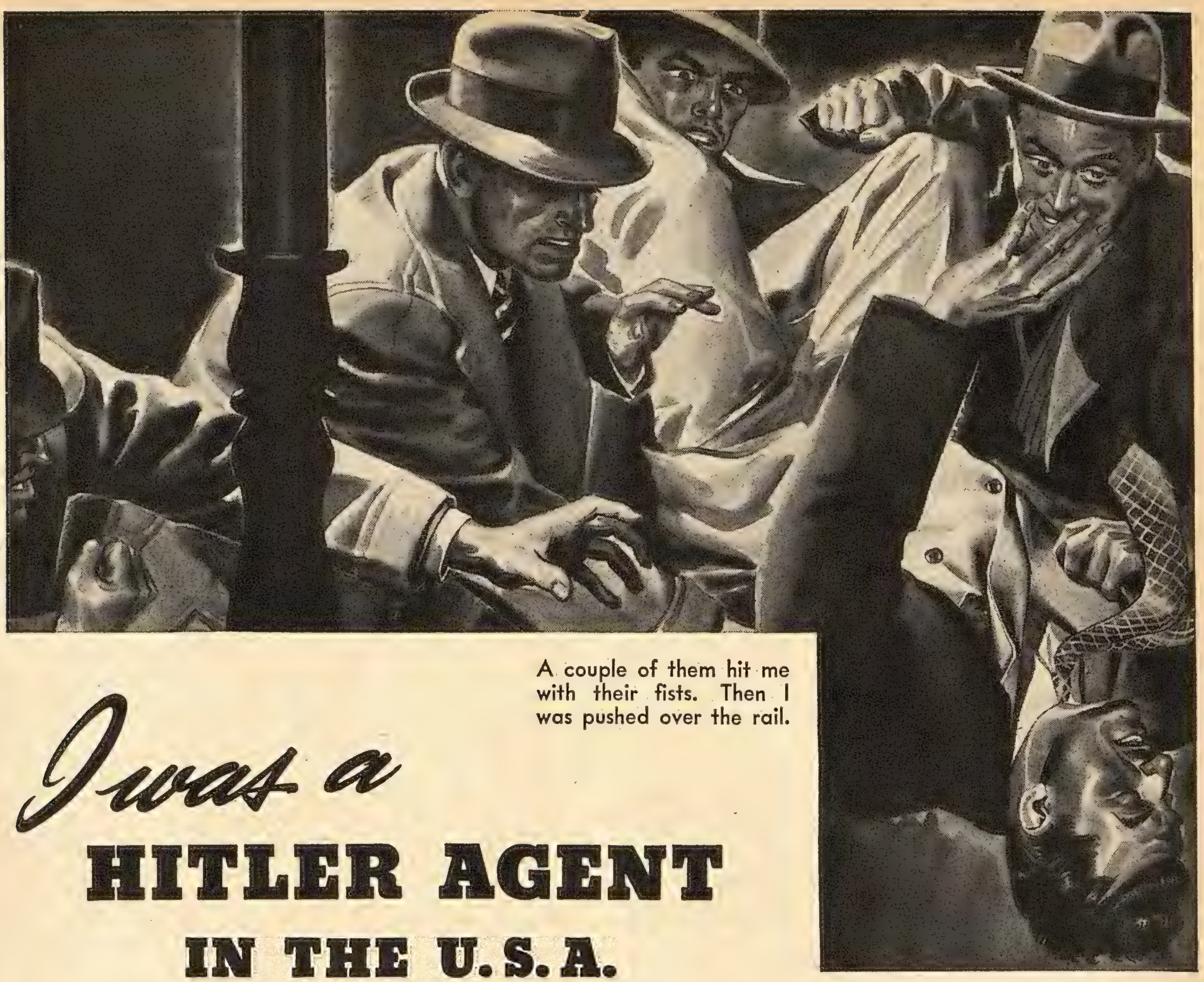
The American Youth Congress may lose some of the groups which were affiliated with them, but they will gain many more. I personally will be sorry if they lose any members, because I think it is important to join together in work on the main issues —namely, (1) to try to help young people to get jobs; (2) to try to advance the cause of civil liberties in this country; (3) to try really to study what will bring us more permanent peace in the future.

So much for the Institute!

The American Youth Congress itself, because of the action of its New York City Council, was condemned for withholding approval from Finland and tacitly approving the Russian invasion. At the last meeting, the cabinet which is the governing board of the American Youth Congress voted to "dissociate itself from the statement on loans to Finland made at the pre-Institute meeting in New York," and pointed out that this New York City meeting was not empowered to act for either the American Youth Congress or the New York City Council of the Congress.

I wish we could look at this whole question of the activities of youth-led organizations from the point of view of the wisest way for older people to help youth. We certainly cannot help by attacking them, or by refusing to co-operate when we are asked for financial assistance or for speakers to attend their meetings. Making inaccurate statements about them is not helpful. We must go and deal with them as equals, and we must have both courage and integrity if we expect respect and co-operation on the part of youth.

THE END



A couple of them hit me with their fists. Then I was pushed over the rail.

I was a HITLER AGENT IN THE U.S.A.

Nazi weapons against America! Here at last is the whole story, told in startling detail

BY JOACHIM F. PAFFRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

A FEW weeks after I had heard myself being read out of the Nazi Party by my own best friend, Walter Kappe, Julius Streicher, publisher of Der Stürmer, wrote an article headlined, Another Non-Aryan Unmasked, in which he related imaginary pro-Jewish activities of mine in the United States.

The article was published not once but three separate times. I knew the significance of that. It was not only a confirmation of my having been read out of the Nazi Party, but it undoubtedly contained a coded message addressed to Gestapo agents here in the United States. Those instructions would order either that I be taken into protective custody, put aboard a German ship and returned for punishment to my native land, or—

Or that I be purged here in America. I might be found mysteriously murdered or I might simply be found dead—apparently a victim of some accident.

I had few crumbs of consolation. Of my decision to resign as a member of the Nazi Party, I had not even told my own mother and brothers here in America. They learned of it through hearing of the story in Julius Streicher's newspaper.

From the day of my resignation up to this moment of writing, I have not seen them, have not spoken to them. Though they are within a few hours' train ride of my present hideout, I dare not try to visit them. Gestapo agents undoubtedly keep them under observation.

It is not easy for the average American reader to comprehend the almost hysterical quality of the blind devotion of Nazis either here or in Germany.

Closely as Walter Kappe and I had been bound by the ties of friendship, I realize today that had he been in America at the time I resolved to resign from the Nazi Party, and had I confided in him, I would now be either in a German concentration camp or dead.

Walter Kappe, charming as he was, was one of the most rabid Nazis I have ever seen. Once, in an open meeting he excoriated the wealthy class from which he himself had come and pointed to his own father and mother who sat in front-row seats, tauntingly condemning them as examples of this "parasitic" class.

When, in 1936, I had been assigned to play the part of a Nazi traitor in order to gain access to enemy ranks, the bitterness of those former Nazi friends who did not understand it surprised even me.

Herr Rich had told me to be ready

for anything, however unpleasant. And a number of things had happened. I had had to take them without protest. One of them might well have resulted in my death.

I was riding one night on an elevated train in Brooklyn to a room I had taken there after supposedly fleeing my New York City haunts. It was after midnight. I got off the train at a station not far from one of the chief meeting places of the German-American Bund there.

How I was trailed, I don't know. I can only assume that some one in New York had telephoned ahead and told them to look for me on that particular train. I got off and started down the steps. And, suddenly, there they were.

THE mustache I had raised to change my appearance did not fool them. They crowded around me on the stairway landing, about fifteen feet above the street. They were seven or eight in number, young, arrogant, strong. They said nothing, but a couple of them hit me with their fists, and a heavy belt buckle cracked down on my skull. And then I was pushed over the railing. I fell to the snow-and-slush-covered street and might have escaped injury had not my head struck a metal refuse can.

I was knocked unconscious and sustained a deep cut in the back of my head. When I came to, I refused to go to a Brooklyn hospital. I insisted upon getting in a taxicab and ordered the driver to take me to Bellevue Hospital in New York City. In that huge hospital, I felt, there would be less chance that angry Bund members, convinced that I was a traitor, might find me.

A detective from the Police Department came. I told him I had gotten in a saloon brawl and had been hit over the head. I said that it had been my own fault and that I didn't want to prosecute any one.

He went away. I remained in the hospital for nearly three weeks. And then, one day, a doctor who was giving a patient treatments in the ward where I was bedded looked at me curiously. I recognized him, was sure he recognized me. And I knew that I must get out of the hospital at once. For the doctor was the husband of one of Nazi Germany's chief women agents in the United States.

All of this, mind you, had been unauthorized retribution, visited upon me without orders by fanatical Nazi Party members and Bundsmen who believed I was a traitor. What I had really feared during that period had been that some Gestapo members might seek to visit punishment upon me. So far as I knew, I had not been O. K.'d to them by any one in authority.

However, I had felt that they would not act without orders direct from Berlin. That thought had heartened me when, while pretending to be an embezzling official of the German-American Business League, I had received my first warning—a box containing a single bullet. Later, while compiling for Herr Rich the list of strikebreakers during the Remington Rand strike, I had received a second bullet warning, forwarded to me at Herkimer.

I had decided then that those warnings were but a part of the staged play to brand me as a traitor to the Nazi cause. Today I regard them less optimistically. When and if the third warning—the silver bullet—reaches me, I shall know it has been sent in earnest. So far, I have eluded it.

My life, since the night I penned my resignation as a Nazi agent to Adolf Hitler, has been the living hell of a fugitive. I have not dared settle long in any one place. Since that October night in 1937 when I was read out of the Nazi Party, I have trained horses in an upstate New York farm; I have worked as a bartender in Chicago, as a groom in a Milwaukee livery stable, as a laundry salesman in Hoboken, New Jersey, as a handyman at the rodeo during its stay in New York City's Madison Square Garden. I have been an auditor of books for scores of saloons in the East, and recently was with a television company in Alabama.

I have sold real estate, vacuum cleaners, radios, and washing machines. I have worked as a radio announcer, a booking agent for orchestras, and a free-lance writer. And always I have kept moving, frightened by some little occurrence that may have held meaning, may have been happenstance.

All my old contacts, except one, were completely severed when I resigned. That one has since been broken. It was a long-standing friendship with a man from my home town, an official of the German Consulate in New York.

AFTER I left the party, I visited him furtively one night at his home. A less fanatical Nazi than Walter Kappe, he quietly gave me some advice.

" Stay away from New York," he said. " And if you would live a long life, don't see any of your old friends. Don't even chance calling upon me again."

I took a chance, however, and went to visit him a second time. He did not seem pleased, and I gathered, as we talked, that he had reported our previous conversation to his own superiors and had pretended that our meeting had been accidental. This second time, as I was leaving, he said:

" Good-by. I suppose this will be the last time we shall see each other. Do not forget my advice. And—whatever you do—do not make the mistake of going to the authorities with any information that you may have. *Any* information . . . understand? "

I said I did. I left him with that implied threat ringing in my ears—and my mind tortured by doubts. Had the man read my mind? For even then I had been spending sleepless nights endeavoring to come to a decision.

I had renounced Nazism. Should I now go further? Should I go to the authorities of the United States government and lay before them my own story—and all I had learned concerning the secret activities against this government of more than one hundred Nazi spies and agents of whom I had accurate personal knowledge?

Getting out of the party was one thing; betraying its secrets, the names of its agents in the East, and the plans of its members for a reign of sabotage in America, was another.

By taking this second step, I would instantly imperil my own life. On the other hand, I might obtain a degree of protection in return for my disclosures.

Believe me, I spent many harried months arriving at a decision. It was, finally, the persuasion of the girl I love and hope to marry that convinced me where my duty lay. She had had for years a love for this country that I was just beginning to understand. At her insistence, I went to a branch of the federal government in New York and put every scrap of evidence I possessed in their hands. I told them who my fellow agents had been and what their duties were. I told how they obtained secret instructions directly from Berlin. I laid quite bare my own participation in the Nazi activities in this country.

MUCH of what I told them has already been set forth in these articles. But the important thing has not been. Here it is:

I disclosed to these governmental investigators the cunning and carefully concealed plans of Hitler's secret agents in America for a paralyzing plague of sabotage that will fall upon this country if it ever enters the war on the side of the Allies.

For Adolf Hitler has very definite schemes for America's role in the new world that he hopes, through Nazi Germany, to create. If the United States falls in with those schemes, all will be fine. If the United States actively opposes Nazi Germany, then her secret Gestapo agents and saboteurs will be given orders to unleash the forces of destruction.

Before America's first troop shipments can safely land in Europe, the United States will have lost thousands of men right here in America —and public wrath and apprehension will have reached such proportions that it will be virtually impossible to help the Allies. For Hitler's Germany has war weapons that, as yet, have not been put in general use. I shall tell you of them shortly.

However, I would like to make clear that so long as the United States keeps out of war, Germany desires only to be friendly toward this country. Hitler—like every other German —knows that with the co-operation of the United States, the domination of Great Britain would be brought to a speedy end.

And Hitler firmly believes that with the talent for organization which the Germans indubitably possess, and the ability of the Americans to carry out their assignments, his dream of a new world for what he regards as the betterment of all mankind could be realized.

That dream would call for the United States to control all of the Western Hemisphere, including all South American republics and—particularly—Canada.

It is his conviction that if English influence could be rooted out of the Americas, the basis for genuine world-wide peace could be found. He would actually like to see the United States march upon Canada from both Alaska and the southern borders.

In short, he advocates a Pan-American nation under the absolute control of the United States.

And what if this country—that has shown no rush to fall in with Hitler's plans—should decide to throw in her forces against Germany?

WHEN that happened during the first World War, we saw sporadic outbreaks of sabotage and a certain amount of espionage. What we saw then was nothing. What we may see tomorrow is terrifying to contemplate. For Nazi Germany, through her Gestapo and secret agents here today, stands fully prepared for either our co-operation or our active resistance.

Suppose, for purposes of illustration, that it is M Day; that the United States has cast her lot with the Allied enemies of Nazi Germany. What happens?

Let me take you secretly to an office in lower Manhattan, a whole suite of offices in a towering skyscraper near New York's Battery, familiar mecca of every tourist who has ever visited New York. In this suite of huge offices, where I often met my superiors and received my orders while a Nazi secret agent, are a group of men. They are the chieftains of every phase of Nazi secret-service work in America.

Mr. Black of the firm of Black & White will be there to address them. He will say:

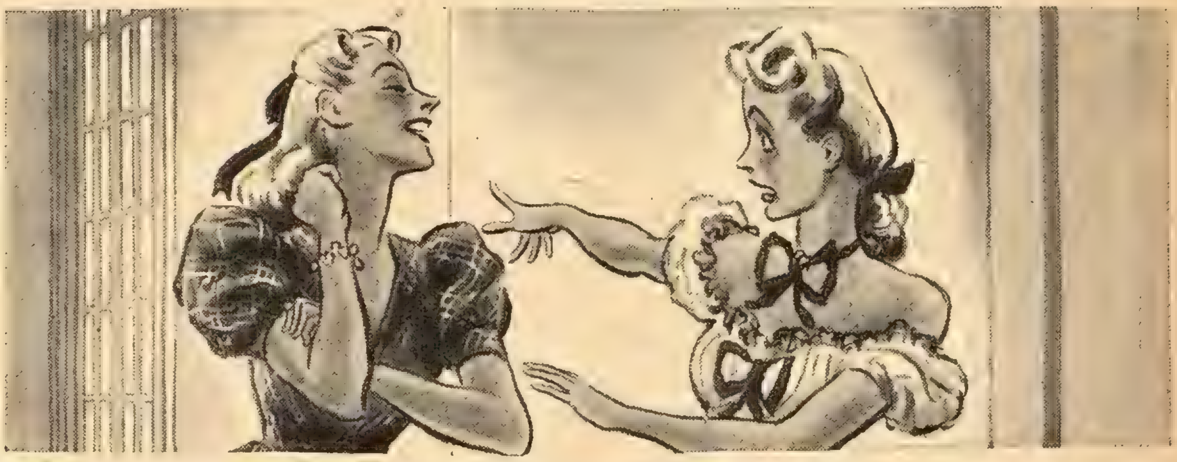
"You all know that a state of war exists between our fatherland and the United States. You are no longer American citizens. Nor are you just plain Germans. You are, rather, individual members of the German espionage force, each of you directly accountable to Adolf Hitler or his ambassadors.

"Each of you has his individual duties, with which you are already acquainted. You will proceed at once to carry out those duties. Failure will mean your death. There will be no trial, no chance to present excuses. Fail, and you will be eliminated. Keep that fact before you always. Go now, at once!"

Singly and in pairs, the Nazi secret-service leaders will slip out of

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Bill: You take the looks—I'll take the Pep Appeal!



Marge: *Holy cats!* Did you hear that? How do you get it, Linda?
Linda: Been getting all my vitamins, darling! You should have seen me *before*.

Marge: You mean, you're eating spinach and stuff?
Linda: Yes, and more! For one thing, I know a grand cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D. We'll try it tomorrow.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B1-D) ENRICHED

Marge: Say! While you were doing all that chinning about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a *grand tasting cereal* PEP is. I could go for it every day in the week!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

the building, never to return. For from this date on, theirs will be a moving headquarters, never located long in any one spot. And the means of contact and communication will be radio.

Let us follow from the meeting Agent E. He has already distributed portable short-wave sending stations. Now he delivers short-wave receiving sets to his subagents. They have been doing drill rehearsals for the past three years. They know where to hide and how to disguise their receiving stations. They know the strategic locations in which to set them up. They set to work picking up messages from all over the United States—radioed messages that may contain information concerning United States troop movements, ship movements, and transportation of supplies by truck and railroad.

Having picked up some vital information, they contact the nearest mobile sender, which relays the information to the short-wave H. Q. From headquarters, saboteurs are sent out. These saboteurs will be drawn from the ranks of thoroughly trained German, Russian, Spanish, or Italian operators plus such unscrupulous American rowdies or tools (remember the lists of strikebreakers and mental cases I furnished my superiors!) as may be needed. They will be available and, conceivably, at work within two hours after public declaration of war between Germany and the United States.

They will see to it that trains containing supplies never reach their destination; that ships loaded with soldiers never get out of New York harbor.

Violently but efficiently they will blast at the very vitals of America's military power.

Let us say that America has 5,000 soldiers aboard a transport leaving its dock for Europe. The situation was common enough in 1917. At that time such a ship had merely to run a gauntlet of submarines in mid-ocean.

This time it would be extremely lucky to get out of New York harbor. It will run safely about as far as Sandy Hook. Then, without warning, it will blow up.

A time bomb! Not at all. The ship will have been torpedoed. For one of Germany's instruments of sabotage awaiting America's entry into the war against her will consist of short-wave-controlled radio torpedoes.

These torpedoes, powered by electrical motors, will be controlled from shore. They will trail troopships at a distance, traveling at the same speed as the ship itself until it is far enough out of port to be sunk.

Then a code signal sent from shore by a powerful portable short-wave transmitter will throw a switch in the torpedo, accelerate its speed, set up the percussion cap, and send it unerringly toward the troopship. Two or three such torpedoes will strike simultaneously. And the ship, with great loss of life, will go down without having left its home port.

Germany banks strongly upon radio to help her win her present war. And by radio her agents in America will keep in touch and receive their orders.

The portable radio sets which will be distributed on M Day are sets designed in Germany and shipped here. For the past three years Nazi Germany has been flooding this country with short-wave receivers and sending sets to be used by her secret agents.

And for the past three years Agent E has been in charge of assembling them and distributing them to subagents.

How do they come here?

Always under a false label. For example, an import company in New York receives a shipment of electrical parts. They are invoiced as electrical motors and accessories for batter and dough mixers for bakers. Some of these invoices are truthful, but other parts of the shipment contain tubes, transformers, amplifiers, direction finders, and other pieces of radio-set equipment. Only the dry-cell batteries needed are of American manufacture. They are purchased from a well known firm in New Jersey.

EVEN as this is written, half a dozen firms in the East are receiving "parts" shipments of seemingly innocuous material. The moment it arrives, it is unpacked, marked, and distributed to Nazi agents. The actual operators of the short-wave transmitting sets are trained Nazis who took a six months' course in Germany before reporting here for duty. They know their work well.

Even if, by means of direction finders, some of these mobile transmitting stations were located in wartime by the United States government, substitute agents, fully equipped and trained, would carry on.

When Heinz Spanknoebel was our superior in 1933, he suggested that short-wave broadcasts from Berlin be used to bombard German auditors in this country with Nazi propaganda. His suggestion was followed—and improved upon. Those in charge of short-wave broadcasts in Berlin realized that these broadcasts also furnished a splendid means of giving orders to Nazi agents in the United States. Into the radio script of what seemed to be simply an ordinary newscast was inserted a coded message, direct from Berlin, to Nazi agents in this country.

During the days that I worked as a Nazi agent, I religiously listened, wherever I happened to be, to the DJB (Berlin) short-wave broadcasts. If at home, I listened on my own radio. If in a hotel, I rented a set.

Since I did not know shorthand, I used a dictaphone to record the broadcast. Then I would decode it.

Once the announcer said: "We have just played a *real* American jazz

"Your idea, Henry? I was the one who suggested changing to a Servel Electrolux!"

. . . because it freezes silently with

NO MOVING PARTS!

● Yes . . . more and more families every year are replacing other-type refrigerators with the *only* automatic refrigerator whose freezing system has no moving parts to wear or cause noise. See Servel Electrolux at your gas company or local dealer's showroom.

The SERVEL ELECTROLUX Gas Refrigerator

number." The word "real" was my designation. When I had obtained and written out the message which followed, a news broadcast, I studied each numeral in it, for each represented a certain letter of the alphabet. By decoding thus, I arrived at the brief instruction to me:

"Report to Captain S——"

I did, at once. My mission proved to be quite innocuous—the delivery of a carload of Nazi propaganda to a meeting of a German society in New Jersey.

That Berlin should have gone to all this trouble when Captain S—— himself could have reached me merely by phoning may seem silly. Actually, I believe they were merely testing their own system—and me.

One other time Berlin addressed me directly. And I wasn't listening in. I missed the coded message. And within three days Mr. Black called me to his office at the Battery. Why had I missed that broadcast?

"I was unable to rent a good set," I told him. "I could not get Berlin tuned in clearly on the set I had that night."

"You realize, I suppose," he said, "what would happen if this were wartime. You would be immediately court-martialed—and shot."

"But—" I began to protest.

"No excuses! You would be shot. You are very lucky we are not at war with the United States."

THE Nazi secret service has found yet another way of utilizing radio. I could give you the call letters of no fewer than seven commercial radio stations in and around New York, listened to by hundreds of thousands who enjoy their mixed English-and-foreign-language broadcasts, unaware that many of the commercial announcements contain coded instructions to Nazi secret-service agents.

A generous number of these stations' announcers broadcast such instructions. One of these announcers—a woman—is in direct contact with the Nazi chief of all short-wave broadcasts in Germany.

Let us say that she receives instructions to broadcast to a Nazi agent around New York. She translates the message into code, usually numerical.

The broadcasting station for which she is an announcer has a program sponsored by a German merchant who is himself a Nazi agent. She goes to him and tells him what numerals she will need to broadcast. He helps her draft a script supposedly advertising a furniture sale. The numerals are cleverly put in as the numbers and prices of articles which he will offer for sale.

At the present time, in the vicinity of New York, at least fifteen to twenty such coded messages go out to agents every day.

Altogether, Nazi Germany has built up a system of secret communication that will be very difficult to cope with in event of war. If coded messages in seemingly innocuous

not Fish, Flesh, nor Fowl

1. SOME MEN get fish-eyed and burbly from collars that have shrunk too tight. But not men who wear Arrow Shirts! Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk; the fabric can't shrink even 1%!

2. IF YOU HAVE the bulk of a bear, then big, bunchy shirts may be ok. Otherwise you'll prefer the trim, tailored Mitoga-cut of Arrow Shirts: curved waist, sloped shoulders, tapered sleeves.

3. SOME MEN'S COLLARS remind you of the wattle on a fowl's neck. If you want shirts with the best-looking collars made, wear Arrows. Arrow has been tops in collars since 1861!

4. HOMO SAPIENS is at his best in perfectly tailored, perfect-fitting Arrow Shirts. Get Arrow *Hitt* (with non-wilt collar) and Arrow *Gordon* Oxford at your Arrow dealer's now. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

MAKE THE
Squeeze Test..

Go to your favorite neckwear dealer and ask to see the new Planned Patterns in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties... colors and designs made to go with the smartest suits and shirts. Then *squeeze* a Botany Tie in your fist...and *feel* the live fabric spring back to shape. Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties regain fresh smoothness when hung up overnight. Only Botany Ties can give you this wrinkle-proof fabric, woven of yarns of *patented construction. Yet Botanys cost no more than ordinary neckwear...$1 only.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

* U. S. PATENT NO. 1,815,027

BOTANY
wrinkle-proof TIES

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Botany Ties • Botany Robes • Botany Shirts • Botany Socks • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

commercial broadcasts fail, Berlin can send them direct to her agents here via DJB.

Thus Nazi Germany will maintain, despite every precaution of the United States government, close contact with her agents for espionage and sabotage.

What of the sabotage itself? The most extensive plans have been laid; the men assigned to carry them out have been trained to the last detail.

Let us suppose again that M Day has arrived. German secret agents are intercepting and decoding this government's radio messages. One group of saboteurs is already harassing shipping and transportation.

A car containing two Nazi agents drives into the Holland Tunnel which, beneath the Hudson, connects New York and New Jersey. One agent drives. The other, beside him, operates a secret lever. That lever connects with a concealed rack beneath the car's chassis. Each time he pulls the lever, at carefully timed intervals, a harmless-looking small package drops from the rack and comes to rest on the tunnel's auto lane.

That innocent-looking package contains a time bomb. It is set to explode within five minutes of the time it falls. Because of the traffic within the tunnel, even the few officers on duty would find it hard to retrieve all the packages before the time for their explosion.

The operators of the sabotage car will be able to get out of the tunnel through the Jersey exit before the first blast occurs. They will then abandon their automobile or return in it to New York by ferry. And they will not wait to strike until war has really got under way. Nazi Germany's plans call for quick and demoralizing blows at the American public *the moment* the United States becomes an ally of England.

At that same moment, other agents carrying briefcases or satchels will place time bombs in large buildings, factories, subways, on bridges and in railroad terminals.

MAKE no mistake about it: Germany is prepared. She has not thrown the full terrifying force of her instruments of destruction into this war.

As early as December of 1938, Liberty published an article called: Did Hitler Get the World's Most Frightful Bomb from Americans? That article disclosed that Hitler's triumph at Munich may have been due to his possession of a new concussion bomb, made of duralumin, loaded with explosive liquid air, that had been capable, through the incredible force of the concussion, of killing every person in a square in Barcelona where a German plane had dropped one of these bombs.

For the first time in any publication, Liberty posed the question: Did Germany obtain this new and ghastly weapon from United States sources?

I think I can answer that question. I think Germany did.

While an active Nazi agent, I met another agent, operating in New Jersey, who was a member of the Gestapo. He had acted as intermediary between the Nazi government and an elderly chemist and inventor in New Jersey.

This chemist, an American of German descent, had invented a concussion bomb the very force of the explosion of which was enough to knock unconscious any one within a mile of the spot. At shorter distances his bomb would kill. It was not necessary for bits of the metal shell to strike the victims. Concussion alone turned the trick.

The old fellow, according to my Gestapo informant, had offered his bomb to a firm here in the United States. In the course of negotiations he had felt that he was being badly treated. In a fit of pique he had opened negotiations with the Nazi government.

THE secret of the terrific concussion of his bomb did not lie in the use of liquid air. As it was explained to me, the explosive used was guncotton. However, this old chemist had solved what has long been a laboratory problem. Guncotton normally can be made explosive to a certain degree; then a sort of saturation point is reached. The problem he solved was how to raise that saturation point.

One concussion bomb of that kind, set off by a saboteur in thickly populated Manhattan, could send panic throughout the entire city; could knock down, leave stunned and helpless, every human being within one teeming square mile.

Nazi Germany, I repeat, is prepared to cripple and terrify the United States the moment it declares war.

Recently you may have seen remarkably clear aerial photographs, taken from German observation planes, of strategic spots in the great city of London — airports, ammunition dumps, power supply houses, etc. Would you be surprised to know that in Nazi Germany today there are photographs of every strategic spot in the United States from coast to coast and as far south as the Panama Canal?

It is true. As early as 1933 the business of making aerial photographs of every important objective in the United States got under way. It resulted in—for all practical purposes—the making of a gigantic photographic map of much of this country.

It was the idea, originally, of Dr. Ignatz T. Griebl, the German spy who wormed his way, for a time, into the 1936 Presidential campaign.

I knew Dr. Griebl well. In 1914 he was an artillery officer with the Royal German army. After the armistice he came to this country, where he practiced medicine. And he was a good doctor. I once had him attend my son, who was suffering from nephritis.

But Dr. Griebl was a coward. He became an important spy when Hitler rose to power, and did fine work for Nazi Germany by obtaining a post in the United States army as a lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps. I recall that he once boasted to Bund members that he could obtain for them, on two days' notice, any type of gun used in the United States army.

Last year he became implicated in the spy ring captured in the East. Under questioning, he wilted, became material for the state's ace witness against his fellow spies. But when, last fall, the case was to have gone to trial, Dr. Griebl could not be found.

He was hiding at the house of a fellow agent I knew, and three days after he was to have been a state's witness, he escaped to Europe on the Bremen. At first placed in a concentration camp, he was released and sent to the front, where Germany needed good doctors.

While Dr. Griebl had suggested the making of an aerial map of this country, the actual work was done by three men on Long Island, one of whom held a transport pilot's license.

One of the men was a local Bund leader, and several years ago I visited him to borrow some bunting that had been used to decorate the Bund hall. In a vacant lot was what appeared to be a construction shanty or tool shed. Beneath that shack, in a secret cellar, was photographic equipment. They showed it to me with considerable pride. It was the most modern and complete photographic equipment I have ever seen. One lens, I recall, seemed to be three feet in length. I didn't know what it was being used for, although I wondered how men who seemed to have only a modest business could indulge in flying and photography.

Later, one of the top four men in the Nazi Party in America told me that an aerial map of the United States was being made for Nazi Germany. And I realized that I knew who was making it.

THIS, then, is the story that I set forth to government agents in the United States after severing all connections with Hitler and his followers. If you have found it an incredible story, I can only assure you that it is true. A number of arrests followed my revelations to the government; others remain to be made. And now, for the first time, I am privileged to put the story in print.

If, in these pages of Liberty, it sounds a warning, if it awakens America to a menace that crouches on her very doorstep, then it will not have been told in vain.

And if it does that, then I shall have some small recompense for thirteen years in which I worked against the welfare of (though I was too blind to see it) the only country that held out to me the promise of what all men of sound mind must seek—peace, liberty, and happiness.

THE END

GINGIVITIS
Attacking Thousands Thruout Nation!

SORE GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May have this gum inflammation—often a forerunner of horrible Pyorrhea!

You say *you* haven't Gingivitis? Well, don't be too sure! Gingivitis is so common today more than 4 out of 5 men, women and *even young folks* may have it. Some signs are tender, bleeding gums. In itself, Gingivitis may not be serious, but IF NEGLECTED it often results in ravaging Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth.

ONLY your dentist can help Pyorrhea but you can help guard against Gingivitis this easy way—

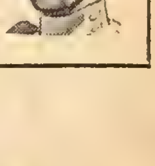
95% of Gingivitis patients in a recent clinical investigation showed wonderful improvement in just 30 days, simply by cleaning their teeth and massaging gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—an effective formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning teeth and massaging gums.

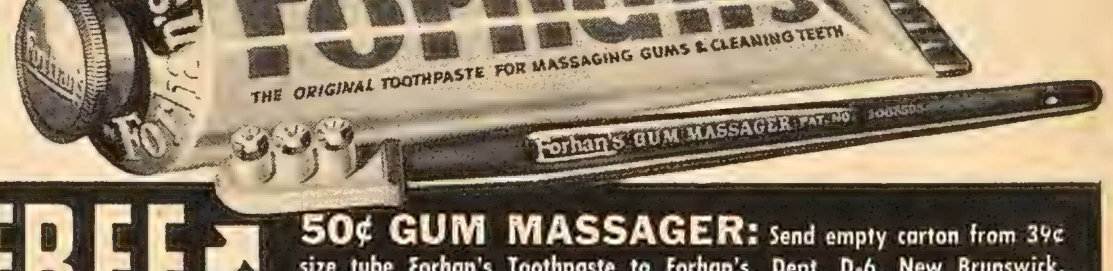
Added Advantages of Forhan's

Daily brushing of the teeth with Forhan's not only cleans dull teeth to their "natural" brilliance but it HELPS REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY. Start using Forhan's today and *note the difference!* 39¢, 19¢, at drug and department stores. Week-end size, at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Don't wait until teeth ache. Visit your dentist every 3 months so he can study occlusal surfaces, detect and fill small cavities, keep a close watch for gum disorders and thus save you pain and dental bills.




Forhan's
THE ORIGINAL TOOTHPASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS & CLEANING TEETH
Forhan's GUM MASSAGER

FREE **50¢ GUM MASSAGER:** Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-6, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

And now—blackmail! Sudden drama whirls a sparkling novel toward a thrilling climax

BY ERIC HATCH

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BRADLEY NORTON, young Long Island sportsman, is separated from his wife, Florence, and has to pay her a large allowance every month. So, when he loses his money, he has nothing left for himself and has to take a job as driver of a racing car. The car is smashed after its first race, and Bradley becomes a helper in Bob McCail's garage.

Cynthia Carlton, whose family have long been Bradley's neighbors, is proud of his willingness to work for a living instead of sponging on his rich friends. Bradley and Cynthia are in love, but are prevented from marrying by Florence's refusal to give her husband a divorce. When Tommy Baker, an old beau of Cynthia's, returns from a trip, Bradley realizes that he may lose Cynthia. Tommy has everything that Bradley once had, and is a much better catch than a mere garage mechanic.

Eager to improve his position for Cynthia's sake, Bradley accepts a job offered to him by Noble Pierce, a self-made millionaire. He is to train Pierce's horses for him and help Pierce to gain a place in Long Island sporting society. Cynthia, however, disgusted that he should become a sort of upper servant, breaks their engagement and goes away. When she returns in the fall, she goes to watch the steeplechase in which Tommy Baker is riding his own horse and Bradley is riding one of Pierce's. Just before the race, Bradley and she come face to face.

PART SEVEN—ISABELLE TAKES TO INTRIGUE

BRADLEY instinctively started to kiss Cynthia—stopped. It was too bad, in a way, that he did stop, because her anger might not have been able to stand up under the physical joy of being in his arms. Instead, he took her hand, pumped it up and down, then he hauled her forward and enthusiastically introduced her to Noble Pierce. He said, " Noble, this is her—she! I mean—Miss Carlton, Noble Pierce."

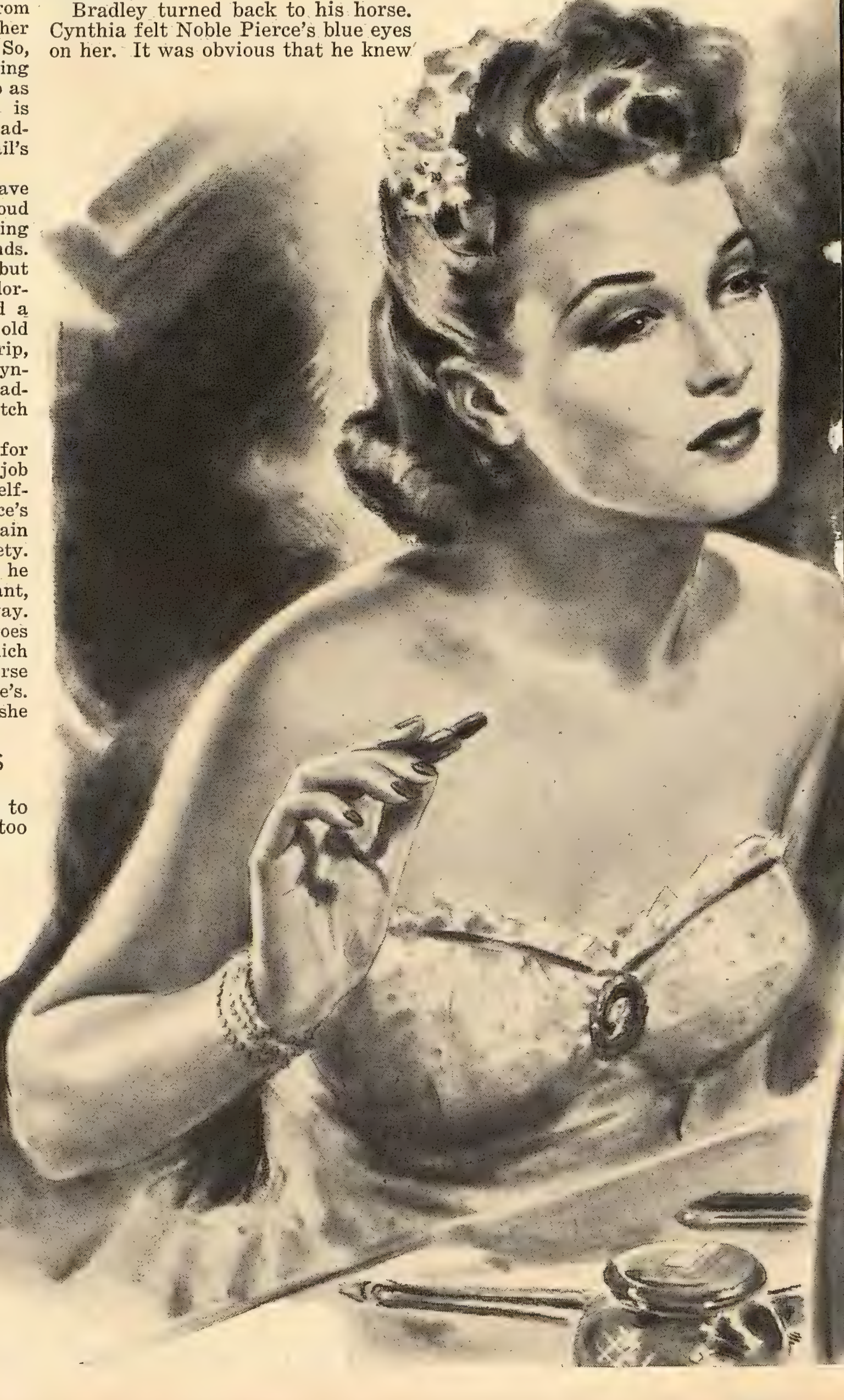
" Mr. Norton—can you come here a second, sir? "

Bradley turned back to his horse. Cynthia felt Noble Pierce's blue eyes on her. It was obvious that he knew all about her. She could imagine them sitting in front of that ridiculously huge fireplace at Whitbourne, surrounded by butlers in trick uniforms serving champagne, laughing and joking about her.

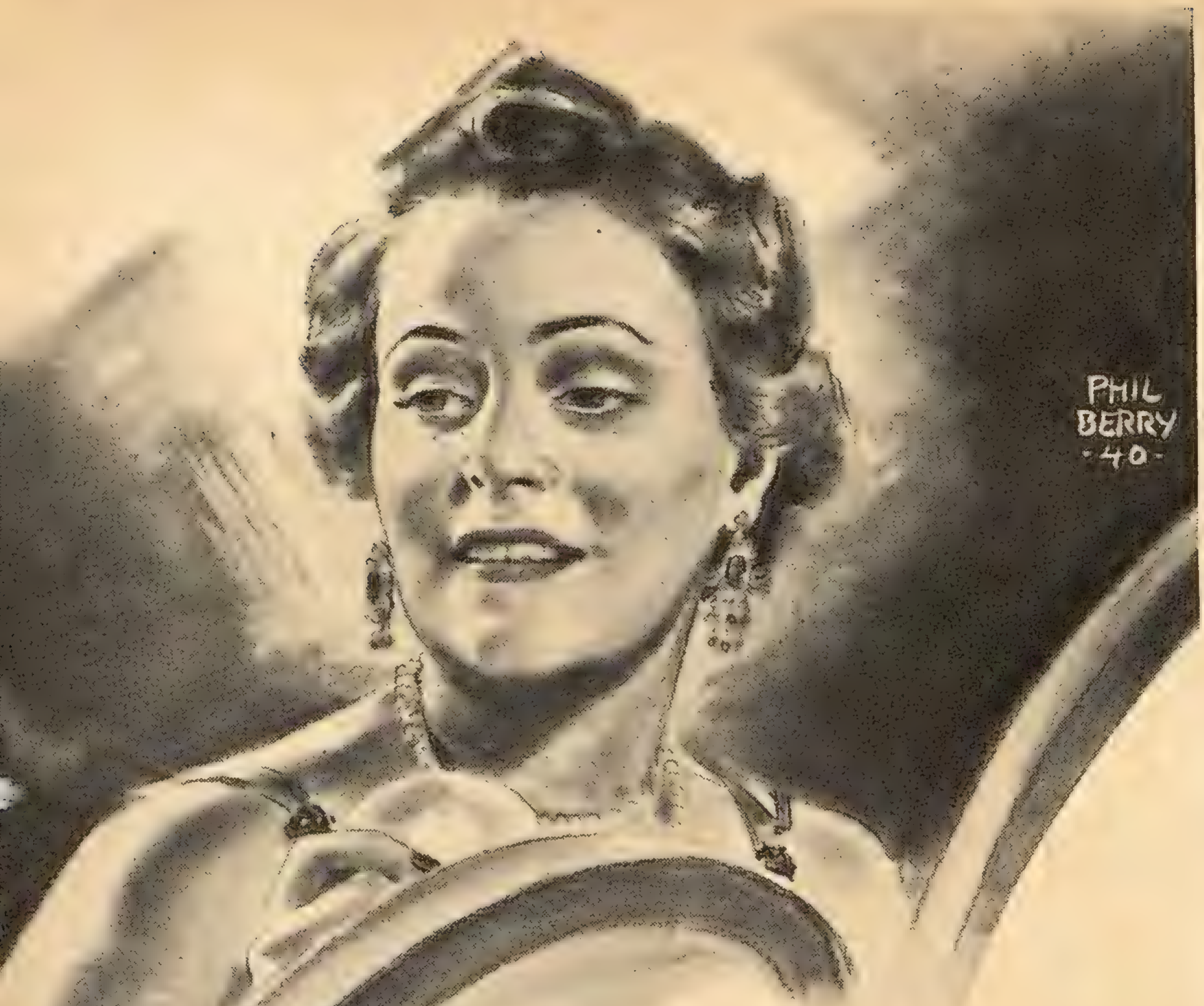
" I'm glad to meet you, Cynthia—I beg your pardon; I should call you Miss Carlton. I'm mighty glad to meet you."

" Why? "

The way Cynthia said it was like



ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL BERRY



"My dear," said Isabelle quietly, "I *am* blackmailing you into doing a great deal about it."

THE *Girl* NEXT DOOR

a dash of cold water. Isabelle would have slapped her, had she been there. Cynthia would want to slap herself for it later. She hated rudeness. It was only that she was so furious at Bradley. She blushed. Pierce's eyes never wavered from hers. Two months ago, if anybody named Carlton had said a snubbing, quelling thing like that to him in that tone of voice, he would have crawled into a hole. Now a Carlton was just like any one else to him. Suddenly his mouth smiled at the corners.

"Why am I glad to meet you?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you, Cynthia. I've been sort of curious to get a look at you." He lowered his voice so no one but she could hear. "From the way you've got Brad all twisted around, I kind of thought you must look something like Hedy Lamarr with some of the better features of Greta Garbo and Scarlett O'Hara thrown in. 'Stead of which, you look to me like any nice, reasonably pretty girl I'd be apt to meet around here."

Cynthia smiled at him and her gray eyes lighted up.

"You win," she said. "I was a nasty rude child. I'm sorry."

"You know," said Pierce, "right now, when you're smiling, I begin to see what Brad was talking about. Oh, yes. Knew there was something I wanted to say to you. They're having the hunt ball at my house tonight. Your father's coming. I'd be proud if you and your mother would come." He glanced quickly toward Bradley. "I'll see to it—nobody makes you uncomfortable—or anything."

Before Cynthia could answer, a bugle blew and the men began mounting. Bradley turned back to Cynthia and Noble Pierce. The laughter had gone now; his face looked grim, like the faces of the other men.

"Well, off to the wars," he said. He paused, waiting.

"Good luck, Bradley."

Cynthia held out her hand. Bradley took it, pressed it. Tommy Baker, already mounted, rode by, glanced down at them; but they didn't see him. Noble Pierce said, "Don't go too fast over those fences. You make me nervous. Good luck, son."

Bradley turned back to the horse and mounted. The moment the chestnut felt his weight he knew that the moment had come—the moment his nerves were tensed for. He reared, lifting the man at his head clear of the ground, then plunged, kicking. The crowd around him scattered to safety. Bradley, sitting absolutely still, took up the reins, called to his groom, "Let him go, Paddy." The horse plunged a few more times—then, with restrained plunges and bucks to show that he still felt like plunging and bucking, suffered Bradley to guide him into line behind the scarlet-coated starter for the parade to the post.

THE race itself was an old story to Bradley. The long parade to the start down at the edge of the woods, the nervous waiting for the word to go, the mad scramble of horses suddenly gone wild and fighting for their heads as they tore into the first fence, a blur of faces, shouts, the crack of a breaking rail as somebody hit, and always the thunder of ringing hoofs. Then, as you came away from the track itself and struck the first gradual upgrade, the horses getting under control, their strides lengthening, taking the jumps with wisdom instead of with careless excited abandon.

It was just after this first uphill pull that Bradley realized this race was different from other races he had ridden over the same course. First, once the excitement of the start had worn off, he remembered with an odd sensation of detachedness that this was his job—one of the things he was being paid ten thousand dollars a year to do. That made it a calm, routine, almost impersonal business matter. He must ride entirely with his head, not with his heart, taking no avoidable chances, never hurrying into his fences for the sheer fun of beating another man over, saving the horse's great power for when it was needed most. The second thing was finding he was up against a danger that didn't belong with steeplechasing.

He was riding easily, in third place, going into the second mile, when Tommy Baker pulled close alongside. Bradley called a hello to him, but there was no greeting on Tommy's face; instead, it was contorted with rage.

Tommy Baker was what Mr. Hopkins of the Mount House at Mountview would have called "love-crazed." Before Cynthia had gone West he had badgered a promise out of her not to see Bradley again until she had given him, Tommy, a yes or no

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on his own proposal to her. He didn't know she had only just come back. All he knew was that she was back, and that he had seen her holding Bradley's hand in the paddock and giving him starry eyes. It had driven him berserk. He moved his horse still closer to Bradley's. A fence was looming ahead. He began crowding Bradley toward the high wing on the side of it.

"You dirty mucker!" he said between clenched teeth. "I'm going to get you—and I'm going to get you right!"

Bradley looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment for a second. Then he said, "Oh, the hell with you, Tommy!" and kicked the chestnut ahead out of danger and into first place. Looking over his shoulder, he saw that Tommy had moved up too and was rating his horse just a few yards behind.

From there on the race was fast. Bradley knew all the unpleasant things an unscrupulous jock could do in a steeplechase. As the furlongs sped by and Tommy hung right onto him, the thing began to get on his nerves. With Tommy behind him, he was safe. He wasn't sure he could keep Tommy behind him. The bay horse was good. As it was, both of them were far ahead of the rest of the field. He was frankly worried, and a little ashamed of himself for being worried about something that still seemed to him fantastic.

IT happened as he came into the bank jump for the last time. His horse was running now with the steadiness of a machine, the excitement long since gone out of him. Over the last fence Tommy had fallen a little farther behind, as though the bay was tiring. Suddenly, as Bradley was steadying for the bank, he thundered alongside, and just as the chestnut gathered himself to leap, the bay pulled across directly in front of him. Bradley felt his horse rise, felt the shock as his shoulders hit the flying heels of the bay, heard the crash of breaking timber under him, and hunched his shoulders for the fall.

For the hundredth part of a second Bradley's world seemed to be crowded with steel hoofs, fence rails, horses, and hard earth. But oddly, because the bump had almost entirely checked the horse's speed, it wasn't a bad fall. Bradley had seen it coming and had had time to hurl himself clear. He rose as his horse rose. As the rest of the field came up, he vaulted into the saddle, and, stirrupless and spitting grass and dirt from his mouth, he set out to ride as he had never ridden before. By the time he had covered a hundred yards his feet were home again in the irons, his mouth was clear, and he was able to get most of the mud out of his eyes.

He called on his horse then for speed, and the horse gave. He came up behind Tommy Baker as they went into the last fence, booted the chestnut over it, landed clean. As he went by, he caught the look of angry disappointed chagrin on Tommy Baker's face. He laughed, not at Tommy, but at life generally and at society in particular. He was thinking of that hot July night, of the crowded stadium, the grease and castor oil and smoke, and of the grimy urchin in the dirty windbreaker who had driven Miss Better Days, and he remembered that as he went by and won that race the grimy urchin had grinned at him and waved a salute.

A few seconds later, for the first time in his life he found himself winning a steeplechase and thinking about something entirely different while he was doing it. He had a hunch that Cynthia had seen what had happened back there at the bank. He knew she watched the races through strong binoculars that would have brought the scene close to her. He had a further hunch, born of the sense of cold wave he'd felt when he just hadn't kissed her in the paddock, that, incongruous as it might seem, she'd blame him for it when the judges bawled Tommy out for fouling. It had, of course, been the rankest sort of foul—the sort of thing Tommy Baker wouldn't have dreamed of doing in his normal state of mind.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **COMMON SENSE NEUTRALITY** edited by Paul Comly French. Hastings House.

A compilation of important articles and addresses by leading Americans on the war. Contains altogether twenty-five, including the now famous Hoover and Lindbergh statements; useful for ready reference during discussions on the subject of war and American neutrality.

As he rode his horse, flanks heaving, white sweat lathering his whole body, back to the judges' stand, he made up his mind that, no matter what anybody said they'd seen, he'd say there had been no foul.

THE hunt ball at Whitbourne was hot stuff. It is an old though unmentioned custom in many hunting countries that when an extremely rich man moves into the community he is given the honor of being allowed to give the hunt ball at his newly acquired palace. It is a fine custom. The new member of the community is delighted by the honor bestowed on him, and the rest of the community is delighted by the party bestowed on them, for invariably the host spreads himself. Champagne flows in a rich stream, the food is splendid, the orchestra is splendid, everybody gets charmingly brozzled, and a hundred toasts are drunk to hounds, foxes, horses, and what not. A group of enthusiastic thick-tongued men sing Drink, Puppy, Drink, and then, forgetting the theme of their song, take another drink themselves, blunder into the chorus of John Peel, and at least two of them fall flat on their faces.

Whitbourne was perfect for such a party. Its weathered-oak English paneling, that had once echoed to the ring of crusaders' armor blending with the twanging of lyre and lute, echoed just as splendidly to Markel's orchestra. The portraits of forgotten earls and marquesses that Noble Pierce had bought and hung on the walls stared down even less disdainfully than they had when their own grandchildren had danced beneath them. The ghosts that hover in the eyes of old portraits found these ladies prettier and liked their scanty dresses, and though they found the men perhaps drab even in their hunt evening dress, old earls and marquesses were, after all, only supposed to notice ladies and horses.

NOBLE PIERCE and Bradley received in the great hall just inside the front door. Bradley knew well that at most hunt balls nobody received except possibly a footman who said, "You'll find the bar across the hall to your right, madam," but Pierce had wanted it this way and Bradley thought it rather a nice touch. The only trouble was that he didn't see quite how he was going to receive Fred Carlton, who wasn't speaking to him, Tommy Baker, who probably wanted to cut his throat, Florence Norton, whose throat he wanted to cut, and Cynthia, who would make his knees tremble with excitement and who he thought would probably cut him dead.

He'd seen Cynthia for a moment after he'd won the Long Island Hunt Cup that afternoon. The judges had disqualified Tommy Baker for fouling and had ignored Bradley's denial that he had been fouled. From Cynnie's attitude Bradley gathered that he had committed a heinous crime in allowing his horse to come near enough to Tommy's for Tommy to foul him. What he couldn't know was that Cynthia was mad because when she'd seen his horse start to fall she had had the ridiculous feeling that life was ending for her right there. Cynthia Carlton was thinking in circles that day.

As is the way with such things, the dread of anticipation far exceeds the event itself. Tommy Baker arrived, bowed coldly to Bradley and Pierce, and headed for the bar. A little later the Carltons came, and while they were getting rid of their coats Bradley's knees trembled and he felt mushy. He stepped forward.

"Evening, Fred," he said and held out his hand. It was the first time they had met face to face. It was awkward for both of them.

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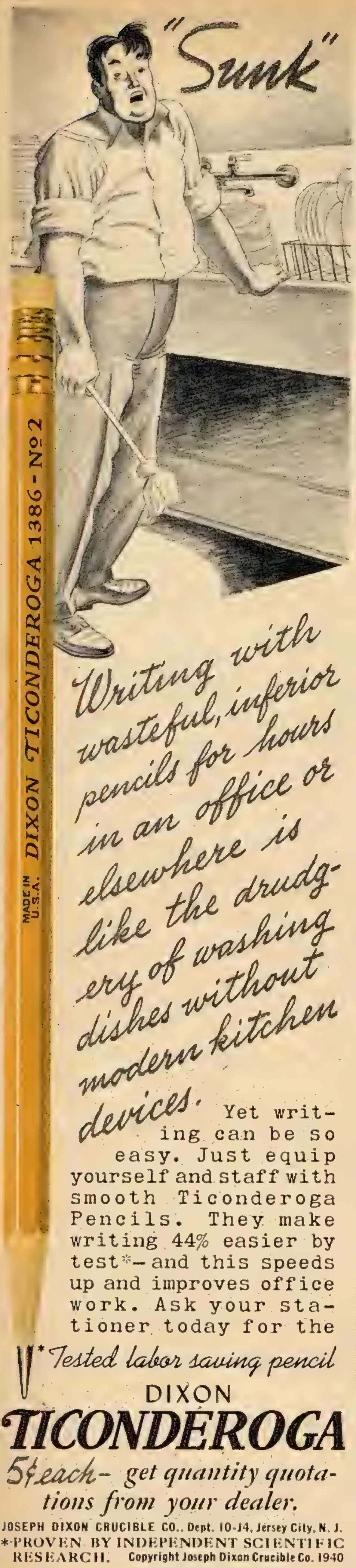

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"Good evening," said Fred, but he didn't shake hands. He started to, and then, as though he'd suddenly remembered something, he stopped.

"Sorry you feel that way, Fred," said Bradley.

For an instant their eyes met, and Bradley was surprised to see friendliness where he had expected anger. He was more surprised a second later when Carlton took him by the arm and led him a little to one side.

"Look here, Brad," he said. "*I* don't feel that way. It's only that—well, when a fella's trifled with a fella's daughter's affections, a fella doesn't speak to the fella, that's all. Nothing to do with you personally—nothing at all."

Bradley smiled.

"But, Fred," he said, "I didn't trifle. I love her."

Carlton nodded quickly, bird fashion, several times.

"I know," he said. "That's just the trouble. You're a married man."

"But you knew that," said Bradley. "You've always known all about me. Why did you start this—this not speaking business—after it was all over?"

"Hadn't had time to think about it before," said Carlton. "I never make snap judgments."

This was such a feeble explanation that Bradley saw a light dawning.

"Fred," he said, "are you tight?"

Carlton drew himself up.

"Certainly I'm tight!" he said. "It's my home life. *I* don't know what's happened to those two. Ever since they came home, Cynthia's been going around throwing things, and Isabelle's been like—like—like an international spy. She's acting mysterious about something. All through dinner. All through after dinner. If you had to live with 'em, you'd be tight too!"

"No," said Bradley; "I'd be happy."

"Bah!" said Carlton. "Good evening, sir!"

HE bowed and, like Tommy, headed in the general direction of the bar. Bradley turned to greet Cynthia, steeling himself. But Cynthia wasn't there to be greeted. Instead he faced Isabelle, who beamed at him and patted him on the shoulder. It was obvious that, as Carlton had said, she was wrought up about something, for she beamed at him steadily for a full half minute. Normally in half a minute she would have touched lightly on three or four different subjects. Bradley took the hand that was patting him and shook it.

"Noble and I are so glad you could come," he said.

"I won't tell you a thing!" said Isabelle. "It's no use at all your trying to be subtle and get me to talk, because I won't tell you a thing." She bent her head so close to his ear that her breath tickled, and went on in a hot whisper: "But don't be surprised if Florence tells you she's going to get a divorce."

Bradley started being surprised right then. He clutched her hand.

"Mrs. Carlton!"

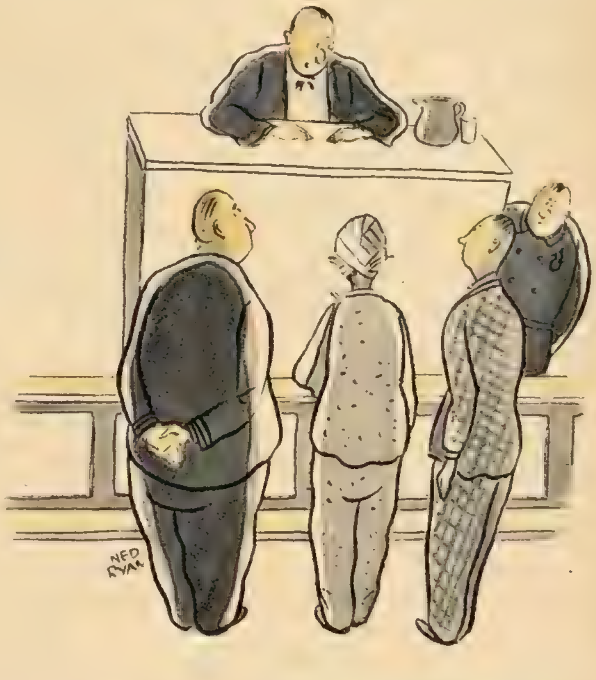
"Oh," said Isabelle airily, "nothing's settled yet. But it will be—it will be."

Bradley looked at her searchingly. He was trying to figure out whether it was possible that returning to Fred had the same effect on her that her return had on Fred, and whether it had driven her to the same ends. He decided it wasn't possible. She was sober as church.

"Mrs. Carlton," he said, "it wouldn't be fair to kid me about that. What do you know?"

"Lots of things," said Isabelle, looking archly mysterious. "I have my—ways—of knowing things."

She managed to give Bradley the impression that at that very moment hundreds of operatives all over the world were waiting to report to her. He began to see why Fred had got himself tight. Isabelle then walked over to Noble Pierce, gave him her warmest fountain-of-youth smile, and congratulated him on his horse winning the Long Island Hunt Bucket.



"You made five spades doubled and this man, your partner, said there was a misdeal? Case dismissed!"

She explained that she believed in calling a spade a spade, and that, after all, it didn't look half as much like a cup as it did a bucket. Pierce, looking a litle frightened, agreed with her and, leaving Bradley to hold down the receiving business, escorted her to the ballroom. A little after this Florence arrived, and as she came up the few steps from the front door Bradley looked at her so hopefully that she laughed; but she merely congratulated him on his race, introduced the current boy friend, and went on her way.

For a long time Bradley stood in the hall, thinking. There wasn't much more greeting to do, so he had lots of time to think: about Florence, about Cynthia, about himself. But this was a bad time for straight thinking, because it only served to show him how utterly foolish he had been to give his heart to Cynthia so long as another woman had a perfectly good legal claim on it. For a second, there, Isabelle had made him hope. Florence had killed the hope almost before it was born in him.

Presently he went to the ballroom and tortured himself for a while by watching Cynthia dancing in the arms of other men. Then after a little he cut in on her. It was a mistake. She was friendly, frigidly friendly, and said to him all the things that any other girl there might have said about the race, about the party, about the music. He had hoped at least she'd act upset at dancing with him. He forgot that all women are born actresses and that long dresses can hide emotion as expressed by wobbly knees. Her cold friendliness gave him an empty feeling that stayed with him long after another dancer had taken her away from him. He went into the bar and drank champagne, and later savagely sang Drink, Puppy, Drink. Tommy Baker was one of the ones who fell flat on his face. Cynthia had ticked him off right about trying to break Bradley's neck.

BRADLEY stayed in the room that was doing service as a bar for a long time. If he had remained in the ballroom he might have noticed that around midnight Florence left to replenish her make-up. He might have noticed too that Isabelle Carlton followed her stealthily, carrying out the international spy motif.

Isabelle followed Florence across the hall to the little suite being used as a powder room. After a moment she went inside. The maid was alone in the outer room of the two. Isabelle glanced quickly around her to make sure no one was lurking among the long lines of mink, ermine, and rabbit wraps hanging on racks, and then went, " Ps-s-s-st."

The maid, rented with the coat hangers, was used to this sort of thing. She ignored it. Isabelle went " Ps-s-s-st " again, and took from her handbag a five-dollar bill. The maid said, " Yes, madam."

" Here's five dollars," said Isabelle, " and I want you to stand outside the door, and if any one wants to use the phone tell them it's out of order."

The maid arched her brows and said, " The phone, madam? "

" Tell them anything you wish," said Isabelle. " But don't let me be disturbed. It's "—she lowered her voice to a confidential whisper—" it's a matter of life and death."

The maid stepped back and stared at her nervously.

" You ain't planning to bump any one off, are you, madam? The young lady . . ." She nodded her head toward the inner door.

" Don't be a goose! " said Isabelle; and then, feeling that this was out of character for the role she was playing, " The brave man does it with a sword, the coward with—oh dear, how does that go? I've always thought it sounded so high-minded. How *does* it go? Maid, what on earth does the coward do it with? " This left the way wide for several snappy replies

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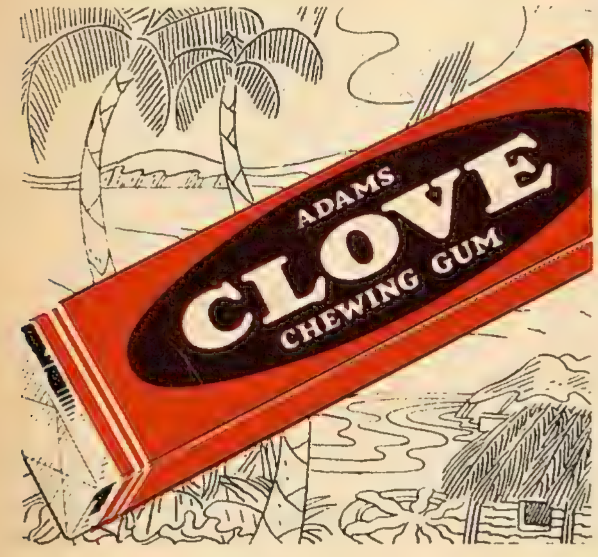


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

the maid had on the tip of her tongue; but at that moment the inner door rattled and Isabelle said, “S-s-sh! Outside now, and remember, nobody's to come in till one of us comes out.”

“Then I come in and mop up the body,” said the maid. “Yes, madam.”

She withdrew, and as Florence Norton came into the room, Isabelle seated herself at a dressing table and began setting up a smoke screen of flying powder.

So dense was the cloud of powder flying about Isabelle's lovely white neck and shoulders that Florence, who would have felt distinctly ill at ease had she known it concealed Isabelle, relaxed into a chair beside her. Taking out lipstick and compact, she began languidly gilding the lily. Isabelle craftily waited until the job of gilding was half done, which meant that until it was finished Florence could no more leave the room than a man can leave a barbershop with one side of his face shaved. Then she spoke: “Oh, it's Florence! Were your ears burning? I was just thinking about you.”

Florence Norton had had Isabelle trouble before. In the days when she lived in the old Bradley Norton house and the Carltons were her nearest neighbors, she had had lots of it. She had, at first, been in awe of her; but as time passed, and she had seen that, in spite of the normal amount of lunches, teas, dinners, and bridge Isabelle went in for, her whole life was wrapped up in her husband, her daughter, and her house, Florence had come to look down on her. She looked down on her the way sophisticates always sneer at people who have a gay, wonderful time living simple unentangled domestic lives. As more time passed, she had come to the definite conclusion that because Isabelle talked backward and had a mind given to sudden fantastic flights, she was stupid. Florence was one of the people who thought Isabelle had never grown up. In that she was, of course, right; but she forgot the quiet, sometimes searing wisdom that shines in the eyes of every intelligent child. Florence, plying an eye pencil, looked at Isabelle in the mirror.

“You were *thinking?*” she said.

“About you,” said Isabelle, ignoring the implied crack. “And William always says that when you think about somebody their ears burn. Maybe it's when you talk about somebody and they tingle. William would know. Or Fred.”

“How've you been?” said Florence.

“I've been fine,” said Isabelle. “How have you been?”

“*Comme ci, comme ça.*”

Florence's beautiful black brows were stenciled now. There remained only the lips. Isabelle thought it was time to get busy.

“Have you been on any trips lately?” she asked. “Motor trips?”

Florence turned from the mirror. She had detected a quaver of excitement in the voice of her questioner. Intuition told her to walk softly. She looked Isabelle full in the eyes.

“No, Mrs. Carlton,” she said. “I haven't been on any motor trips lately. Have you?”

“Well, yes and no,” said Isabelle. “We went by train mostly. I like trains. I like the chug-chuggedy-chug. And the whistles. At night. It makes me feel so secure—like Fred. Oh, dear, what was I saying? I mean just before that. Florence, what was I saying? Oh, I know. Trips. You haven't been on any *lately.* Of course that does strengthen your case.”

Florence began to show signs of nervousness. She knew Isabelle was getting at something—that she and Isabelle were, in fact, in the middle of a female battle of wits. She had complete confidence in her ability to take care of herself in any normal battle of that type, but this different. Isabelle's twig-to-twig, pillar-to-post approach was baffling. She was up against what the British redcoats were up against trying to fight Indians in the primeval New England forests. Like the redcoats, she foolishly came right out into the open.

“Mrs. Carlton,” she said, “even though you're older than I am, may I speak plainly? *I* know Cynthia has been having some sort of an affair with my husband. It's common gossip. *Very* common gossip. I imagine you're trying to blackmail me into not doing anything about it.”

Then Isabelle Carlton surprised her. As suddenly as though it were a pose, the flutter and froufrou and flightiness dropped from her. Florence, looking at her, felt she was looking at a stranger—a rather dangerous, calm-eyed, grimly smiling stranger. It was because she wasn't really seeing Isabelle, but the things Isabelle loved and believed in. Her eyes opened in surprise.

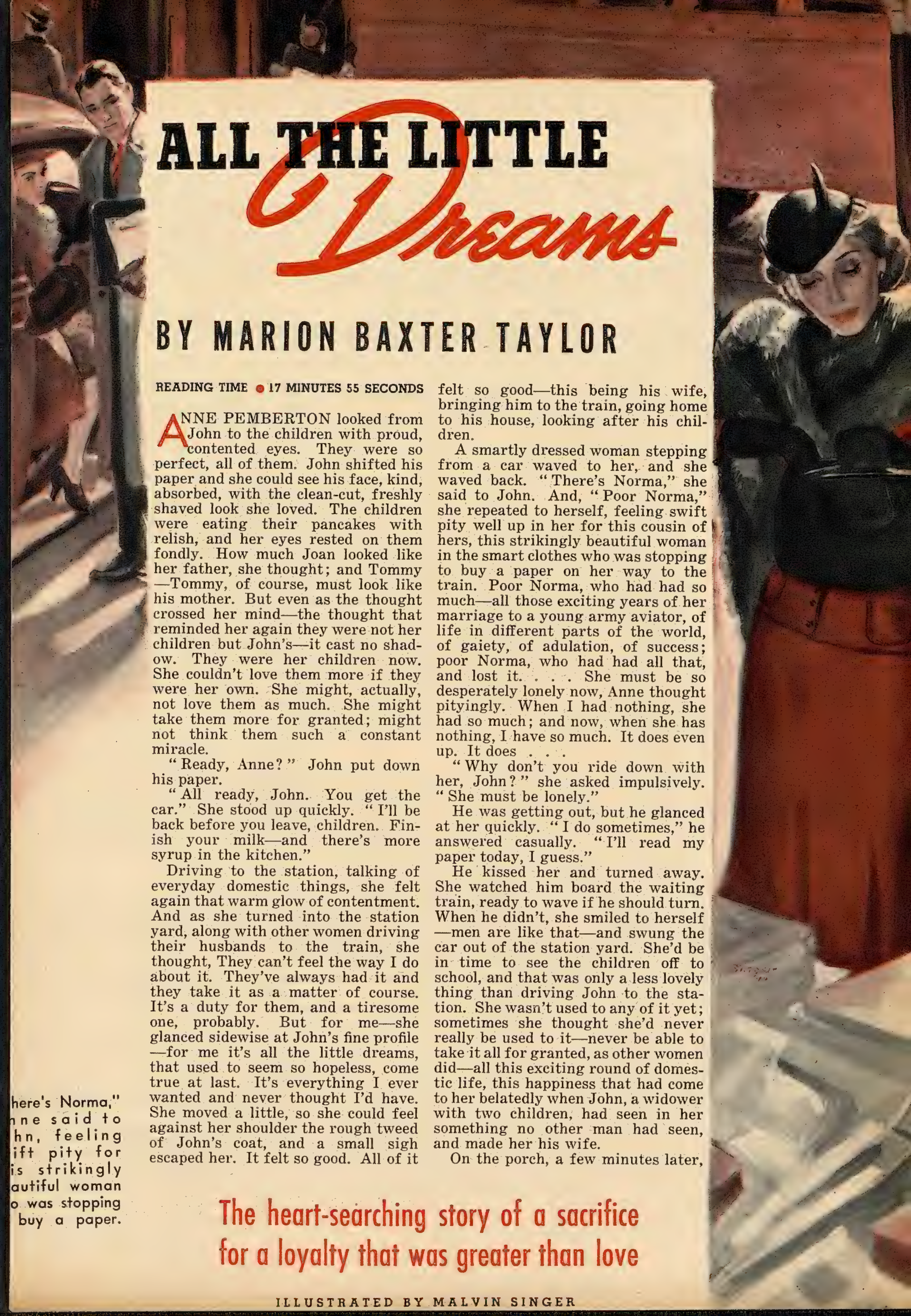
“My dear,” said Isabelle quietly, “I'm not *trying* to blackmail you into doing nothing about it. I *am* blackmailing you into doing a great deal about it.”

FLORENCE NORTON put down her lipstick. Her hand shook a little. She took a cigarette from a glass box on the dressing table, lighted it, blew smoke through her nostrils.

“You've got a frightful crust.” She laughed. “I could sue you and your stuffy husband and your daughter right now for alienation of affection, and you know it.”

Isabelle wished desperately that she could take a cigarette and blow smoke through her nose contemptuously. It gave one such a nasty air of smug assurance. She was deeply upset. She had never done anything like this before in her life, and it was getting her in the stomach. But she must go on.

Will the clever Florence allow herself to be blackmailed into consenting to a divorce? And if so, will Cynthia marry Bradley? Next week's exciting installment reveals the outcome of Isabelle's mad scheme and brings the story to a dramatic close.



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ift pity for
is strikingly
autiful woman
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buy a paper.

ALL THE LITTLE *Dreams*

BY MARION BAXTER TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ANNE PEMBERTON looked from John to the children with proud, contented eyes. They were so perfect, all of them. John shifted his paper and she could see his face, kind, absorbed, with the clean-cut, freshly shaved look she loved. The children were eating their pancakes with relish, and her eyes rested on them fondly. How much Joan looked like her father, she thought; and Tommy—Tommy, of course, must look like his mother. But even as the thought crossed her mind—the thought that reminded her again they were not her children but John's—it cast no shadow. They were her children now. She couldn't love them more if they were her own. She might, actually, not love them as much. She might take them more for granted; might not think them such a constant miracle.

"Ready, Anne?" John put down his paper.

"All ready, John. You get the car." She stood up quickly. "I'll be back before you leave, children. Finish your milk—and there's more syrup in the kitchen."

Driving to the station, talking of everyday domestic things, she felt again that warm glow of contentment. And as she turned into the station yard, along with other women driving their husbands to the train, she thought, They can't feel the way I do about it. They've always had it and they take it as a matter of course. It's a duty for them, and a tiresome one, probably. But for me—she glanced sidewise at John's fine profile—for me it's all the little dreams, that used to seem so hopeless, come true at last. It's everything I ever wanted and never thought I'd have. She moved a little, so she could feel against her shoulder the rough tweed of John's coat, and a small sigh escaped her. It felt so good. All of it felt so good—this being his wife, bringing him to the train, going home to his house, looking after his children.

A smartly dressed woman stepping from a car waved to her, and she waved back. "There's Norma," she said to John. And, "Poor Norma," she repeated to herself, feeling swift pity well up in her for this cousin of hers, this strikingly beautiful woman in the smart clothes who was stopping to buy a paper on her way to the train. Poor Norma, who had had so much—all those exciting years of her marriage to a young army aviator, of life in different parts of the world, of gaiety, of adulation, of success; poor Norma, who had had all that, and lost it. . . . She must be so desperately lonely now, Anne thought pityingly. When I had nothing, she had so much; and now, when she has nothing, I have so much. It does even up. It does . . .

"Why don't you ride down with her, John?" she asked impulsively. "She must be lonely."

He was getting out, but he glanced at her quickly. "I do sometimes," he answered casually. "I'll read my paper today, I guess."

He kissed her and turned away. She watched him board the waiting train, ready to wave if he should turn. When he didn't, she smiled to herself—men are like that—and swung the car out of the station yard. She'd be in time to see the children off to school, and that was only a less lovely thing than driving John to the station. She wasn't used to any of it yet; sometimes she thought she'd never really be used to it—never be able to take it all for granted, as other women did—all this exciting round of domestic life, this happiness that had come to her belatedly when John, a widower with two children, had seen in her something no other man had seen, and made her his wife.

On the porch, a few minutes later,

The heart-searching story of a sacrifice
for a loyalty that was greater than love

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

she handed Tommy a handkerchief. "Here you are, dear. Have you got your lunch? I made roast-beef sandwiches today."

"Three? Roast beef's my best favorite."

She smiled at him. "You couldn't eat three, Tommy. But there's chocolate cake."

"O. K., mom—cake'll do. Hey, Joan, come on—we're late!"

"Just a minute, dear." Quickly she tightened the blue bow that held Joan's curls in place, letting her hand rest a moment on the child's silky hair. Then she stooped and kissed her swiftly. "Hurry now, both of you. And remember, if it rains I'll come for you. Don't start walking."

The child threw her arms about Anne's neck, then, laughing, ran down the steps with Tommy. Wildly the two of them kept on running, and Anne's eyes followed them, waiting. At the corner they stopped together, and turned to wave. She waved back, her heart lifting gratefully. They hadn't forgotten. She had no claim on them, really. They were John's children, not hers. But they never forgot. She turned, her eyes blurring even as she smiled, and went into the house.

For a moment she stood in the doorway of the living room, contemplating it with a feeling of such utter content that it was like a singing in her heart. Then she went about straightening it. She picked up last night's crumpled papers that lay on the floor beside John's chair, where he had dropped them; cleared from the little table his stubby pipe, the too full ash tray, the empty beer glass. On the floor Tommy's marbles bumped her at every step; she gathered them up and put them carefully in the box on the bookshelves that held his prized possessions. Joan's two dolls sat stiffly, each on a chair; a trunk of dolls' clothes stood open on the hearth. Patiently, gratefully, she put the room to rights. When it was finished, she stood looking at it. And she thought, I liked it better as it was. But tonight it'll be like that again. . . .

She went ahead with the rest of the work. She had no maid, though John had wanted one, because she couldn't bring herself to hand over to some one else—some one who didn't care at all—the doing of even the routine household tasks for those she loved. The repetition of them, day after day, seemed somehow to confirm in her that sense of fulfillment that was still so new she was almost afraid to trust it.

Briskly now she got out her mixing bowl. Joan loved gingersnaps and Tommy loved brownies. She'd have the cooky jar filled to the brim when they got home from school. And perhaps, after that, a batch of apple turnovers for John. . . . She sang as she worked, knowing the song for the merest echo of the high sweet serenity that sang in her heart.

ON the train, John Pemberton walked forward several cars. When he saw Norma Gregory, he stopped beside the seat. "Share this?" he asked.

She looked up, smiled, and answered casually, "Of course." But when the train got under way she added, "Should you, John? Every morning?"

"Why not? Commuters are friendly people, aren't they?"

"Up to a point. But this is stretching it a bit."

He opened his paper carefully. "Whoever knows us knows you and Anne are cousins. That makes everything all right." He stared at the paper, and after a moment added, "I always mean to skip a morning, Norma—and then I don't. The day doesn't start any more unless I see you."

She stared out the window at the flying autumn landscape, her eyes troubled. "They'll notice sooner or later, cousin or no cousin. It takes so little to start people talking. You know that. Anne will hear something."

He put down his paper. "Perhaps you reach a point," he said slowly, "where you don't care. Even about that."

She met his eyes and as quickly looked away. "We have to be fair to her, John."

HE stared at the headlines. "I've got to talk to you, Norma. I can't go on, day after day, like this—"

"Not here, John."

"Where else?" he asked bitterly. "That's all there's ever been. Sitting next to you for forty minutes every morning, pretending to read—" His voice sharpened. "I've got to see you, Norma. Have lunch with me today."

"We shouldn't, John—"

"We can't go on like this. The Divan at one?"

She hesitated, her eyes troubled. Then, on a long sigh, as if she couldn't fight it any longer, she said, "The Divan at one."

He turned a page with a loud crackling, and the rest of the way in gazed steadfastly down at the printed sheet, while she stared fixedly at the book lying open in her lap. But he was as conscious of her slim dark-suited shoulder against his own as she was of that odd mixed scent—tweed and shaving soap and tobacco—that stung her nostrils faintly and took her back so far, so poignantly, to that old life with David. . . .

Impatiently, at one o'clock, John Pemberton waited at a corner table in the Divan. When he saw her coming, he sprang to his feet. Hungrily his eyes drank her in, slim and smart in her faultlessly tailored suit, with its white blouse, its close-fitting black hat, its relieving softness of silver fox. She looked young, he thought, but not too young; she was a mature woman who would understand, because she'd been through it all herself, the things he was going to say to her today.

When they were seated and lunch ordered, they faced each other over their Martinis. There was so much to be said between them; so much that, suddenly, there seemed no way of saying it. At last he leaned toward her, his eyes urgent.

"We have so little time," he said. "Let's not waste it, Norma."

"It isn't wasted, is it?"

"You know what I mean. There's so much I've got to make you understand, and so little time to do it in."

"Perhaps," she said softly, "I understand without your telling me."

But he shook his head. "Not all of it. The way I feel about you, perhaps, but not what gives me the right to feel that way."

SHE was silent, staring down at the tablecloth; he watched her closely, seeing the black fringe her lashes made along her cheek, the crisp gold-brownness of her hair, the round white column of her throat that beat now with a tiny rhythmic pulse. He waited tensely for her to speak.

"You really haven't the right, John," she said at last, her voice hesitant. "Not with Anne. After all, you did marry her."

"But can't you understand that, Norma? There were the children. After Mary died, they needed some one." And when she was still silent, "Oh, I know," he added. "It wasn't only the children. I needed some one, too. A man does, if only to hedge against loneliness."

"I know, John. I know," she said softly.

He looked at her, grateful for understanding, his eyes filled with the way he felt about her. "Why couldn't we have met two years ago?" he demanded bitterly. "Instead of now?"

"Two years ago," she answered, "I'd just lost David. I didn't think then I could ever feel—ever want—"

"What, Norma?"

But she looked away, unwilling to meet the ardent eagerness that looked at her out of his eyes. "I had so much with David. So much love and happiness and living. I thought, when he died, all that was finished. I'd had my share. I—closed the book."

He leaned forward then and took her hand; held it until she raised her eyes. "So did I," he said gravely. "I married—but still I closed the book. A nurse wasn't enough for Joan and Tommy after a while. They needed a home. I did, too. When I met Anne, she was kind and sweet, and somehow we seemed to matter to her. I admired her. I was—I always will be—fond of her. I thought this other—this tumult—was over for me. I didn't suppose I could feel again the way I felt about Mary. And then you came—"

"Then I came, and something terribly right became suddenly terribly wrong? How could it, John?"

He shrugged, frowning a little. "It's no good asking how or why. I don't know. I only know it's true." He was silent a moment; then his voice went on again, low and urgent: "We can't go on like this, Norma—meeting secretly, letting something fine and right turn into one of those things. We've got to come out in the open with it! I'll make Anne understand—I'll ask for a divorce." He stopped and waited, rigid, for her protest. When she was silent, " It isn't as if we were ever in love," he added —" Anne and I. There was never that. And it isn't as if she were the children's mother."

Still she was silent, shaking her head uncertainly, and John's voice took on an edge of impatience: " Look at me, Norma. We didn't ask for this thing, did we? It simply happened—to both of us. Why shouldn't we take it, then? Does the right to happiness stop when we drift into middle age? The second half of life can be long, too, my dear. As long as the first."

She shuddered a little. " Longer, perhaps. From forty on could be so terribly long! "

Quickly now, seeing her waver, he pressed on: " Anne will be no worse off than she was before. Certainly that was dull enough, living on nothing, keeping house for that aunt— She'll never have to do that again. I'll take care of her. I'll give her the house. I'll let her—that is, she can see the children whenever she wants. It isn't at all as if they were hers."

And so, at last, Norma stopped trying. She sighed a little, and looked at him, seeing the strong mouth drawn tight with effort, the fine eyes weary with wanting her. And looking at him, she felt her heart lift in complete surrender. She loved this man the way she had loved David; and loving him, she knew this would be right. The second half of life could hold as much as the first. . . .

Gently she put her hand in his. " Tell her soon, John. Tell her tonight."

THEY hadn't expected, when they parted after lunch, to come out that evening on the same train. But Norma missed her usual one, and they found themselves alighting together at the Hyegate station. A drizzling autumn rain fell softly, and through it the headlights of waiting cars wavered uncertainly, and the tooting of horns sounded vague and muffled, like distant foghorns. They stood together under the shelter, an odd constraint upon them suddenly.

Anne was late. After a moment, Norma said nervously, " Shall I give you a lift, John? Perhaps she couldn't make it."

He shook his head. " She'll be along. Something delayed her, I suppose. Don't wait, Norma. I'll call—tomorrow."

She got into her own car and drove home slowly. The rain on the windshield, and the slippery streets, made driving difficult; but she was in no hurry. Nothing awaited her at home but an excellent dinner, prepared by her excellent maid, to be eaten in solitude; and an endless evening to be got through somehow, trying to read while her mind pictured, over and over, the scene that might be taking place that moment between John and Anne.

At eight the phone rang. It couldn't be this soon, she thought, but ran to answer it, and heard Mrs. White, her neighbor, asking her over for a rubber of bridge. At nine Lucy Craig called, changing the engagement they had for Saturday. At eleven she thought, He hasn't told Anne. I won't hear tonight. But even as she thought it the phone rang again.

His voice came, low, leaden, over the wire: " Norma? "

" Yes, John. What is it? "

" Norma, I—I—"

" You're not alone? You can't talk? "

" I'm alone."

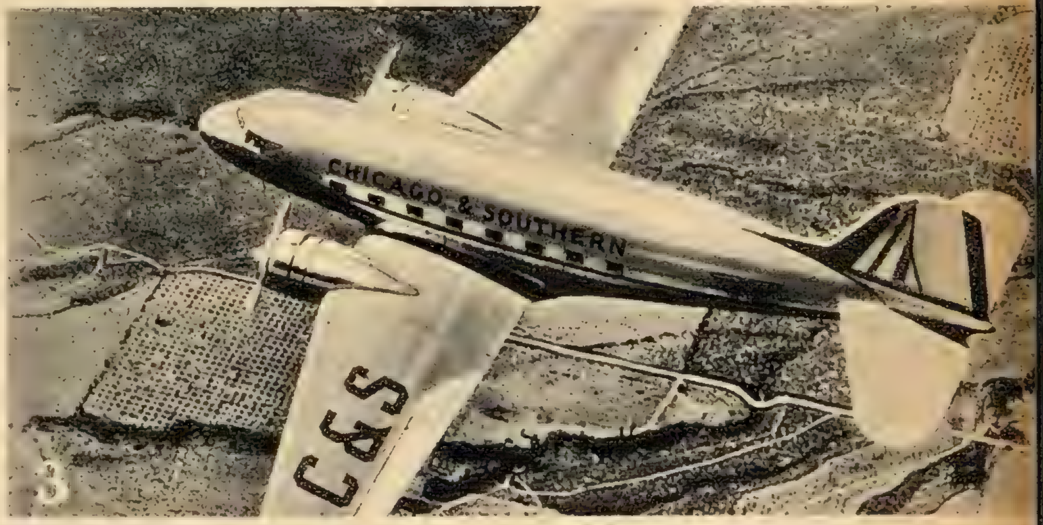
" Then you've told her? "

She waited tensely. He was taking so long. " Norma," he said, and the words came slowly, " Anne had an accident. On the way to the train."

Dully, without rising or falling, his voice went on almost as though he were reading a message. Anne had had to call for the children. The rain—she couldn't let them get drenched. So she was hurrying to the station to meet the train—driving too fast. The car had turned completely over. He'd been at the hospital all this time; he was still there. They'd had her upstairs, and he had waited, since there seemed nothing else he could do. No

Margaret Lindsey, featured in "The House of Seven Gables", a Universal picture, is a good subject for . . .

. . . the candid camera of Capt. Charles Quinn, pilot for Chicago and Southern Air Lines. Chicago and Southern's new fleet of . . .



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use in phoning until he found out. He said this much, and stopped.

"John," she said weakly, though she knew already, "John, she's not going to—"

"They haven't much hope. That's all they'll say. It's one chance in ten."

SHE didn't go down to her office next day. She waited restlessly until ten o'clock, phoned the hospital, received a noncommittal reply. Then she walked the half mile to John's house.

He wasn't there, and she was glad of that. But a nurse was efficiently in charge of the children, and there was nothing at all Norma could do. She waited until noon; then, since John might come home, she left. She didn't want to talk to him now. There was nothing she could say until—until it was over.

He didn't phone. The hospital reported Mrs. Pemberton "the same." For two days Norma stood it, and on the third she had to do something. So she bought flowers and went to the hospital.

She was leaving them at the reception desk when she heard her name called. Dr. Caldwell was beside her, looking at her gravely. "You're Mrs. Pemberton's cousin, I believe?"

Norma nodded, her throat tightening. "Is she—"

"She's a remarkable woman, Mrs. Gregory. She's no worse—and, in her condition, to be no worse is to be better. She's been asking for you. Would you care to see her?"

"If she's able to—"

"She's not in pain. And it seems to do her good to talk."

Norma held back. "If her husband's with her—"

"He's not, at the moment." He turned and led the way down the quiet corridor. "Your cousin may fool us all, Mrs. Gregory. It sometimes happens." Then he stopped before a half-open door. "In here," he said.

Norma pushed the door gently and tiptoed toward the bed. But Anne's eyes were wide open, and lighted with pleasure when she saw who it was. "Norma!" she said. "I was wondering if you'd come."

"I didn't think I could. John didn't tell me—"

"Poor John!" A smile came faintly to her lips. "He hasn't known what to think. None of them have, really."

Norma searched for something to say. "You're going to get well, Anne. You're—"

"You say that, but it's not what you think. It's the same with John. His eyes tell everything."

Nervously Norma fumbled for words. "You mustn't worry, Anne, my dear. You'll be all right."

"I'm not worrying. You see, I *knew*."

A stab of fear pricked Norma sharply. "You knew?"

"That I wouldn't die. That I *couldn't* die—when I wanted so terribly much to live. The doctors didn't understand. Even you don't understand."

"But of course I do, Anne. I—"

Anne shook her head. "No, you don't. You can't know what life means to me now, because you didn't know what it meant before. Those early years— I was so lonely, Norma. So hopelessly plain."

"You weren't plain—"

Anne smiled and went on: "You married, and the other girls married, and I was so lonely I could hardly bear it." She paused, and her eyes grew dark with remembering. But the next moment they lighted swiftly. "Do you know what kept me up, Norma? Shall I tell you?"

NORMA nodded, unable to find words.

"Believing that things would even up," Anne said simply. "I'd say to myself, 'I'll have it sometime. If you don't have it on the way up, you'll have it on the way down.'" She closed her eyes and sighed happily. "And it happened at last. John married me."

"Yes," Norma said softly; "John married you."

Anne opened her eyes, and they were shining and sure. "That's why I had to live, you see. I have happiness now—but I've had it such a little while. God wouldn't take it away so soon. No one could be as unfair as that!"

A gentle knock came at the door. The nurse stood there, smiling kindly. "Mr. Pemberton's here—"

Norma stood up. "I'll go," she said quickly.

"No, Norma, please. Stay and see John."

"I really must go." She reached for the hand that lay on the counterpane.

"You're crying, Norma! You mustn't, please. I'll be all right now."

Norma gave the hand a gentle squeeze. "Yes," she said gravely. "You'll be all right now."

John was waiting outside in the hall. They stood for a moment, their eyes clinging. "She's—doing fine, John," Norma said at last.

He nodded slowly. "I've seen Dr. Caldwell. She's going to make it." He watched her closely, and her glance wavered. "She talked to you, Norma?"

"Yes, she talked."

Again, helplessly, their eyes clung. "Then you understand?"

"I understand." She put out her hand. "Good-by, my dear."

He looked down briefly at her hand in his. Then he pressed it firmly and let it go. "Good-by," he said simply.

She went down the corridor without looking back, through the wide door, and down the steps. Her eyes were misty, but she was smiling, too. She was thinking of David; of their life together, their quota of joy. She had had so much those early years. She knew she must keep on remembering that.

THE END

Breakfast thrill!

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE constant improvement of moderately priced furniture has impressed me since I came from Europe, twelve years ago. Sound reproductions of antiques and good original designs are now within the economy of the many, whereas they used to be the extravagance of the few. *Here* is a democratic art trend I can understand! Wanting to know more about it, I sought a lady of authority, Jeanne Judson, writer and trade-paper editor. Miss Judson gave me the following news and comment:

Popular periods this year are English eighteenth century, French provincial, and modern. Average modern males do not look best against a Louis XV or Louis XVI background—too dainty—the furnishings, I mean, not the man. The Victorian craze is on the wane; the next fashion is likely to be the Adam style. . . . Every year Grand Rapids has four market shows of new furniture. The two Big Markets are held in July and January, the Little Markets in May and November. . . . If you go there, visit the furniture museum in the White Mansion—family home of the late mural painter, Gilbert White. . . . Red mahogany is returning to favor. Sycamore and the new Manila elm (color of Manila paper) is in demand for modern pieces. Cherry—as typically *colonial* as maple—is again being used. . . . Three of the designers of today whose names you should know are Helen Park, William Millington, and David Evans. . . . Seats of dining-room chairs must be at least fifteen inches deep, from front to back, for prandial comfort.

☆ This story won't tickle our ad department, but it's true, and I think it's funny. . . . A high-powered young advertising salesman of my acquaintance talked his head off for two years before he sold his girl the idea of marrying him. To his chagrin, he has now discovered that she will buy almost anything offered by house-to-house peddlers—sets of books, trick radio gadgets, vacuum-cleaner attachments, whacky vegetable peelers—she falls for them all!

☆ Last week I wrote about a game to test your sensitivity of touch. This week I've got a *smell* game. It was introduced to me at the home of a chemistry professor. He carried around twelve little plain glass bottles on a tray; challenged us to sniff each open bottle and guess the contents. Our highest score was five. In the bottles were white wine, skin freshener, chicken broth, collodion, mineral oil, cough medicine, glue, witch hazel, gin, menthol, gasoline, and water. *Nobody* guessed the water! You can play this game with any different liquids.

☆ For a really swell dinner, few dishes equal the elegant appearance and flavor of *Entrecôte Surprise* as served at the French city of Lyons, gourmet capital of the world. To begin with, the *entrecôte* is a juicy tenderloin steak. It arrives on the table wrapped in golden brown piecrust, succulently stuffed with mushrooms, eggs, and ham. . . . Order a tenderloin cut 1 inch thick. Pound flat; trim neatly; brush with olive oil; sear quickly on both sides. To make the stuffing, combine 6 mushrooms, 2 slices ham, 1 slice cold veal, 3 yolks hard-boiled eggs, all minced fine; add 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese, dash of nutmeg, pepper and salt. Prepare a rich piecrust, roll out thin. Put half the stuffing on the steak; roll up steak and lay on pie dough; spread rest of stuffing on outside of rolled-up meat. Now roll the steak up in the dough; seal well; brush with egg yolk; place in buttered pan and bake 25 minutes in fairly hot oven. Serve piping hot accompanied by mushroom sauce and a green vegetable.

MEN'S
TIES
50¢
EAT
SWAN

"See anything that attracts your eye, Henry?"

☆ At a huge New York cocktail party given by Colonel William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan who commanded Manhattan's Fighting 69th Regiment during the World War, I met a veteran officer from a small Southern town. He's a distinguished soldier, with medals for bravery in action. Told me he adores New York. I asked why. "Well, ma'am," he drawled, "for one reason, because up here I can eat ice-cream cones on the street. I buy 'em in a Woolworth store; walk right out eating 'em; and nobody cares or stares. Down home I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be dignified. Folks would talk."

☆ Do you *know* your diamonds—if any? J. Willard Hershey tells all about them, both real and synthetic, in his The Book of Diamonds. (The Hearthside Press.)

☆ Insomnia letter from a Washington lady who asks me not to divulge her name because of political connections: "My grandfather," she writes, "was an authority on international law, closely associated with the State Department here. Part of his law library has been handed down to me, and I find it invaluable when I can't sleep nights. My favorite soporific is the text of the first treaty between the United States and Persia. Every time, without fail, its flowery language wafts me off to dreamland long before I've finished reading it. Try an old legal tome the next time slumber evades you."

I certainly will!

HOLLYWOOD'S *Colossal* CRISIS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A witty observer ponders the movie staircase and wonders if the public is tiring of the "stupendous"

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

THE center of the home used to be the hearth, but in a Hollywood film it's the staircase. For thousands of years the emotions of mankind have surged to the defense of the ancestral fireplace. But let our movies work on us for another decade, and we may be ready to die for a flight of steps.

Not, of course, for an ordinary flight. The Hollywood staircase is an original creation, unknown before our time and not yet accepted in the practice of architecture. It is an ideal, one of the few which the pictures have articulated for us. From it we learn certain directions in which our soul yearns. If we wish to know where the movies are going, and where we are going, we should study the staircase.

Oddly enough, it occurs as often in domestic dramas as in elaborate spectacles, but it varies little in shape or dimensions. It is always gigantic. You observe at once that it is abnormally long, suggesting a distance of fifty or sixty feet between floor and ceiling. When the camera angle is favorable you realize there is enough breadth for two characters to face each other on a single tread, even to back off a distance if they are angry.

Usually the Hollywood staircase curves around a circular hall. The advantage of this design is that it suggests an amiable disregard of expense even without raising the ceiling to an incredible height. Sometimes the hall is square, in which case the stairs go up straight or must bend at sharp angles.

Straight stairs must be higher than the circular kind, and bent stairs must be higher still, so that persons on the lower floor will seem far distant when you look down from the midway landing.

It is strange that these heaven-scaling ladders should be invented in a district which fears earthquakes and builds its houses so low that often they have no stairs at all. It is stranger still that the picture people overlook the relation of a staircase to the rest of the house. To match that staircase the house must be as big as a Capitol.

In Hollywood I have gathered various explanations of the Hollywood staircase from persons who ought to know. In general, these experts are nervous and prefer not to be named. They realize, perhaps, that the staircase is a symbol of something, and also that the symbol is silly and what it stands for is disconcerting. But I don't put all the burden of the staircase on the picture makers. The public taste is partly responsible. The film planners in Hollywood are conducting a business, and they would not emphasize the " colossal " note if they didn't know the consumers wanted it. The public taste, however, may be changing. In Hollywood there begin to be two opinions about the gigantic staircase. The success of some excellent American pictures which were not wastefully expensive, and the growing vogue of the best French importations, economically produced, give occasion for thought. Hollywood is at a crossroads. We who support the movies should help Hollywood to make up its mind.

The crisis is defined clearly in the production of Gone with the Wind. This supercolossal experiment will determine whether from now on our pictures shall be bigger and perhaps not always better, or whether our screen entertainment will turn toward drama rather than spectacle, toward drama of a quality to interest grown-up minds and toward methods of production which are at once more artistic and less costly. The immediate question for the makers of Gone with the Wind is whether they will get their money back. The question for you and me is whether such a picture is worth four hours of our lives.

Shortly we shall have another test on a large scale. It is announced in the public press that Walt Disney's brilliant experiments with famous music, about which I wrote in Liberty some months ago, will be released in a composite film called Fantasia, to occupy three hours or more. The music for which the Disney sketches interpret was recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the various pieces taken together would make an admirable program for a symphonic concert.

When I talked with Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski, however, I either wasn't told or I didn't grasp the startling plan to run off all the pieces together as a single film; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, I supposed, would make an important release all by itself. But if it's true that the composite film will last more than three hours, then it's longer than most symphonic programs, and, like Gone with the Wind, it will seem even longer than it is.

My admiration for Walt Disney's art is so great that I grieve even at the suspicion that he may surrender to the same vein of megalomania in us which has produced nearly four hours of Gone with the Wind, and which previously invented that portent known as the Hollywood staircase.

Having seen some of the preliminary sketches for the Disney-Stokowski program, I have at least this comfort, that Fantasia will be merely a " colossal " film, not supercolossal like Gone with the Wind. I don't remember in any of the musical interpretations a staircase of any importance, and where the Hollywood staircase is absent there is opportunity for reason and restraint.

But once the staircase gets in, restraint is abandoned. The supercolossal picture can always be identified by this trait—that it contains more than one of everything. In Gone with the Wind there are several Hollywood staircases, and under their influence, as I think, the plot duplicates itself. It is not enough to have one Little Eva die. Every fifteen minutes or so the characters are in mourning again. All this is quite apart from the Civil War, which in comparison with the domestic goings-on is the cheerful episode of the film.

The number of funerals is almost equaled by Scarlett O'Hara's weddings to men she doesn't like. Her talent for disliking men in quantity amounts to genius. The picture here follows faithfully the portrait of her in the novel, but we are forced to realize it more acutely on the screen. If the patterns of her conduct repeat themselves, so much the better for the supercolossal purposes.

Though Scarlett is a child of the polite South, she has a practiced skill in hitting people in the face. If she lost her temper only once we could find an excuse for her, but the influence of the Hollywood staircase is present and she must lose her temper in a big way. If I counted correctly she lands a swift right to the jaw on her devoted colored maid, on Rhett Butler, and on three of her female relatives—five in all. I call her skill practiced because she never misses, she never telegraphs her punches, and no one has time to dodge.

The staircases in the picture are doubly startling because the advance advertising led us to believe we should see faithful reproductions of the historical past. Before the film was released I learned in Hollywood that experts from Georgia were present to insure accuracy even in architectural details. Far be it from me to imply that the experts didn't succeed. On my visit to Georgia I must have seen the wrong houses. But again, looking around for comfort, I notice that students of architecture have apparently made the same mistake. According to them, even in the large plantation houses of old Georgia a twenty-foot ceiling would have been very high indeed. If, therefore, the architectural scale of staircase and rooms, as reported in Gone with the Wind, is correct, the architects have misled us. The mansion which Rhett Butler built for Scarlett after the war was probably cramped a bit by hard times, and therefore seems only a little larger than Versailles.

But the stairs aren't cramped. On them is played much of the domestic drama and even a bit of the Civil War. Melanie's baby isn't born on a staircase, but Scarlett's hysterical provisions for the event are arranged there, on the landing—one of the most athletic scenes in the picture, and one of the noisiest. On another stair landing Rhett and Scarlett meet when he returns from London. There's quite an argument, as you remember, which they might have postponed if either had attached value to privacy, but they do justice to each other right out in the open, on a landing midway between floors. Having somewhat the worst of the argument, Scarlett plunges headlong. You realize how sizable the whole flight must be as you count the number of somersaults she turns before she hits the bottom.

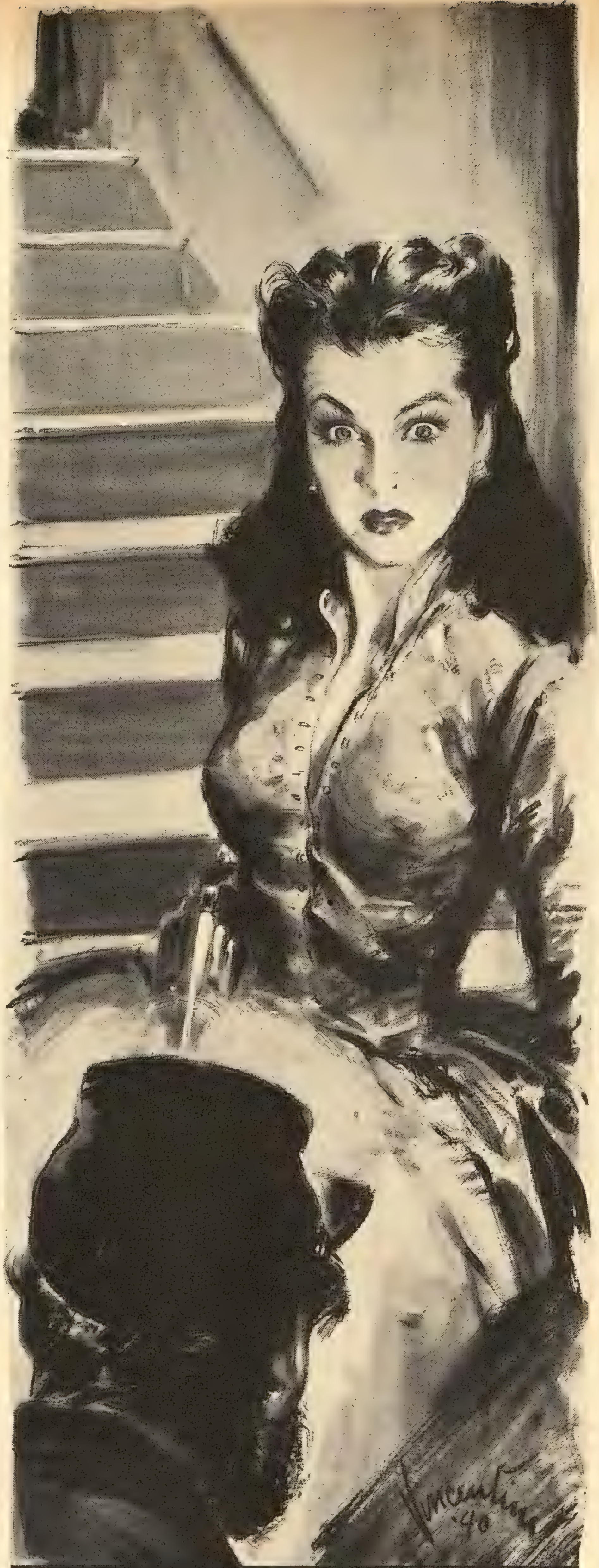
On an earlier staircase Scarlett shoots the Union straggler who enters the house for general purposes of burglary and rape. I'm not quite clear why the marauder brings his booty to the foot of the stairs, but it's fortunate he does so, for in this position he can see Scarlett as she comes down to investigate him with a pistol, and all he has to do is to climb a few steps and be killed.

I have spoken at such length of the repetitions in Gone with the Wind only because I sincerely believe the Hollywood staircase is responsible. It is time, however, that I said also that those whom I consulted in Hollywood, though they admit that the Hollywood staircase is in a vague sense symbolical, do not agree altogether with my interpretation of it. My questions were put off, for example, by the reminder that on the stage as much as on the screen the dramatist, the director, and the actor are grateful for a staircase, because stairs are always dramatic. If staircases rarely occur on the stage, it's because they are awkward to cart around on tour.

This answer, I submit, is an evasion. Staircases are not dramatic, but what happens on them may be. There is an element of drama wherever people stir, and on a staircase in real life they keep moving. It would be just as dramatic if they moved on a level area, though they might not move so steadily nor put so much muscle into it. The stage staircase also, it is fair to add, provides impressive exits and entrances, for once a character starts up or down he must complete the journey.

On the Hollywood staircase, however, the actor feels no compulsion to keep going; he will stop any time and stage a scene. In a sense, this is dangerous for the supercolossal picture, because even a slight dose of drama will neutralize any amount of spectacle; you can look at a spectacle objectively, but drama is always intimate and personal, even when it occurs on a staircase. In the first encounters of Rhett and Scarlett you are too much interested to notice the setting, but halfway through the night, by the time Rhett returns from London, you can guess what they'll say, and are therefore free to admire the dimensions of the stairs.

I asked Cedric Gibbons what is the origin and what the meaning of the Hollywood staircase. Mr. Gibbons ought to know. He's the head of the art department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and probably has a number of staircases on his conscience. He has practiced architecture, and he has been a painter. An artist to his fingertips



Staircases are not dramatic, but what happens on them may be.

and one of the most charming of men, he is all the more interesting because he employs his sense of humor as a screen between himself and a queer world including questioners like me.

"We'll take the meaning first," he said. "The Hollywood staircase means that father is rich. I refer to the male parent of either the hero or the heroine. It also follows in the order of nature that the other father must be poor. If the boy lives in a big house, the girl lives in a hall bedroom—or vice versa. Let us suppose the plot starts at the bottom, building up gradually. The first scene shows the hall bedroom. That establishes the poor girl. Now you want to show that the boy is rich. Nothing could be easier. He opens the door of his father's house, and the audience sees the staircase. They reason correctly that any man who can afford a Hollywood staircase must be a supermillionaire. You're silly to make the point that the staircase has no relation to the rest of the building. Of course it hasn't! Its one relation is to the family bank account."

"If that's the meaning," said I, "what's the origin? How did you invent those staircases?"

"They grew," said he, "with the philosophic depth of Hollywood plots. But their presence in a story now is sometimes a sign of thrift. In even the most carefully planned picture certain things may be thought of only at the last moment. The scenery, for example. Suppose I learn toward the end of the afternoon that a set must be prepared or assembled by eight o'clock the next morning. What can I do? I use whatever is handy. The scene is laid in a bungalow with an air chamber or attic, and at one point in the action the heroine visits the attic. She will need something to get there on. All we have at the moment is what you call a Hollywood staircase. It's a little large for the usual bungalow, but why tie ourselves down to a convention?"

AS I listened to Mr. Gibbons in his office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, I could understand the practical problems which he and all other art directors in Hollywood have to meet. The large room was lined with shelves of architectural books containing, we may be sure, the last word in beauty and efficiency. But every hour of the day he is called upon for compromise, most of it unavoidable. The authors of each separate film, no doubt, have excellent ideas for the scenery which should go with their story, but many of these ideas come to the art director at the last moment, to be satisfied, above everything else, with speed. If any possible scenery is ready, there will be a thousand pressures on the art director to make use of it. Knowing well the condition of his budget, he must be content to do what he can.

But under his humorous manner Mr. Gibbons was, I think, implying certain ideas which are very important for an understanding of pictures as they are now, and for a guess as to what they may become.

There is also no very cogent reason why films should not equip bungalows or small houses with giant staircases so long as the audience is satisfied. Moving pictures offer so large an opportunity for fancy that we'd be foolish indeed if we approved nothing that wasn't strictly realistic. But the question becomes somewhat narrowed and special when the picture deals with an historical subject. It is one thing to deal with scenery imaginatively or fancifully in an historical novel; it's quite another matter to take unnecessary liberties with history in an historical film—at least in films which deal with a period of history which still to some extent can be checked up.

WHEN Margaret Mitchell wrote Gone with the Wind, she had the novelist's privilege of portraying Civil War Georgia as it rests in the public mind today. For Americans above as well as below the Mason-Dixon Line, the Old South has become an idealized world of romance. It is so described in the caption which introduces the picture. We people this world with brilliant, chivalrous men, with beautiful and vivacious women, with happy and loyal servants. A novel can set for us such an atmosphere and keep it unbroken, even though the men, perhaps the most interesting of them, are not particularly chivalrous, and the heroine certainly is not gracious nor courteous.

But on the screen, where we see the characters in action, it is much harder to interpret as romance conduct which isn't romantic. Immediately after the prefatory caption, the picture Gone with the Wind shows us Scarlett and two young men, and neither she nor her admirers in that opening scene justify the legend of the Old South.

When we come to the matter of scenery the case is even clearer, because even though but a small proportion of the audience may have visited in person the scenes described, there is a good chance that the newsreel has by this time made us familiar with any important place in which an historical tale is likely to be set. An increasing number of the picture audience will probably be disturbed by a fanciful treatment of what still exists. Great as was the destruction which Sherman's army wrought, a large number of the old houses still stand. Many of the famous estates throughout the South have been faithfully and lovingly restored, and their architectural details have been studied, imitated, and reproduced.

To inject the Hollywood staircase, therefore, into a picture dealing with this inheritance is to risk the protests and the gibes of those who care for the real Old South, and to provoke a skepticism about the story as a whole which would not be provoked if the architecture shown in the picture had a reasonable resemblance to the actual houses of the time.

But there would be no point in quarreling with the Hollywood staircase merely as a staircase. It is important because of what it symbolizes. Any form of megalomania in the end becomes ridiculous. Architectural megalomania in Hollywood scenery takes other forms than staircases. In Gone with the Wind, the private rooms are on such a scale that some of the shots show vast distances, and when characters move from one room to another they take quite a walk.

We are accustomed to such vistas in those foreign films which undertake to portrary actual palaces. The movie public is now pretty familiar with the ballroom scene in Meyerling, and with the comparable scene—is it perhaps the same set?—in Katia. But in these two pictures, though the story is set in a palace, there are no Hollywood staircases. In palaces, it seems, stairs are used only to go up or down. They do not dominate the story, and the action does not take place on them. In other words, the representation of the palaces is realistic, and the staircase is no larger than life.

What the Hollywood staircase symbolizes is, I believe, not only an admiration for mere size, which, however childish, may be one of our actual traits, but an admiration also of that lavishness which is identical with waste. What it means to the pictures economically does not concern us here. What it means psychologically concerns us very closely indeed.

IN the Old World it used to be said that stories about dukes and duchesses, about the idle leisure class in so-called high life, had their biggest audience among servants. In the New World now stories of a parallel kind have their vogue among the patrons of the Hollywood film. We may pretend to resent the wide difference between the rich and the poor, especially if we are poor. But our pleasure in the Hollywood staircase betrays our unconscious self; give us half a chance and we'd outdo the spendthrifts.

Hollywood understands us, perhaps, better than it gets credit for. That is why we have pictures of night clubs. That is why the hero and heroine so frequently meet in presumably expensive restaurants. That is why their costumes are so absurdly perfect. And that is why the staircase swells until it dominates the house.

The emphasis on lavish size, on the theme of waste, was made clear in the advance advertising of Gone with the Wind. Here again I submit something for psychologists to consider. We shall not often see advertising so successful or so adroitly aimed at the desired object. We were reminded frequently that the picture had taken a very long time to do. If the time had been devoted entirely to perfecting the film, the delay would hardly come under the head of waste. It may indeed be that the years since the story was purchased for the film have been spent in a search for perfection, but that is not the point which the advertising played up. Are we moviegoers fascinated by a search for perfection? What the advertising told us was that the film had several different starts, that several dramatists worked on the script, that several directors took a hand, that nearly half a million feet of film were shot, and what we at last see is a selection of whatever came out best.

Countries which have no money to waste plan even their long films very carefully in advance. Two years would not be too much time for the preparation of complete blueprints, as it were, of a Gone with the Wind. Of course there would have to be some retakes to remedy inevitable slips and errors, but to take many shots in order to get one good one—or, to put it another way, not to know in advance which particular shot would be best for your purpose—is a collapse of artistic intelligence. Hollywood publicity would not boast of it if we were not supposed to like it. The wasted footage gives us precisely the same pleasure as the superfluous steps and the fantastic staircase.

We were told also that fourteen hundred candidates were interviewed for the part of Scarlett, and ninety received actual tests. "Unknowns as well as screen favorites were tried out in the role." If it had not been thought that we should approve of this generous groping, we should not have been told about it. The time spent in the interviewing of the fourteen hundred cost money—how much, we can only guess. That there were fourteen hundred young girls with adequate screen experience or training, I do not believe. They were rejected, and the actress was found at last by accident.

WHILE I have been trying to learn in recent months what present tendencies in Hollywood pictures mean, I have been forced, like many others, to make a comparison between the *best* Hollywood pictures and the *best* of the French. Just now the comparison is acute, because French pictures are coming over in considerable number, and of all foreign films they probably are the least like Hollywood's. To be sure, when a French picture is bad, it surpasses Hollywood in that direction too, but at their best the French pictures are made for an audience which enjoys seeing life as it is, and which appreciates that economy and concentration of effort which makes for good art as well as for good business.

I suppose the French audience will see Gone with the Wind sooner or later, in its present or in a shorter form. My guess is that what they'll like least will be Scarlett's habit of landing her fist on the nearest face. In France it is a very serious lapse of decency to strike any one. You may be excused if you run off with a man's wife, but not if you hit him.

But they've seen a Hollywood staircase before and are fairly used to the shock. It amuses them as an insanity to which we evidently attach importance and they don't.

THE END

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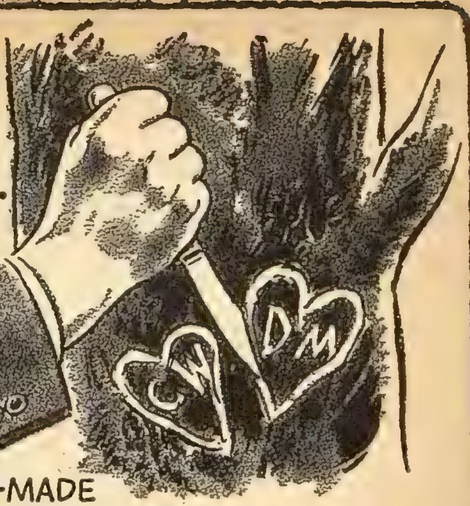

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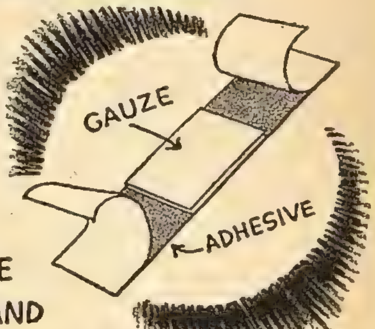

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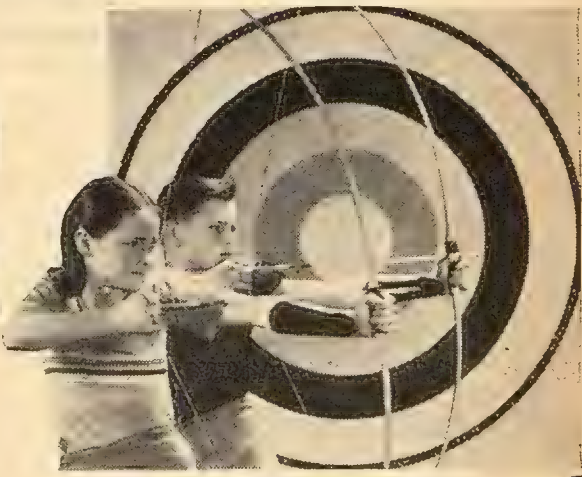

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TWO on the Beach

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY DESIDERIO PARREÑO

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SINCE it was already September, since Labor Day had come and gone, they had the beach almost to themselves. But it was a lovely afternoon. Bright, warm, zestful.

They sat panting on the beach because, after their dip, she had run out of the surf, crying, "Last one back to the phonograph's a sissy!" He'd been first, but he'd nearly burst his lungs getting there. He'd been waiting for her when she arrived, and he'd caught her by the elbows roughly and said, laughing, "You little fool!"

They'd stood there for a moment looking into each other's flushed faces, then, slowly, had sunk down into the sand. Their lips had been very close, but he hadn't kissed her.

Instead, he asked now, "Why did you come here?"

Her blue eyes shone. "Because I wanted to. I was young here, just as you were. You don't own this place."

She asked for the bottle of olive oil and anointed her face and her limbs. Then she stretched herself flat on her back and, closing her eyes, lay placid in the sunshine.

Looking at her, he could see that she hadn't changed. She looked exactly like the Babs of five years ago. Like the girl he had fallen in love with that wonderful summer when he was a senior at college and she a stage-struck sophomore who was thrilled because the Bethany Players were letting her handle bit parts in their tumbledown playhouse on the pier.

The mouth was the same—soft, curved, like a flower; the forehead was the same—high, full of character; the cheekbones were the same, and the curve of the neck, and the set of the shoulders. And yet, hell and damnation! *She* wasn't the same.

She couldn't be. She had been Babs McVoy then; the girl who lived next door; old Mrs. McVoy's orphaned granddaughter whom he'd played with every summer since he was ten, whose pigtails he once had pulled. And now she was the great Barbara Voy. A star. America's Heartthrob. She was the Barbara Voy who'd gone to Hollywood and, being seen, had conquered. Who drew in five grand a week. Who'd just been voted the year's No. 1 personality.

He dug his toes fiercely into the hot dry sand. Why, oh, why had this had to happen to *him?* You fall in love with a girl. You make a blueprint for your life—your lives. You say: "There's marriage; there's living happily ever after." Then, suddenly, she turns into some one else. Some one in another planet: too big for the blueprint you've drawn. And if you change the blueprint, what? You're dwarfed; you're made ridiculous. Ridiculous in her eyes. It's no go either way.

She stirred beside him on the sand.

"Jeff," she said. "Did you hate my coming? Do you hate it now?"

"You must know I couldn't hate anything you ever did."

She sat up, leaning on her elbow.

"Darling, that's very sweet of you. The words are sweet. But your actions don't suit them."

"Good heavens, Babs, we went over all that two years ago. I thought we decided then."

"You mean you decided."

"All right. Have it your way. I decided."

"Look," she said. There was a liner way out on the cobalt-blue sea. "Do you remember," she asked, "when we used to look at them together and plan how we'd go to Europe some day? You wanted to see London. Well, I saw it last year. It isn't much, darling. Not when you see it alone. . . . And do you remember the night the Rio Plata burned right out there, and we saw it? And the time— Darling, that's why I came back. Not to pester you. But because I remembered things; because I wanted to remember. I didn't know you'd be here. Honestly. How was I to know you'd take your vacation after Labor Day? I just wanted to come back where I'd been happy once."

He didn't answer her, because he couldn't. If he spoke now, he'd be sorry later. He'd say things he had no right saying. He couldn't speak while she was looking so beautiful, while her eyes were shining like that.

Slowly the light in them faded.

"I'm going to try to take a nap. Wake me up before five. My train's at eight. Will you take dinner with me? It's been a nice week. For me, anyway. Now that it's finished, I'd like you to give me a royal send-off. We'll drink wine. We'll go to Scopa's."

Oh, it was awful, he thought. Farewell. Send-off. Finished. It had to be finished. It *was* finished.

She was so lovely on the sand. Flowerlike. Fragile. She looked childlike and helpless and lovely. Yet she was Barbara Voy. The great Barbara Voy. And he was poor Jeff Halsey, making forty-five a week in an advertising office. It was no go. It couldn't be.

Suddenly she started sobbing. She was pounding passionately on the sand with her doubled-up fist. "You're proud," she sobbed. "You're stubborn. You're so stubborn only a mule could love you. . . ."

He was stunned. She was fond of him, yes, and sorry for him. But that she'd weep for him! He'd never have dreamed it.

He moved close to her, lying on the sand. He put his arm around her.

"Oh, my darling! My poor darling!"

"You could have come to Hollywood. You could have found a job there. Made good. Not because of my influence. Because of yourself. You could write copy for trailers. Do publicity. Instead of fighting me, you could have helped me. You know only your pride—"

"Darling," he said. "Darling."

"You could have come. You could have behaved decently. Taken care of—"

"Of my wife," he said, saying the word for her, saying it proudly, proud that he could say it.

He was glad now that he had married her. He was glad that they had never been divorced, that they had only separated.

"Oh, I'll come," he said. "I'll come. I've been a fool. A coward!"

She buried her face in the hollow between his neck and his shoulder. She wept. But her tears now were happy tears.

"Crybaby," he said, stroking her hair. "Little crybaby."

He picked her up in his arms. He was surprised at how weightless she was, like a feather.

"Last one back to the clubhouse is a sissy," he said. And he started to run with his wife in his arms.

THE END

TROUBLE'S WHERE YOU FIND IT

The movies depict a variety of plights, hilarious, tragic, bizarre, in a trio of three-star pictures

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas, Harry Davenport, Dorothy Peterson, Melville Cooper, Edgar Buchanan, Tom Dugan. Screen play by Claude Binyon, based on a play by W. Somerset Maugham. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 80 minutes.

ANOTHER fast, highly amusing farce, of a young wife who suddenly finds herself with two husbands. The reckless young William Cardew of the publishing firm of Lowndes & Cardew has disappeared at sea a year before on a wild adventure expedition. Giving him up for dead, his wife has married his partner and best friend, Henry Lowndes. Then Cardew, fresh from an enforced stay on a faraway island, turns up. What to do? Pretty Vicky, who has been neglected by both her husbands, one for play and the other for business, suddenly finds herself being madly courted by the two men. Vicky admits it's nice; can't make up her mind which she wants.

There you have the basis for a wild farce, particularly with Jean Arthur, never better, as Vicky, Melvyn Douglas as conservative Husband No. 2, and Fred MacMurray as reckless Domestic Appendage No. 1. Director Wesley Ruggles keeps the affair in a fantastic, hilarious mood.

MacMurray, Arthur, and Douglas, engaging trio of Too Many Husbands.

VITAL STATISTICS: They say two endings were made—one with Vicky getting Melvyn, the other with Fred the lucky man—that the endings were tried out at previews, and that a vote decided upon— But you'll have to see for yourself. . . . In the first eight days of the filming, MacMurray kissed Jean Arthur 700 times. And they call it work! . . . Harry Davenport, playing Vicky's baffled dad, celebrated his 74th birthday during the making of the film. Stage debut in 1871 at age of five in Damon and Pythias. . . . Wes Ruggles and scenarist Claude Binyon constitute one of those successful Hollywood teams. Then there's Frank Capra and Bob Riskin, John Ford and Dudley Nichols, Howard Hawks and Jules Furthman. Director Wes Ruggles is a brother of Charlie, the actor. Followed Charlie to the stage as a career; in 1914 he joined up with the Mack Sennett forces. Became a Keystone Kop. Then turned to making comedies. . . . Fred MacMurray drifted to Los Angeles after the University of Wisconsin, was a saxophonist in the pit of a movie house, joined the California Collegians in 1929. Played the sax and sang. Collegians were signed for a Broadway show, Three's a Crowd, and Fred warbled a number and understudied the leading man. Easy going after that. . . . Sam Harwick, Columbia chief of construction, built a special spongelike padding into floor and walls to take care of falls in the clash interlude between husbands. Guaranteed shock-absorbing.

★ ★ ★ STRANGE CARGO

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Ian Hunter, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, Eduardo Ciannelli, John Arledge, Frederic Worlock, Bernard Nedell, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Lawrence Hazard, based on Richard Sale's novel, Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 113 minutes.

VIOLENT melodrama, of nine sinister men who escape from a tropical prison off the South American coast, fight their way through the jungle and, joined by a dance-hall girl, make off for the mainland and freedom in a little sloop. Death strikes fast and furiously; only four reach their haven. But to these four has come something besides freedom. Under the curious influence of a mysterious convict, they find regeneration according to their lights. Then the strange bringer of peace disappears into the tropical shadows.

The drama grows out of the men's battle for the smiles of the cheap cynical little entertainer Julie, superbly and realistically done by Joan Crawford. There's Clark Gable as a handsome iconoclast who believes only in force, there's Ian Hunter as the bearer of good will, there's Albert Dekker as a cockney safe-cracker gorilla, and there's Paul Lukas as a suave gent who has specialized in marrying money and burying the bodies in the back yard.

It's Miss Crawford's best performance in a long time, but I give Mr. Hunter the shade for keeping the mythical messenger of sweetness and light from becoming unbearable. The film is too long, but the picture, with its hungry, thirsty, murderous cargo afloat in an open boat, has punch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joan Crawford's wardrobe for The Women was valued at $40,000; for this it totaled $13.89. Biggest item: $3.95 for a cotton print dress. . . . Swamp scenes were shot in Woodland Park at Pico, California, jungle and beach scenes at Pismo Beach. Dr. William Beebe gave his approval to the imitation tropical jungle. That python was real—with a rubber band wound around its jaws. . . . The fight in the water, Gable vs. 235-pound Albert Dekker, took two days to film, lasts two minutes on the screen. It was shot off the beach half a mile south of Pismo. And was the water cold! . . . So that no nationality would be offended, fantastic names were created for the prison and surrounding territory. . . . Betty Compson, once a star, plays Joan's fellow café entertainer. Sometime, says Betty, past forty now, I'd like to play a lady. Hasn't yet in all her celluloid career. . . . The Hollywood News Photographers Association for the second consecutive year has voted Joan the " most co-operative star of the year." Bette Davis was runner-up. Joan was given a solid silver cigarette box engraved with her name.

★ ★ ★ DR. CYCLOPS

THE PLAYERS: Albert Dekker, Janice Logan, Thomas Coley, Charles Halton, Victor Kilian, Frank Yaconelli. Screen play by Tom Kilpatrick. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 70 minutes.

ONE of those trick films, produced by Ernest Schoedsack, the man who helped King Kong climb the Empire State Building. Deep in the Peruvian jungle a giant mad biologist is at work on strange experiments. He summons another biologist and his pretty assistant to aid him—and suddenly jams them in a lead-lined room, along with their young aide, their mule driver, and a native; turns on a mysterious electric current. In no time at all the five are reduced to one fifth their normal size. From that point on it's a battle for life for the tiny folk against the insane inventor

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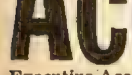

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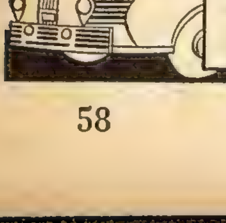


Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents nausea when bus traveling. Recommended for adults and children.

of the reducing machine. They climb up and down chairs, escape through a hole under the door, struggle for existence against a murderous black cat, finally contrive to defeat the half-blind maniac.

Bizarre, fantastic stuff this, told in technicolor, none too well acted save by Albert Dekker as the diabolical Dr. Cyclops.

This all depends upon your taste for trick photography.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ernest Schoedsack is the man who made Grass (in Turkestan), Chang (in Burma), and King Kong (in Hollywood). Hails from Council Bluffs, Iowa; after years of wandering became a cameraman on the old Mack Sennett lot. Schoedsack is quite a character. Tallest director in Hollywood, occupied smallest office, has weakness for animals and settings, considers them more important than the actors. Spent days preparing black cat, hens, and alligators for their roles. Has a cat in every one of his pictures. . . . Albert Dekker is just emerging from the Hollywood shadows. Born in New York, dad an army colonel. Went to Bowdoin. Varsity tackle for three years, twice All-Maine tackle. Became an actor in Theater Guild production of Marco's Millions. Played in R. U. R., had the role later done by Jack Barrymore in original stage version of Grand Hotel. Dekker had to shave his head twice a day to keep in character. . . . Original idea of this was conceived by Schoedsack. He sketched every scene in advance and put it into a blueprint. Slide rule used continuously in preparation of sets after people were "reduced." Giant sets done to scale of people fourteen inches high.

★ ★ ½ THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH

THE PLAYERS: Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell, Dennis Morgan, Alan Hale, Virginia Grey, Irene Hervey, William Lundigan, Frank Jenks, Henry Armetta, Morgan Conway, Alec Craig, J. M. Kerrigan, Cliff Clark, William Davidson, Joe King. Screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 100 minutes.

THOMAS MITCHELL again demonstrates his abilities as a character actor. Here he's a stubborn argumentative Irish cop with three attractive daughters. He is retired after twenty-five years' service, runs for office as an alderman, discovers that the unsavory element in his district is backing his election. So he announces his withdrawal from the race. But what does the district do? You'll have to see the film to find out, if you can't guess.

The simple comedy melodrama is almost entirely in Mitchell's hands. There's Alan Hale as a violent belligerent Irish friend with trick explosive cigars.

Mildly pleasant, far too long.

VITAL STATISTICS: Thomas Mitchell got one of this year's Oscars—one of the Academy awards—for his performance of the dipsomaniac in Stagecoach. Did good work, too, as Gerald O'Hara in Gone with the Wind. Born in 1895 in Elizabeth, New Jersey, dad a newspaperman. Tom, too, worked in city rooms in Newark, Washington, and Baltimore, turned to acting. Has tried writing plays, too. . . . Alan Hale eternally is putting his money in inventions—and losing it. Now, however, he's in on one that is paying returns, a push-back theater seat that a lot of new amusement places are installing. . . . Dennis Morgan is one of those actors who originally was brought to Hollywood on account of his singing voice. And he's never been allowed to sing! Metro had him under contract as a spare, in case anything went wrong with both Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones. Dennis was ready to quit and return to Broadway when the Warners grabbed him.

Short review:

★ ★ **LITTLE ORVIE** (RKO Radio). Booth Tarkington's yarn of the boy who wanted to own a dog. Slender and slow, with John Sheffield, lately the little tree climber of Tarzan Finds a Son, as the youngster. (66 minutes.)

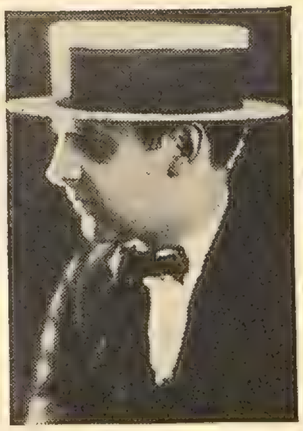
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came.

★★★½—The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage.

★★★—Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable. The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary.

20 QUESTIONS



1—Broadway has known him for years, but not always in his present role. When this picture was taken he was a hoofer, and before that you may have seen him as a member of Gus Edwards' troupe of child actors. Now he broadcasts the lowdown on the street of theaters via a daily column and the radio. Who is he?

2—Who was Rikki-tikki-tavi and in what book did he make his appearance?

3—Is seigniorage the territory of a seignior, the difference between the circulating value of a coin and the cost of bullion and minting, or the right of feudal superiority?

4—What common garden flower was named for Paian, god of healing?

5—Was John Cabot, the explorer, an Englishman, a Venetian, or a Dutchman?

6—What popular game gets its name from the estate of the Duke of Beaufort?

7—Who was the first member of the Negro race to receive the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences?

8—In the Kentucky Derby are the horses all two-year-olds, three-year-olds, or three years and up?

9—What opera, composed by himself, and a classic during his lifetime, was recently conducted by Pietro Mascagni?

10—How long has it been since the United States has had a Democratic administration for more than eight consecutive years?

11—Where are two colleges called Dartmouth located?

12—Is a doch-an-dorrach a toast, a kind of beer, or a parting drink?

13—When a man is said to be from "down under," what places may he hail from?

14—How many original articles are there in the Constitution of the United States?

15—Can you name three English words which contain all the vowels in their proper order?

16—Some say Boys, some Boyzie, and some Boyzay, but what is the correct way to pronounce Boise, Idaho?

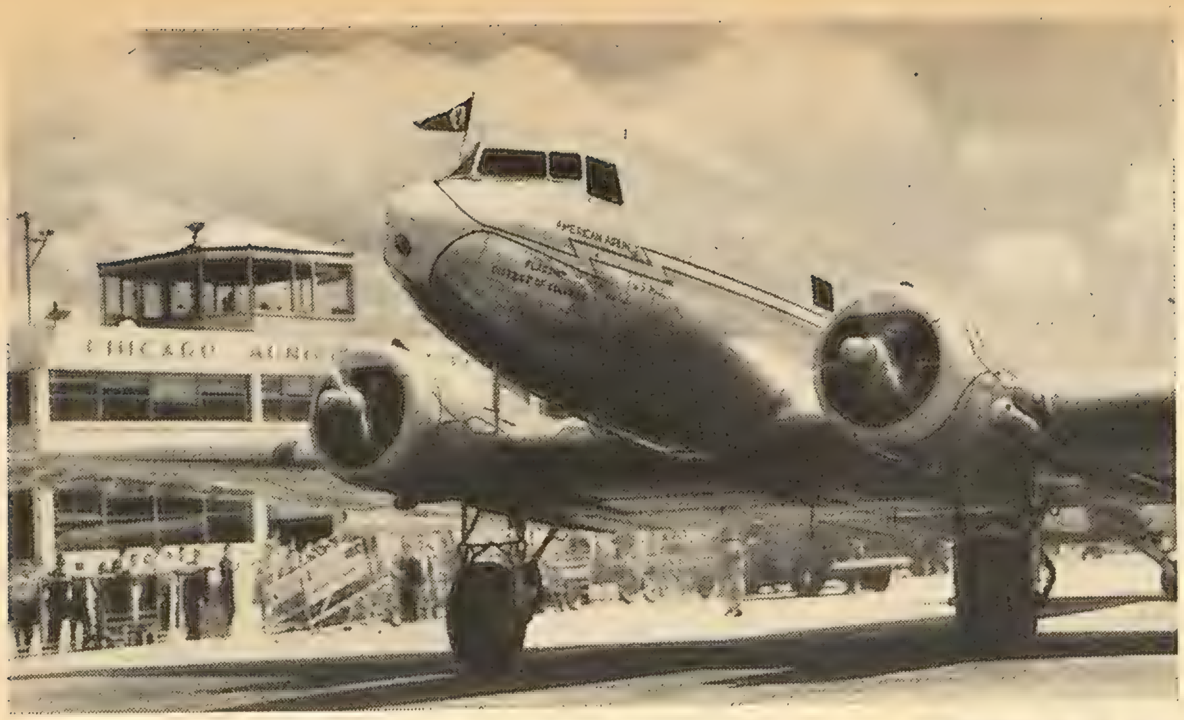
17—Traditionally, those born within the sound of Bow bells, London, are called what?

18—What flower name is used for many of the cuts of diamonds and other gems?

19—How does the processing of black tea differ from that of green?

20—Who is the author of the column called On the Record?

(Answers will be found on page 63)



American Airlines photo.

$2,000 VACATIONLAND TEST
Turn Your Knowledge into Cash!

WHY not turn your knowledge of North America's famed vacationland into cash with which to increase the pleasures of your own 1940 vacation? There is still time to enter this game and win one of the substantial cash awards in time to spend it this season. Read the brief Rules carefully. They explain exactly how to capture a prize. Then solve the jumbles on Coupon 6 on this page. Maps or vacation-travel literature are legitimate aids in this contest.

Reprints of the first five coupons, to bring your entry up to date, are available now. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Do not submit any solutions until you have a complete set of ten coupons at the end of the game. Coupon 7 will appear next week.

Union Pacific R.R. photo.

Mass. D. & I. Comm. photo.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.
2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.
3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.
4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

NO. 6—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. TICTALTICYAN	....
2. NIPCROWNVETO	....
3. REDNEV	....
4. RIDELAXABANYA	....
5. CITHERNIRCAPNOF	....
6. CANKIMCA	....
7. AZUREJ	....
8. LEDNETNOP	....
9. EGLESTURCO	....
10. EXITCOYCIM	....

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SWIFT COACH-SLEEPER TRAIN

to california

here's why

● Delicious Fred Harvey meals, for only 90c a day!

● Free and friendly service of a courier-nurse.

● Modern new stainless-steel chair cars; (there's a special one for women and children).

● Tourist sleepers, quiet and spacious; and the beautiful lounge car for sleeper patrons.

here's all it costs!

The *Scout's* one-way coach fare from Chicago to Los Angeles, San Francisco, or San Diego, is only $39.50; round-trip, $65 . . . one-way tourist-sleeper fare, $49.90; round trip, $74 (plus berth charges) ● On your California round-trip ticket from Chicago, via Santa Fe *both ways*, you may include Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco with its exotic Golden Gate Fair *at no extra ticket cost!*

free . . . For new *Scout* booklet of Natural Color Photos, just mail coupon

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Send the new *Scout* and *El Capitan* booklets, and

fares from .... to ....

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CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE WITH SANI-FLUSH

It's time right now to clean out your car radiator. Clean out anti-freeze, rust, scale and lime deposits all in one simple operation. Pour 10c worth of Sani-Flush in the radiator (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Run the engine. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. The job is well done. *Follow directions on the can.*

If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to use Sani-Flush in your radiator to clean it out. Motors run cooler. Power is saved. You may save expensive repairs. Sani-Flush cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

A Good Mystery Is Better When It's TRUE.
Read True Detective Mysteries Magazine.
May Issue Now On Sale At All Newsstands

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard and cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."

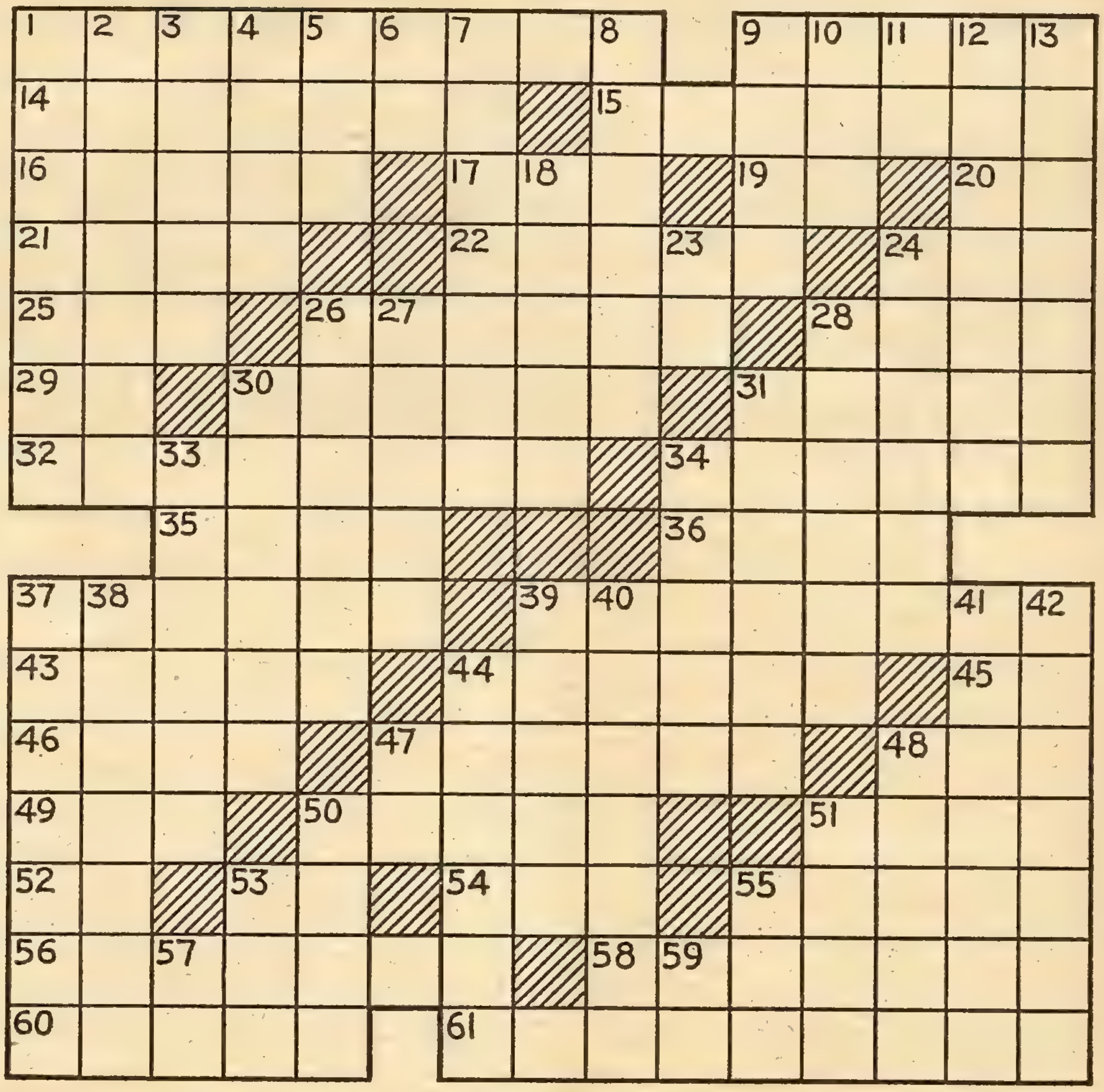
Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years Pinkham's has helped thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need."

Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opiates or habit forming ingredients—it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs *each* with its own *special* work to do. *Try it!*

Note: **Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).**

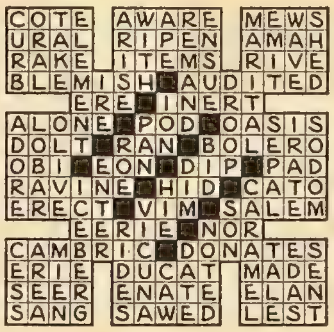
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What census takers are full of (pl.)
9 Indoor aviators (don't mind low ceilings)
14 Just an old soothie
15 He holds more in his bill than his belican
16 Teddibly bitter
17 Old-fashioned feather bed
19 Ye MS. rejector (abbr.)
20 All that stands between do and mi
21 Uh-uh, printer, mustn't touch!
22 A scream from beginning to end
24 Government May Economize! (abbr.)
25 Bopped
26 Sitzkrieg sitzers
28 Vera nice place in Mehico
29 Ecstatic Onioneaters (abbr.)
30 Dedirts
31 Ay, here's the rub!
32 Advanced sneering
34 Kids
35 Kind of person frequently seen consulting the Mirror
36 Guy who pays for the drinks and breakages
37 What a miser does with his old razor blades
39 Things honeymooners toss at each other
43 They'd love to fall on Hitler's neck
44 Governmental nose counting
45 Poet's heart
46 Tin with guts
47 Destination of many married women who leave home
48 Illuminated by alcohol


COTE AWARE MEWS
URAL RIPEN AMAH
RAKE ITEMS RIVE
BLEMISH■AUDITED
ERE■INERT
ALONE■POD■OASIS
DOLT■RAN■BOLERO
OBI■EON■DIP■PAD
RAVINE■HID■CATO
ERECT■VIM■SALEM
EERIE■NOR
CAMBRIC■DONATES
ERIE DUCAT MADE
SEER ENATE ELAN
SANG SAWED LEST

Last week's answer

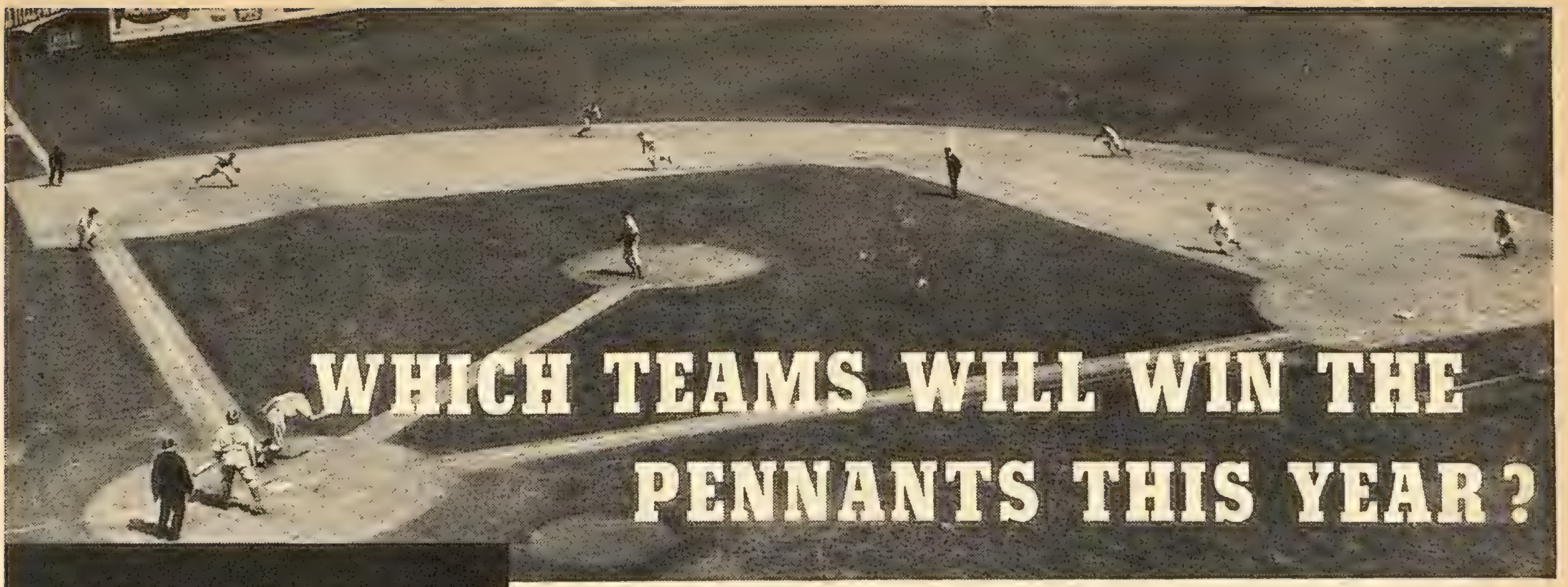
49 Annie
50 Edna Ferber's novel-sized novel (two words)
51 Mental midget
52 Henglish heggshell
53 Force causing two bodies to repel each other (abbr.)
54 It's a giveaway
55 Non-Aryan flood controller
56 Cronin's best seller and a tower of strength
58 Man with the most educated dogs in Hollywood
60 Bad things kept by gay fellows
61 What boiled shoe is when served with boiled shoelaces

VERTICAL

1 Lights on a mosquito
2 First-class oil jobs go on with this
3 The hat bird
4 You'll often find a man in this
5 Ain't it a Shane about him?
6 It's never out
7 Turks like to lie about it and lie and lie
8 Wine, women, and song (pl.)
9 What many hunting dogs hunt for in August
10 Pot fedora
11 What sidewalks are in midwinter
12 Lobe pantie (two words)
13 Brain dusters
18 Monkeying around like a copycat
23 Rooseveltian Silence (abbr.)
24 Makes the best of his political opportunities
26 These are German headaches
27 Brakes on Seabiscuit
28 Lights out after one
30 Gosh, this is cowardly!
31 This has sixty legs and dances divinely
33 Where King Arthur finished up
34 Stuart, the economist
37 Oomphegetable
38 Mr. Alger's handle
39 He operates the biggest hot spot I know
40 Another name for everyday problems
41 Hard workers
42 Restful romantic furniture (pl.)
44 This makes blue nickels
47 Mule state (abbr.)
48 Kind of dovie
50 Early Hibernian diggings
51 Dewey want a new one? I'm not Garner answer!
53 Filling station
55 No place for U in this
57 You, as in You too, Brute?
59 Where you lie and look up at the curb (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHICH TEAMS WILL WIN THE PENNANTS THIS YEAR?



The tops among baseball experts unite to give you Liberty's annual forecast

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
2. CINCINNATI REDS
3. CHICAGO CUBS
4. BROOKLYN DODGERS
5. PITTSBURGH PIRATES
6. NEW YORK GIANTS
7. BOSTON BEES
8. PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. NEW YORK YANKEES
2. BOSTON RED SOX
3. CLEVELAND INDIANS
4. DETROIT TIGERS
5. CHICAGO WHITE SOX
6. WASHINGTON SENATORS
7. PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS
8. ST. LOUIS BROWNS

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ALL over the continent, in big cities like New York and San Francisco, in little hamlets no bigger than the palm of your hand, millions of people have got "that old feeling"—that old feeling that makes them want to see for themselves whether Bennie McCoy is the real McCoy; whether Frankie Frisch can revitalize the Pittsburgh Pirates; whether Ted Williams is really a better home-run hitter than Babe Ruth.

In fewer and simpler words, it's baseball time again. And because it is, Liberty and your correspondent have, through Mr. James A. Farley's gray-clad minions, balloted the sports writers on the simple question:

Which teams will win the major-league pennants?

This is the fifth annual poll, and in the past two years the experts have chalked up a 1,000 batting average, picking both winners each time. Here, for better or for worse, or until death do part them from their sincere convictions, are their selections.

In the American League, as you might have guessed, it's the four-time champions, the New York Yankees, picked to go on and win their fifth consecutive pennant! In the National League, the race should once again be a dogfight, with the St. Louis Cardinals the eventual winner. Cincinnati, last year's king, is dead! Long live the Cards!

Because, according to the voters, the American League race is to be such a cut-and-dried proposition, let us examine that one first. All told, 81 per cent of the experts chose the gallant crew from the Bronx to win in a walk.

Of the 81 per cent, almost all merely wrote, "N. Y. Yankees" at the top of the American League and let it go at that, as if adding any words would be like carrying penguins to the South Pole. Among those were Joe Cashman of the Boston Record, Ed Rummill of the Christian Science Monitor, Joseph P. Val of the New York World-Telegram, Jimmy Powers of the New York Daily News, and Wilbur Wood of the New York Sun.

Lawton Carver, sports editor of International News Service, wrote: "The Yankees are not only the class of the American League, they are the class of baseball. They can win by as much as they please. Joe DiMaggio, who led the league in hitting last year with .381, may climax his career to date by climbing into the magic circle of .400 hitters. The only thing that can stop the Yankees is a train wreck or sabotage. I'm for a fifth term here."

Harry B. Smith of the San Francisco Chronicle wrote: "The Yankees are to baseball what Joe Louis is to the fight game. The only way Joe Louis can lose the championship is to retire. Ditto for the Yankees."

Mark Hellinger wrote: "If the Yankees lose, the St. Louis Browns will win the World Series, Maine and Vermont will go Democratic, and Brenda Frazier will become a hermit. The Yankees could win with me playing second base and Winchell in the outfield."

And still they wrote. Boiled down, the sum and substance of their comment was that with Babe Dahlgren, Joe Gordon, Frank Crosetti, and Red Rolfe in the infield, and George Selkirk, Joe DiMaggio, and Charlie Keller in the outfield, the New Yorkers present an all-star combination that is all but unbeatable.

Like an old car, if any weakness develops it may be in the battery. Bill Dickey has been catching now since 1925, and fifteen years is a long, long time to spend squatting behind that plate. Second-stringer Buddy Rosar is good, but of course he isn't any Dickey.

Charlie Ruffing is thirty-six years old by the record books, which makes him an old man as athletic lives go. He finished last season with a sore arm, and he might not be the Ruffing in 1940 that we have known for the past few years. Gomez, a problem last year, may possibly be one again this season. Pearson is a great pitcher when he thinks he's healthy, which isn't all the time. If they fold, the burden will be on Hildebrand, Russo, Donald, and other run-of-the-mine twirlers. There is general doubt that they can carry it successfully.

If the Yankees don't finish in front, the winning team will be the Boston Red Sox. Should that happen, I don't know any victory in the sports world that would be more popular. Even the Yankees couldn't get mad if Uncle Tom Yawkey's Million Dollar Babies grabbed the laurel wreaths in 1940.

And don't kid yourself into thinking that they haven't got a chance, either. If you do, you're likely to hear from such of the experts who picked them, as Lou Smith of the Cincinnati Enquirer; Harry Grayson, sports editor of the NEA Service; Chet Downing of the Detroit Free Press; and George Kirksey of the United Press.

Kirksey wrote: "The Yankees wouldn't be human if they didn't think they were a cinch, and there is no more open highway to defeat than overconfidence. One man can make a tremendous difference in a ball club, can even lift it to a pennant triumph, and Ted Williams might be the man to do it for Boston this year. Last season, on a club with a pitching staff that turned in only fifty-two complete games (Ruffing turned in almost half that number for the Yankees by himself), Williams' sensational playing helped bring the team home second.

"With any kind of pitching at all, and if Galehouse, Wilson, Ostermueller, Bagby, and Rich don't figure to fail Cronin again as they did last year, the Sox should overtake the Yankees. They outhit the vaunted Bronx Bombers in 1939, and they ought to again in 1940. With any break in luck, they'll both outhit and outpitch the New Yorkers. What else do they have to do to win—have Mickey Rooney as bat boy?"

The Cleveland Indians, always a contender but never a winner, are picked to win by only three of the experts: Tallant Tubbs of the San Francisco Chronicle, Frank Gibbons of the Cleveland Press, and another who must remain nameless. He picked the Indians, you see, and then thought better of putting his name on the ballot.

Franklin Lewis writes from his desk at the Cleveland Press: "I can't pick anybody but the Yankees. Common sense dictates that discretion. However, I do feel, without the hysterics usually associated with Cleveland baseball writing by a lot of guys who don't know their business, that the Indians will have a better team than most any one believes.

"It is significant that, for the first time since the middle 1920s, a Cleveland team will start the season with a dependable second-base combination: shortstop Lou Boudreau and second baseman Oscar Grimes. In Feller, Harder, Milnar, and Allen we have the nucleus of a great pitching staff. If anything happens to the Yankees, it is my firm conviction that the Indians will win the pennant. Kindly note that I say 'If anything happens to the Yankees.'"

I doubt that the Indians can do it, since they seem to entertain the same mental reservation that Lewis does. Bobby Feller, who will have to beat the Yankees a couple of times if his team is to finish in front, recently gave out an interview in which he spoke about the McCarthy men as if they were gods, not merely mortal men who walked on two feet and ate food with knives and forks.

That must be the new trend in baseball, for over in the other league Gabby Hartnett, manager of the contending Chicago Cubs, Bill Terry of the New York Giants, and Doc Prothro of the Phillies gave out statements that they expected the St. Louis Cardinals to win the pennant. I don't remember John McGraw ever giving out any word like that, even when defeat was staring him in the face. Nor do I remember Joe McCarthy conceding another club's eventual victory, even when it appeared that second was the best the Yankees could hope for.

To get back to our knitting, which concerns the pennant winner in the American League for 1940, a few of the experts hinted that maybe the Detroit Tigers might upset the dope and win. For the Tigers to win, *(a)* Charlie Gehringer would have to come back and be the second baseman he was three or four years ago; *(b)* Hank Greenberg would have to turn himself into an outfielder who didn't remind onlookers of Babe Herman; *(c)* Rudy York will have to play first base as well as Greenberg did; and *(d)* Tommy Bridges, Buck Newsom, Paul Trout, and Freddy Hutchinson will have to have good years.

I think you'll agree that the dice don't figure to come up seven that many times for manager Del Baker.

The second division of the American League will see young Master Comiskey's Chicago White Sox, Clark Griffith's Washington Senators, Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, and the St. Louis Browns finishing in that order.

"*Keep him busy, boys . . . until I finish enjoying my* MENNEN BRUSHLESS SHAVE!"

MENNEN
brushless

A hair-raiser! Man, how that Mennen Brushless *sets up* and *softens* your whiskers, so you mow 'em down without yank or pull! Here's a *different* Brushless—a cream, not a grease. No mess, no razor-clog. Say to your druggist, "Mennen Brushless for mine!"

Mennen makes a swell Lather Shave, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE — SHAVE CREAM — SKIN BRACER — TALCUM FOR MEN

SINCE the rules provide that there must be another team on the field to face the Yankees in the World Series, the National League will again hold a pennant race.

Remember that Garrison finish the St. Louis Cardinals tried to pull in the National League last year? They didn't quite catch the high-flying Cincinnati Reds then, but this year the story will be different. At least it will be if we are to believe the 72 per cent who named Ray Blades' Mound City gang. In that 72 per cent were included Tommy Laird of the San Francisco News, John P. Carmichael of the Chicago Daily News, Roscoe McGowen of the New York Times, Herb Barker, sports editor of the Associated Press, and Bill Corum of the Journal and American.

Corum wrote: "I have been picking the Cardinals for Liberty readers for five years now, and it looks like at long last I'm going to be right. Here is the best hitting ball club in the big leagues, bar none. When Martin, Medwick, Mize, Slaughter, and Padgett get through working on an opposing pitcher, he's lucky if he doesn't have to be carried to the showers.

"The added year of experience should make Blades' young pitchers (Morton Cooper, Bill McGee, Tom Sunkel, and Bob Bowman) much better workmen than they were before. No club can match Medwick, Moore, and either Martin or Slaughter in the outfield, and you won't see many better infields than Mize, Brown, Myers, and Gutteridge. And while he is no Sweet William Dickey behind that platter, Don Padgett and his .399 batting average will do.

"Add to the assets of the Cardinals the 1939 World Series. The Yankees beat the Reds four straight in that alleged contest, and it is a matter of record that no club which has lost the series in four games has ever come back to win the pennant the following season."

If Blades doesn't shave the rest of the league, Bill McKechnie and the Cincinnati Reds probably will. At least they corralled 21 per cent of the votes, and among the experts who predicted that the Rhinelanders would toddle home in front of the parade were Lester Biederman of the Pittsburgh Press, Otis Hulleberg of the Philadelphia Record, Web Morse of the Christian Science Monitor, and Bob Considine of the New York Daily Mirror.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 58

1—Walter Winchell.
2—The mongoose in Kipling's Jungle Book.
3—It is the difference between the circulating value of a coin and the cost of the bullion and minting.
4—Peony.
5—Venetian, in the service of England.
6—Badminton.
7—Hattie McDaniel, for her performance in Gone with the Wind.
8—Three-year-olds.
9—Cavalleria Rusticana.
10—Not since the administrations of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren (1829-41).
11—Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, and the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, England.
12—A parting drink.
13—Australia, Tasmania, or New Zealand.
14—Seven.
15—Abstemious, arsenious, and facetious.
16—Boi′sĭ.
17—Cockneys.
18—The rose—Dutch rose, marquise rose, and others.
19—The leaves for black tea are fermented or oxidized before firing; green are not.
20—

Dorothy Thompson

Lester Biederman rather summed up the comments of those who chose the Reds when he wrote: "The Reds will win because in Derringer, Walters, Moore, Thompson, and Vander Meer they still have the best balanced pitching staff in the league, plus the smartest manager. McKechnie can get more out of a ballplayer than any other man in the majors, possibly excepting Joe McCarthy. Vince DiMaggio will fill that left-field hole, Bill's only serious problem in '39."

If the Reds come out punching when the opening bell sounds, and show that last year's World Series nightmare has left no permanent ill effects, they will be all the ball club anybody wants to try to beat.

The Chicago Cubs snared 3 per cent of the votes. Among those who picked the Wrigley Wreckers were Bob Stephenson of the Yonkers Daily Times, Danny Dwyer of Syracuse's radio station WSYR, Al Sauers of the Logansport (Indiana) Tribune, and John Kolbmann of the Philadelphia Bulletin. It is interesting, we believe, to note that of the 3 per cent who chose the Cubs, *not one vote was cast for them by a Chicago writer!*

Danny Dwyer wrote: "If Hank Leiber can keep going this season at the pace he was setting during the last six weeks of the 1939 campaign, he will pick the whole ball club up onto his broad shoulders and help it sweep through the National League. This club is on the point of jelling, and if it does, it can win without any trouble at all, for it is my honest belief that any good club can run through this year's collection of teams like money through Tommy Manville's fingers.

"That it has the physical attributes, no one can doubt. The only thing that can stop it is a revival of the players' extra-curricular activities. Possibly because they are too well paid, this club has always been ripped wide open by internal battles and playboys. Barring those ills, they should breeze, Cardinals or no."

IF this were a script for a play, the stage directions here would read: *Exit* REASON. *Enter* MADNESS. The club that was the fourth most popular choice of the experts was the dear old Brooklyn Dodgers. They were picked by such astute judges of ivory as Pat Frayne of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, Stanley Woodward of the New York Herald Tribune, Paul Fitzpatrick of Newsweek, and Jim Kilgallen of International News Service.

Kilgallen, one of the newspaper business' truly great reporters, wrote: "This is the year. For longer than I like to think about, we Dodger rooters were told to wait for next year. That elusive 'next year' has finally arrived, thanks to the talents of Larry McPhail and Leo Durocher.

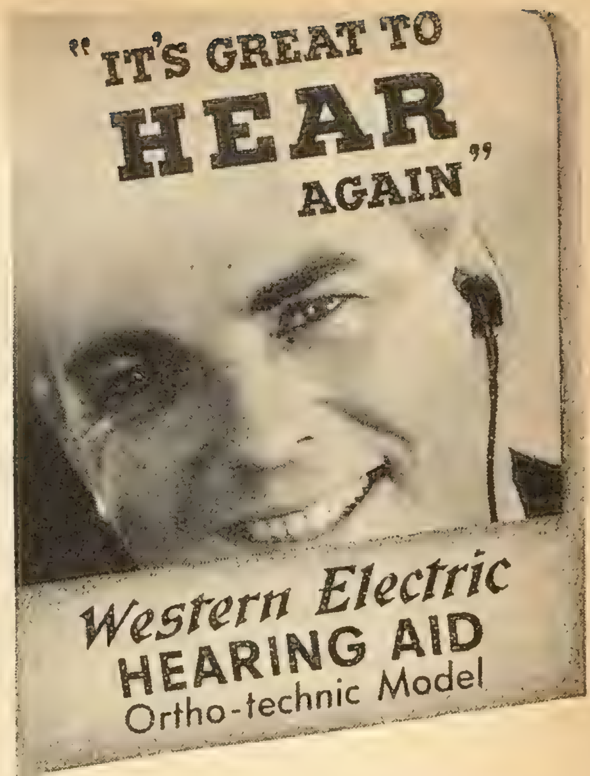
"Last year the Dodgers finished third with a team that sustained more injuries than the Russian army. Without those pesky injuries, and without one in particular (Whitlow Wyatt's), the National League pennant would have flown from the Ebbets Field flagpole.

"The percentages are in our favor this year, because no team figures to have that many injuries two summers in a row. I can hardly wait to see our boys against the Yankees in the World Series. And if you want to see those games, take my tip and make your reservations now, because it will be worth the entire price of admission to see Flatbush Avenue the night we win the first game."

The National League's second division will be composed of Frank Frisch's Pittsburgh Pirates, Bill Terry's once proud Giants, Casey Stengel's Boston Bees, and Doc Prothro's hapless Phillies.

And there, Mr. Fan, are the opinions of the most talented sports writers (barring, of course, your correspondent). All that remains now is the yell, "Play ball!"

THE END



You, too, will *hear clearly* again ...as thousands do...with Western Electric's Audiphone. Based on advanced design, this product of Bell telephone research enables users to "hold up their end" in life's everyday situations. There's a dealer near you. Consult him...he'll help you to hear again.

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30 Years Success! Doctor's Formula For Ugly Surface

PIMPLES—ACNE

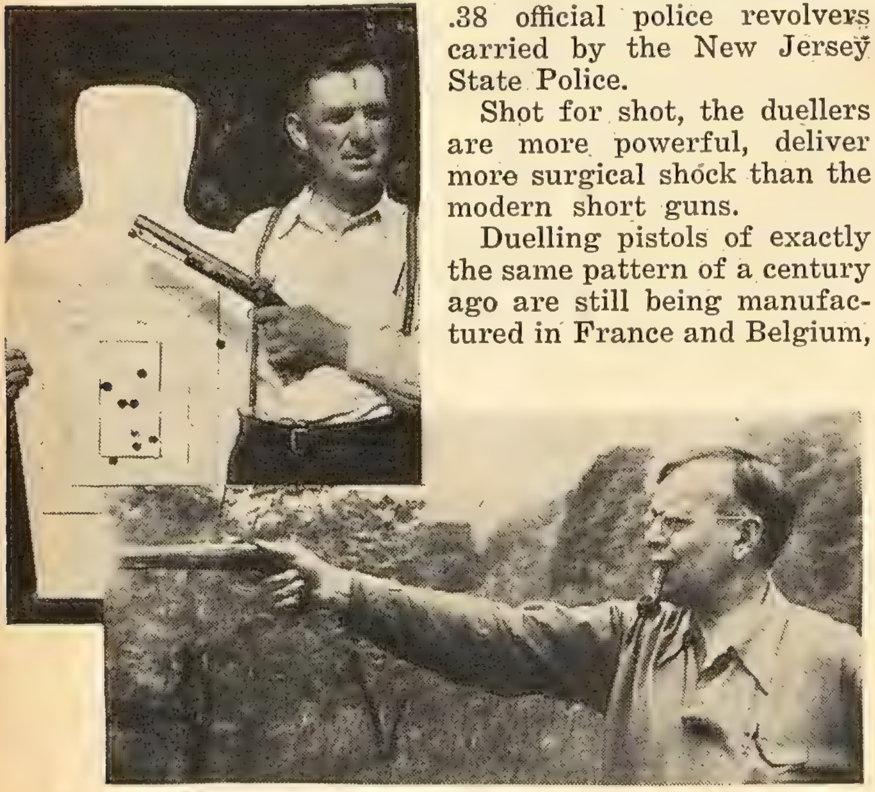
Here's a *real* chance to get after those unsightly externally caused skin flaws with powerfully soothing Zemo (a doctor's marvelous prescription) for itching of eczema, pimples, ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations.

Zemo contains 10 different highly effective ingredients—that's why first applications quickly ease itching soreness and thus help nature promote FAST healing. Stainless, invisible. 35¢, 60¢, $1. Liquid or Ointment form. One trial convinces! Real *severe* cases may need $1.25 EXTRA strength. All drugstores.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES
Insist on the Genuine
Non-Slip PRODUCT!
CAT'S PAW
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES
PAW

"DUELS" WITH CENTURY-OLD FLINTLOCKS

CHATHAM, N. J.—“ On the table beside Bradley . . . was a small mahogany box. The lid was open, letting the moonlight glint on the silver stocks of a brace of dueling pistols. . . . A pistol that had known the touch of Lord Nelson's hand. . . . With shaking fingers, he [Bradley] took it from the mahogany box and snapped open the breech.” (The Girl Next Door, by Eric Hatch, March 9 Liberty.)



Duelling (two l's) pistols are *always* muzzle-loaders. The breech plug is screwed in so securely it is never removed. Our group, the Sword and Pistol Club (note photos) have for the past three years conducted outdoor duelling-pistol matches fired “ according to the code ” on man targets.

Parallel duelling provides all the thrills and none of the hazards of a two-man war. Our flintlock duellers were made in George Washington's time; our percussion-lock appointment guns are all a hundred years old. They are easy to load, pleasant to shoot, and satisfyingly accurate. Weigh no more, usually less than the .38 official police revolvers carried by the New Jersey State Police.

Shot for shot, the duellers are more powerful, deliver more surgical shock than the modern short guns.

Duelling pistols of exactly the same pattern of a century ago are still being manufactured in France and Belgium, for duelling is still practiced in almost every country except the United States and the British Empire. Brave (misguided) men still resort to the red court from which there is no appeal; meet and swap lead with *muzzle-loading* percussion-lock pistols loaded with black powder and a “ round ball.”—*Roy S. Tinney, Recorder.*

BASEBALL AND JUNGLE

INTERVALE, N. H. — Ted Williams, freshman star of the Boston Red Sox, led the American League in runs batted in for 1939, with 142.

He didn't finish second to Jimmy Foxx, as Arthur Mann stated in his article, Baseball's Bad Boy (March 9 Liberty).

Incidentally, let's have some more baseball articles and another jungle story by Paul Annixter. — *James A. MacDonald.*

KING BRADYS NOT RELATED

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.—The first question in Liberty's March 9 Twenty Questions asks: “ What old king and his young son solved more crimes than J. Edgar Hoover? ” Your answer: “ Old King Brady and Young King Brady, heroes of Secret Service,” etc.

Around the turn of the century I read all of the Secret Service weeklies that were published, and in each and every one it stated very plainly that John Brady (Old King Brady) and Harry Brady (Young King Brady) were no blood relation, that the similarity in their names was merely a remarkable coincidence.—*Percy W. White.*

YES! VOX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WE PRINTED CONSTITUTION

STONY POINT, N. C.—I have been a regular subscriber to Liberty for a number of years. My family and I like it. I like Bernarr Macfadden's editorials, and especially those concerning the Constitution of the United States.

I respectfully request that you print that document in Liberty, and I venture to predict that it will be read by more people than have read it in the past ten years.—*Rom C. Deal.*

¶ You are four years behind us, Mr. Deal. In February 29, 1936, Liberty we printed the Constitution. We wish we could do it monthly, but our great charter of freedom takes up considerable space.—Vox Pop Editor.

HULL'S REPUBLICAN POLICY

WINNETT, MONT.—Walter Karig's article (March 9 Liberty) contains the following statement: “ The reciprocal tariff program which Mr. Hull originated . . .”

Muzzey's History of the American People (page 468) states, “ Blaine . . . finally got his reciprocity clause incorporated into the (McKinley) bill,” and defines reciprocity as “ admitting their products to the United States without duty in return for a free market for our goods.”

Imagine Cordell Hull willing to sink or swim on a Republican policy! — *W. J. Abbott.*

¶ " Most men do not make enough to keep a wife," asserts H. C. G. of Orlando, Florida, " so the chap has to find the gal a job before he can marry her! "

YOU DRINK IN A VIEW, TOO!

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Today I have been deeply impressed by reading Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Is it Worth More than Life? (February 24 Liberty.)

But, for our guidance, will not the leader tell us how we may, to use his own language, “ imbibe ” a “ viewpoint ” ?—*Katharine Armstrong Bloch.*

¶ Good old Noah Webster says imbibe may mean " to receive or absorb into the mind and retain: as, to imbibe principles: to imbibe errors."—Vox Pop Editor.

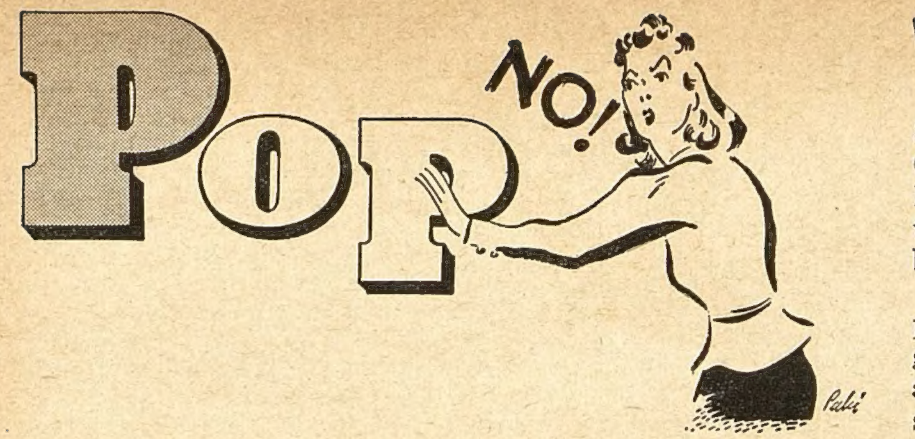
WHEN CHIVALRY DIED

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—E. Wrenn Svěhla in the March 2 Vox Pop squib thinks that women's work is to re-establish chivalry in the minds of men.

It certainly is women's job, and a mighty hard one, and the first thing to remember is that respect is the basis of chivalry: but how can men respect women as a class when a seeming majority of them don't seem to have any respect for themselves?

When woman donned the pants and sallied forth as a beer-guzzling, cigarette-smoking pal of man, chivalry died. It's mighty hard to respect a woman across the tavern table who is blowing suds on your vest and smoke in your eyes. If they would get their feet on the ground and a lot of silly notions out of their heads, and show a few of the feminine traits they are supposed to possess, I don't think they would need worry about men not showing them proper respect.—*R. C. Rice.*

¶ " There is just about as much true literary art in Liberty as there is on a sailor's tattooed chest," slams C. J. McInnis of Raleigh, North Carolina.



BARTENDERS IN KANSAS?

CHICAGO, ILL. — Mr. Tom Grace, Jr., of Topeka, Kansas, writes (March 9 Vox Pop) in regard to his nickel and your magazine, "I am a bartender."

Heavens! Mr. Vox Pop, don't tell me they have bartenders in Kansas. If that is true I will believe *anything* for the rest of my life.

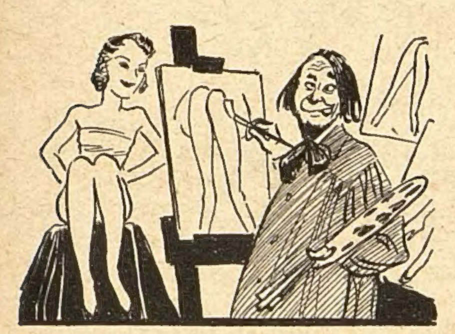
The little old lady with the hatchet (Carrie Nation) must be staging a riot in her grave. —*John A. Anderson.*

("I am not looking for a reason for us to fight," says Edwin Dyer of St. Paul, Minnesota, "but will some one please tell me why Germany, if victorious, will not place an army of occupation in Canada?"

LEGS TOO LONG

VASHON, WASH.—Judging from the March 2 Liberty (pages 17, 24, 35), your artists seem to be suffering from "leg-itis," and, from the abnormal length of the legs shown, they must have a bad case of it.

One sees so much of legs nowadays, both pictured and real, in advertisements, bathing beaches, tennis courts, etc., that it hardly is necessary to page them, much overdrawn, as illustrations for stories in Liberty.—*George T. Thompson.*



CALL FOR ANTHONY ABBOT

KANSAS CITY, MO.—When is Liberty due to give its readers another fine mystery by Anthony Abbot? After the death of the late S. S. Van Dine, he is the only one who can come near to taking his place in the mystery field today.

Let us hope the readers of Liberty will soon be able to enjoy a new and outstanding story by Mr. Abbot.—*George R. Sloan.*

MOTHER GRANNIS THANKS US

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It has occurred to me that you would be interested to know the response I received since the article, Go Ahead and Adopt That Baby! appeared in February 10 Liberty.

Letters have come from many states and Canada, some of which are very touching in their appeal for help and advice.

I have been privileged to assist in two cases where heartbroken mothers have written of their high-school daughters who are victims of tragic romances.

Many letters have come to me from couples eager to adopt a child, and I have had several from foster parents, with whom I placed children years ago, expressing their gratitude for the happiness and comfort that the children have brought them.

Numerous letters have come from the adopted children themselves, telling how happy their lives have been, how devoted they are to their foster parents, and how grateful they are to me for placing them.

I also received several letters from young women who earnestly desire to do child-placement work.

I feel that much good has been accomplished by the article, and I wish to thank you very much for having published it in your magazine.—*Florence A. Grannis.*

("I think that George Washington's words when he refused a third term as President would bear reprinting now," suggests Ernest Kime of Kennedy, Nebraska.

WHY ARE THE BOYS LEAVING?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Strange world this! Mrs. Ben Ohnstad describes Happy Hills in March 9 Liberty so that one gets the idea it must be Paradise.

However, the three boys expect to be a dentist, an engineer, and a garage owner in a large city. Does Mrs. Ohnstad believe such happiness and peace of mind can be found in these professions, especially if the garage owner has his garage in a city run by unions? Or are the boys just different that way?

In other words, if Happy Hills makes for so much happiness, just why are the boys leaving? It is very puzzling.—*A. H. Hoffman.*

(Dr. O. K. Reed of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, declares: "Your far-reaching magazine encompasses the high lights, low lights, and, last but not least, the shadows of our present era."

WRITE YOUR OWN EXPOSÉ!

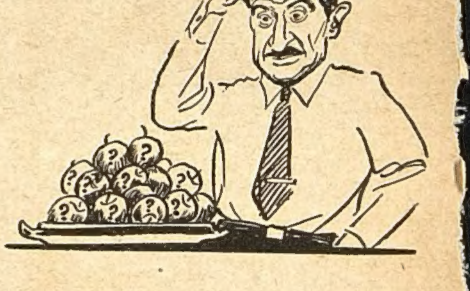
TOWANDA, KAN.—Suggest that Julia Juste of Albion, Michigan, visit around among the eighty-four veterans' hospitals in the United States and write her own "exposé of the veterans' pension racket." (March 9 Vox Pop.)

There are fifty thousand men in hospitals today who were "heroes" in 1917-18 . . . or were they?—*J. L. Lehnherr.*

ADAMS' APPLES

PORTLAND, ORE.—Why not sign up F. P. A. to furnish forty questions and answers as a weekly feature?

Adams knows his apples!—*R. H. McCurdy.*

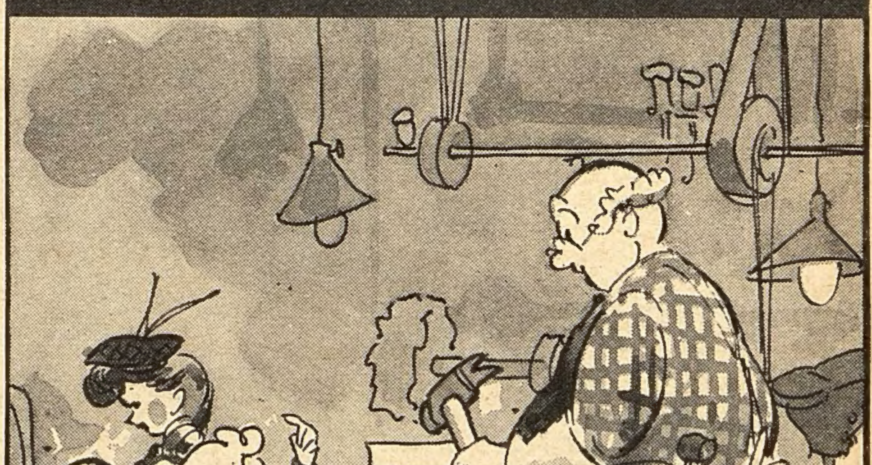


DOROTHY LAMOUR ENJOYS—

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I want you to know how much I enjoyed Typhoon Over Nanking, by Steve Fisher, in Liberty.

I have been an admirer of Steve Fisher's work for some time, and this was not lessened when Paramount handed me the script of Typhoon, another of his stories, which is being filmed in technicolor with Robert Preston as co-star.—*Dorothy Lamour.*

"HARDTACK"



"I want my heels built up so I'll be this high."

Cramming Stars Down The Public's Throat

FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

JIMMIE FIDLER, radio oracle of cinemaland, writes a Hollywood article next week of challenging interest to every moviegoer. His topic is the synthetic star—the attempts made to create a personality by beating the tom-toms of publicity. Jimmie says this scheme won't work—the public makes up its own mind, creates its own favorites, and is influenced only slightly by campaigns of tinkling cymbals and sounding brass. Jimmie considers himself the "best friend and severest critic" of the cinema world, and here he speaks his mind vigorously and constructively. His article is one of several that we hope you will find of absorbing interest next week. . . . There is, for example, the piece by Archibald Roosevelt, Jr., on Communism and the Youth Congress, which may be considered an answer to the article by his illustrious relative, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in this issue. The story by Walter B. Pitkin tells how to prepare for your job, and Richard McCann tells about That Conn Man—a spectacular sports article which we especially recommend. Harry Gray, who is our personal assistant on the staff of Liberty, writes What Kind of President Would Gannett Make? and Morris Markey tells about how the brewers have tackled the special problems in their own industry.

BUT THESE ARE the more serious aspects of next week's issue. There are also many more features of superb entertainment value. Leading off the list is Oomph Girl, by Margaret E. Sangster. Here is a serial that takes you behind the scenes in contests and in Hollywood. It tells the story of one girl and the effort to offer her to the American public as an oomph girl. In its way it is a comment on Mr. Fidler's article elsewhere in the issue, but this is a story in its own right. You will like the heroine and you will have a hard time deciding who is the hero and who the villain. Margaret Sangster, whose following is numbered in the millions, has never written a more entertaining tale. . . . Brambles Against Her Heart, by Margaret Lee Runbeck, and X = the Husband, by Lyon Mearson, are two short stories we heartily recommend, together with the serial installments, which include Mannerheim, by Emil Ludwig; Edison Marshall's Calcutta Adventure; and the stirring climax of Eric Hatch's The Girl Next Door.

LIBERTY'S TALKING PICTURE I'll Tell the World, founded on our series of articles on advertising called The American Way of Life, received honorable mention in Advertising & Selling's Annual Advertising Awards. The award read as follows: "Honorable mention to Macfadden Publications, Inc., for Liberty's film I'll Tell the World, dramatizing its series The American Way of Life, which contributes to the advancement of advertising as a social force." Incidentally, so successful was our picture I'll Tell the World, as exhibited at the World's Fair, that Macfadden Publications, Inc., is now taking the picture to consumers who did not get to see it at the Fair. We regard this picture as Liberty's contribution to consumer education. Now the picture is on tour—150 prints of it are at work all around the country. By the time this copy of Liberty is in your hands this picture will have been seen by three million people. It is being shown daily in the high schools, where so much guinea-pig anti-advertising teaching has been carried on. This gives the other side of that picture, and we are proud that its exhibition has been sponsored by Parent-Teachers Associations, Federations of Women's Clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Clubs, Boards of Education, high schools, civic clubs, universities, and colleges.

GLEANINGS: From Lawrence Andrews, Executive Secretary, Associated Farmers of Maricopa County, Arizona, comes the following: "Permit me to salute Liberty, its publisher and its staff for the greatest forum in America. It has been years since I have missed reading a single issue. I have read articles that have made me rave and, while I disagreed with the writers one hundred per cent, I have always praised Liberty for printing them. Perhaps you weary of reading letters along this line, but I am sincere when I state that I know of no other publication that so nearly approaches the great American forum, opening its pages to both sides of vital issues but always presenting editorially a strong offensive against the things that threaten our liberty. I was amused at the letter in Vox Pop (Jan. 27) berating Liberty for lending 'itself as a sounding board,' referring to Walter Karig's Graft—The New Landlord. If those 'men of vision' he speaks of would open their eyes, they would realize that the things complained of by Karig, George Sokolsky, William Hard, and a host of others will benefit labor more than anything else, for when the tide of public opinion rises high enough, the rank and file of organized labor will correct the abuses of some of its leaders." . . . And from Verta Duncan of Wichita, Kansas, comes the following: "Since I'm not in the habit of writing editors—and wouldn't know how to do so correctly—may I not write as though we were friends of long standing? I imagine most of your readers (me, too) consider you as such. Now here's a quite puzzling question—that is, it's one I can't understand (but perhaps I'm a somewhat stupid, mere woman, and not supposed to understand). Anyway—we have two major political parties. Putting aside all silly party prejudice, we will say that both wish to do what is best for our country—to do what will result in what is best for all. Then why don't the parties cut out the mud slinging and stop wasting time digging up past mistakes (after all, we all make mistakes—and we are all capable of seeing the mistakes of our government—that's one big benefit of our press and radio). Why not have the party 'brains' use this valuable time working out a better system; and let them sell their views (and party) to the nation on merit alone? It would get results, don't you think? On the other hand, some of our political mud slinging makes pretty pithy reading—and there might be a scarcity of news but for it. So—why not write us an editorial on the subject? Make it slightly humorous and I'll promise to enjoy it very much."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

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■

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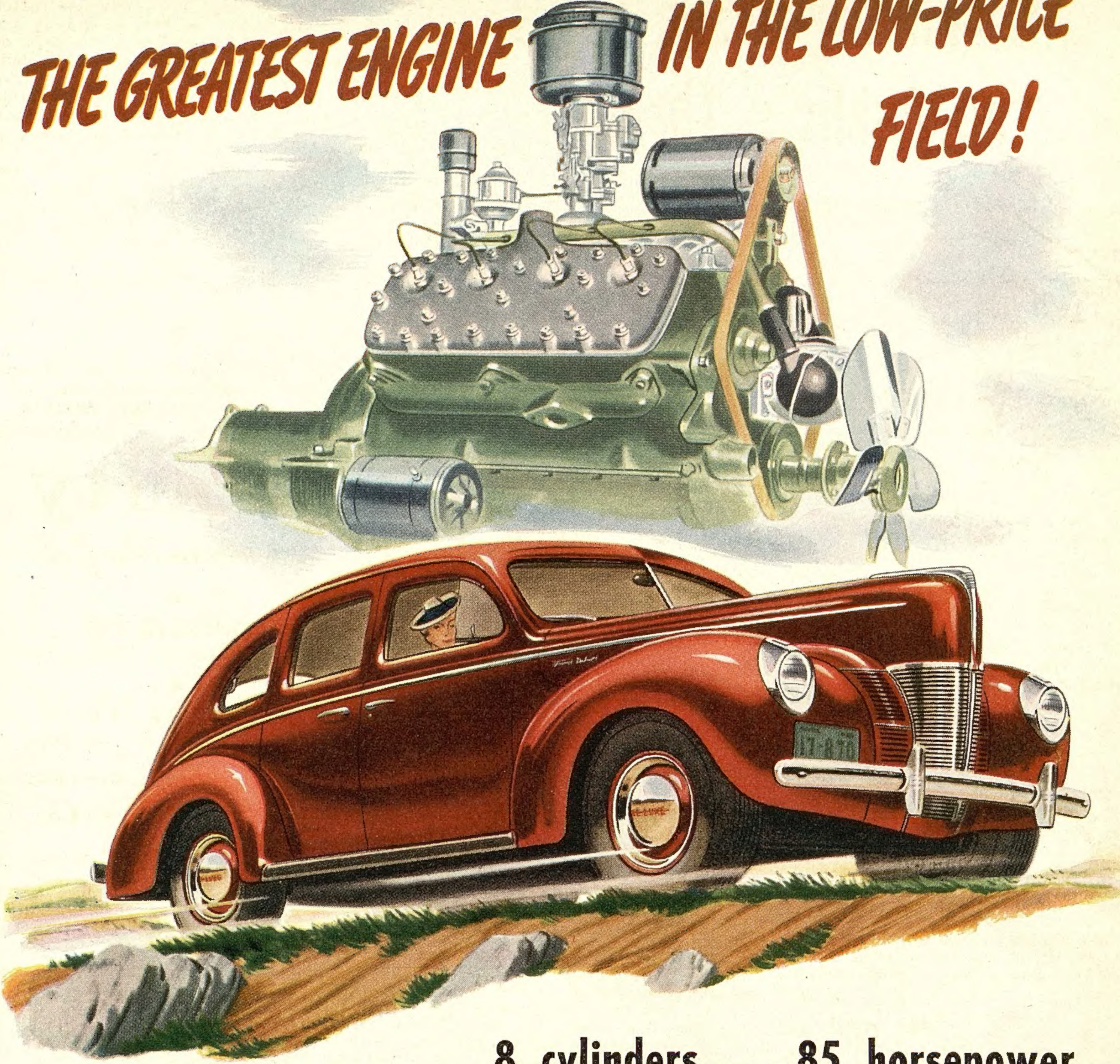
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ROSALIE RUSH

THE GREATEST ENGINE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!



8 cylinders . . . 85 horsepower . . .

built with such amazing accuracy it needs no "breaking-in"

GREATEST because it has *eight* cylinders. America's finest, highest priced cars *all* have at least eight cylinders!

GREATEST because of its efficient V-type design. V-type engines hold world's records on land, sea, and in the air!

GREATEST because of the economy it delivers. In the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run, the Ford V-8 topped all standard-drive cars in its class with an average of 24.92 miles on each gallon of gas!

GREATEST because of the accuracy with which it's built. Other engines have to be "babied" along for 500 or 1000 miles. But you can drive your Ford V-8 sixty miles an hour the day it's delivered!

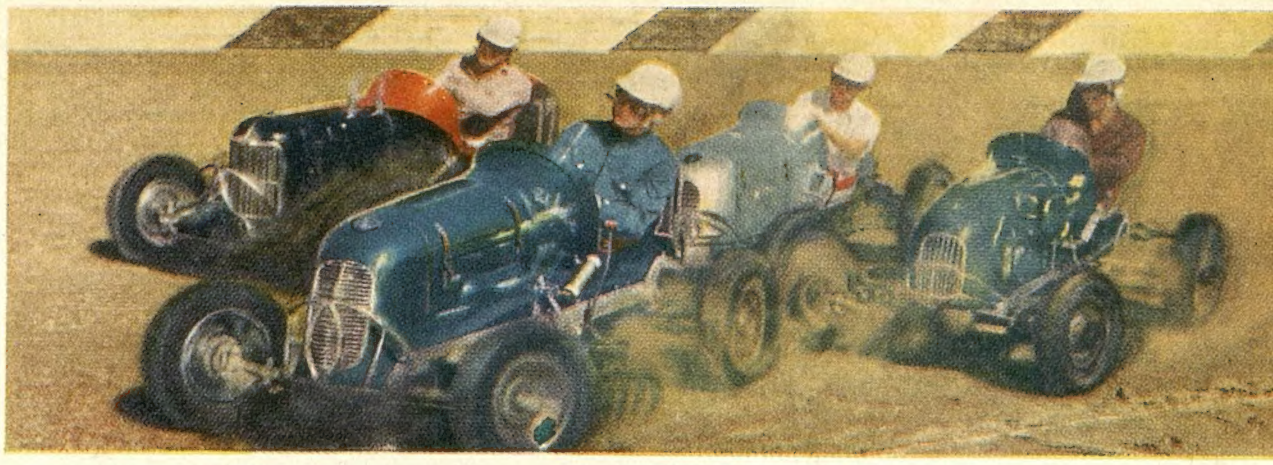
ONLY an eight-cylinder engine can give you smooth eight-cylinder performance! And only the big, roomy Ford V-8 gives you such performance at a low price! *Once you've felt the eight Ford cylinders flashing underfoot, you'll never be satisfied with anything less!*

Ford

FORD V-8

Bob Swanson

picks his racing cars for speed—his cigarettes for slow burning



HERE THEY COME in a hurricane of dirt and squirting oil. You can almost hear the whine of motors and shriek of brakes as they streak into the sharp unbanked curves. They may call 'em *"midget* racers," but there's *speed to burn* underneath those toy-like hoods. Leading the pack in the picture above is Bob Swanson, Pacific Coast champ. In a split second these racers may be somersaulting, flying through fences. Bob Swanson likes a slower pace in his off-time. Fishes a lot. Smokes Camels a lot. He explains: "I don't like overheating in my cigarette any more than I like it in a racing motor. I stick to Camels. I know they're slower-burning . . . milder and cooler."

Slower-burning Camels give the extras

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

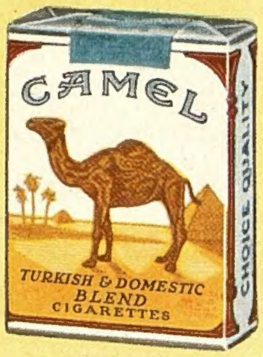
EXTRA SMOKING

SPEED'S MY DISH IN A RACING CAR—BUT I WANT MY CIGARETTE **SLOW-BURNING.** CAMEL CIGARETTES BURN ON THE SLOW SIDE—GIVE THE 'EXTRAS' IN SMOKING PLEASURE

WITH BOB SWANSON, it's always a slow-burning Camel. "That slower way of burning makes a big difference," says Bob. "Camels are milder—easier on my throat. They don't bother my nerves. And they never tire my taste. Give extra smoking, too." Millions have learned that extra coolness, mildness, and full, rich flavor go with *slow-burning* Camels.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
. . . MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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Camels —*the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*